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THE PRICE OF POWER

Kissinger, Nixon, and Chile

BY SEYMOUR M. HERSH



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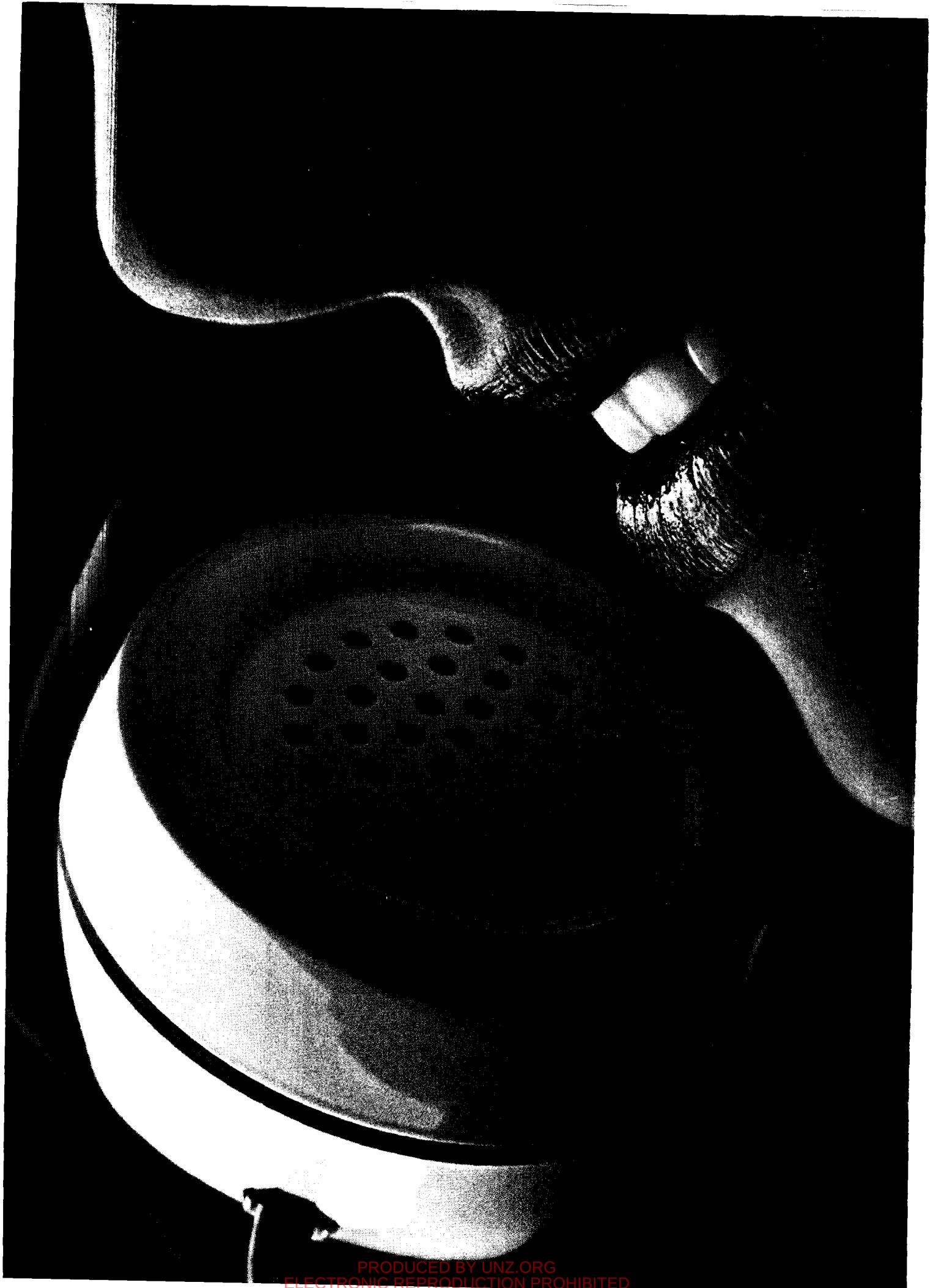
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IQ TESTING AND THE MEDIA

R. J. Herrnstein, in his article "IQ Testing and the Media" (August *Atlantic*), complained that IQ testing is getting a bad press because "rarely, if ever, in more than a decade, has a specialist in psychometrics published a review of a book on testing in the *Times*, *The New York Review of Books*, *The New Republic*, or other national publications that occasionally comment on testing." However, *The New Republic* reviewed Arthur Jensen's *Bias in Mental Testing* on April 19, 1980, with a review by Adrienne Harris, associate professor of psychology at Rutgers University. Maybe Herrnstein meant no favorable review, since Harris states: "Jensen's argument depends on the relentless splitting of psychology from its human subject matter. . . . Jensen's vision of the enemies of testing is instructive. There is no mention, for example, of the serious critical work of Leon Kamin. Instead, Jensen's composite portrait is made up of fuzzy-headed liberals and libertarians, ill-prepared minorities agitating for special privilege, propagandists (code word for Marxists) and the parents of children shoved into the classes for the 'educable retarded.'"

In the Sunday *New York Times*, David Hawkins (identified as "Distinguished Professor of Philosophy at the University of Colorado. . . . His most recent book is *The Science and Ethics of Equality*") gave a sober, objective exposition of Jensen's book. He does state that "Prof. Jensen devotes no space in his book to . . . other careful and more scientific, though non-psychometric clinical studies (such as Sibylle Escalona's *The Roots of Individuality*) that seek to define quite specific factors contributing to mental development in infants and young children . . .

"I would therefore argue that both Prof. Jensen and those critics who meet him only on his ground will continue to neglect key questions about child nurture and development and about the improvement of education." Herrnstein dismisses the review thus: "Jensen's book was panned by a philosopher with no detectable expertise in the subject."

Herrnstein himself wrote a favorable review of Jensen's book for *Commentary*, which seems to refute his statement that rarely, if ever, has a specialist in psychometrics published a review in a national publication.

When a writer bends facts this way, he undermines his thesis.

ANN L. BICK
Moorestown, N.J.

Dr. R.J. Herrnstein's article is highly critical of press coverage of discussion about the inheritance of IQ. His remarks emphasize his lack of familiarity with recent research. Some time ago there was a fairly widespread belief (but certainly not consensus) that IQ is determined largely by natural heredity: 80 percent was the figure widely quoted around 1970. This value decreased slightly after the major body of data on which this early estimate was based—Sir Cyril Burt's—was discredited: a 1976 estimate by Rao, Morton, and Yee, for example, was 67 percent for the genetic heritability of IQ. It is not surprising, since human genetics is not his field, that Herrnstein is unfamiliar with the more recent literature that has produced substantially reduced estimates of the genetic heritability of IQ.

Since 1973, a number of experts in human genetics have stressed the role of cultural inheritance of IQ and deplored its omission from the earlier statistical treatments. In our own work we have demonstrated that cultural inheritance can simulate biological inheritance and have suggested ways in which the two might be separated. The idea is that in addition to their genes, parents pass on to their children an environment in which they develop physically and of course mentally. Culture is transmitted in ways that can be indistinguishable from those of genes, and may render meaningless unsophisticated analysis of heritability. Two recent studies have analyzed a large body of existing IQ data and have taken into account these cultural effects. Rice et al. in 1980 estimated that the genetic heritability for IQ was 30 percent (a remarkable reduction over the ten-year period) while the cultural heritability was 29 percent. Rao et

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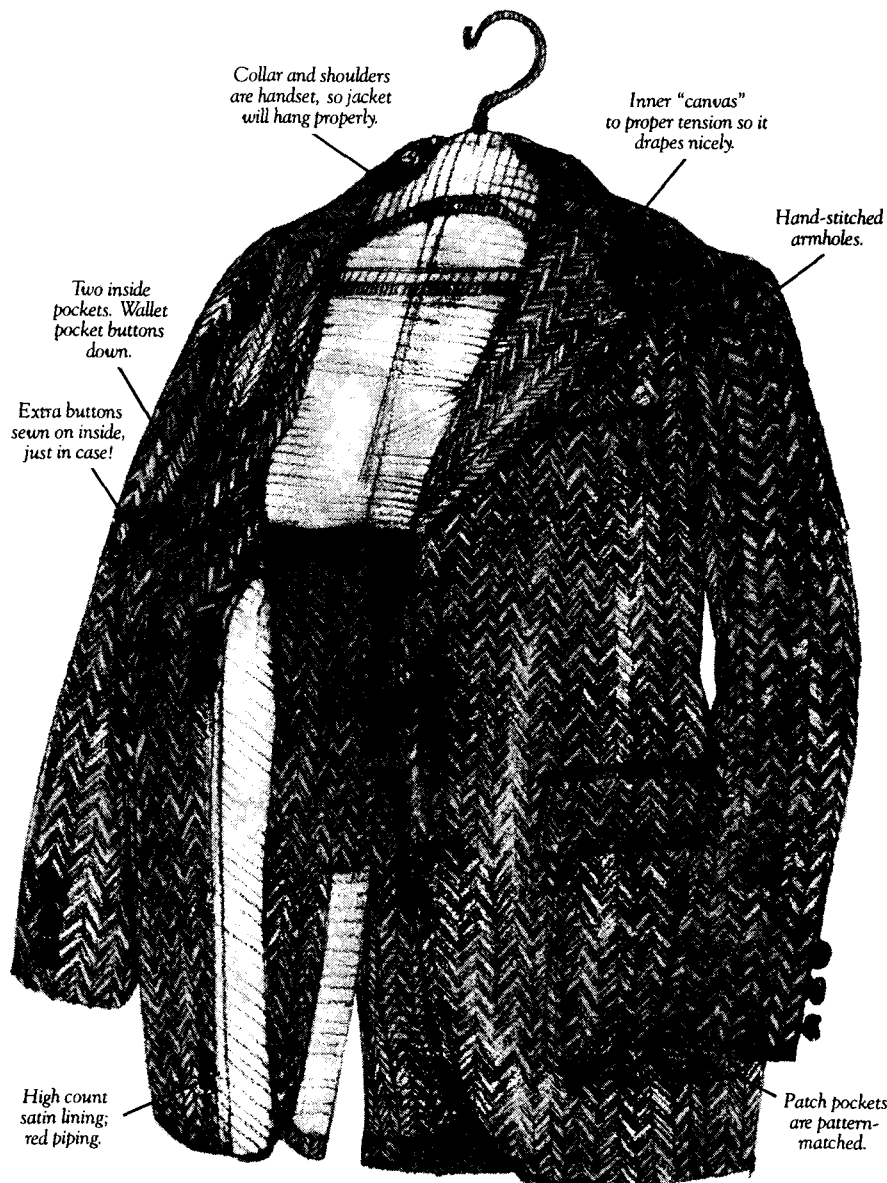
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al. (1982) have revised their 1976 analyses and now estimate 31 percent and 42 percent, respectively, for the genetic and cultural components of IQ heritability.

These numbers are a far cry from the early estimates on which Herrnstein bases his tirade against the press, but even these reduced values should not be regarded as final. The data on which they are based are far from ideal, and only a limited aspect of the true complexity of cultural transmission is built into the statistical treatments. On the other hand, scientific progress has been made since the period with which Herrnstein is familiar, and, his opposition notwithstanding, the press has the responsibility to dispel the myth of 80 percent genetic heritability of IQ that Herrnstein and others like him, whose information is outdated, would perpetuate.

L. L. CAVALLI-SFORZA
MARCUS W. FELDMAN
Stanford, Calif.

R. J. Herrnstein replies:

It is true that a number of estimates place the heritability of intelligence lower than the 80 percent mentioned in earlier works; I tried to reflect the change in my article by writing that "virtually all specialists . . . estimate a value somewhere in the range of 50 percent to 80 percent." The articles mentioned by Professors Cavalli-Sforza and Feldman lie near the low end of the range, though not quite as low as their letter claims. Rao et al., for example, say their estimates "are strikingly consistent in implicating both genetic and cultural inheritance, with no clear preponderance of one over the other." For the purposes of a popular article, I would call this an estimate of about 50 percent. The estimate from Rice et al. was not 30 percent, as given by Cavalli-Sforza and Feldman, for that figure excluded both genetic dominance and gene-culture covariance. It would, in fact, have been more nearly correct to represent their estimate for the total heritability of IQ at 62 percent. I, at least, cannot explain in a popular medium the complexities that affect these estimates, but I think Thomas Bouchard's article in the forthcoming 1983 yearbook of the Encyclopaedia Britannica does just this when it concludes that "70% of the variation in intelligence among individuals is due to genetic factors and 30% to environmental factors and error of measurement."

I should add that I knew the Rao et al.

and Rice et al. articles before seeing this month's Letters to the Editor, and considered both of them valuable. But there is obviously nothing new about the idea that parents pass their culture, as well as their genes, to their children; one hardly needs to be a geneticist to have thought of it. Precisely for that reason, the fact that adopted children generally correlate more in IQ with their natural parents than with their adopted parents is strong evidence of a genetic component.

Ms. Bick apparently recognizes no difference between "never" and "rarely." Even so, her argument calls for response. Neither Dr. Harris nor Dr. Hawkins, competent as they may be to write on their own subjects, seemed to be writing with a technical grasp of the subject in Jensen's book, which was bias in testing. And I meant to exclude Commentary from my criticism, since it has been kind enough to publish several of my own pieces.

MISUNDERSTANDING AFRICA

Xan Smiley's "Misunderstanding Africa" (September *Atlantic*) is aptly titled, because his article unintentionally reveals some of Smiley's own misunderstandings. For example:

First, Smiley's impression that censorship of the press (both state and self-imposed) is endemic to Africa. I am a journalist who lives and works in a banana republic (i.e. New Orleans, La., USA); I have traveled to Africa, the Caribbean, and China, and I am actively interested in the development of the Third World. My perception is that censorship of the press is the rule rather than the exception in most countries of the world, including some countries with a so-called free press. One hardly needs to mention recent examples such as the situations in Central America where reporters have been imprisoned and/or killed, and Israeli censorship of the coverage of their invasion of Lebanon to destroy the PLO. Additionally, Smiley's apparently serious assertion that "South Africa's press is still, along with Nigeria's, the freest in Africa . . ." raises serious doubts concerning his definition of "free" and his ability to evaluate government suppression of press freedom.

Second, Smiley's contention that "the first large obstacle to African progress is the gross artificiality of the states,

whose borders were crudely decided by colonial map-makers and hurriedly confirmed after independence by tiny black elites" is, in my opinion, a misleading half-truth. These "colonial map-makers" were actually European statesmen/imperialists who, with Machiavellian coldness, cut up Africa as if it were a cherry pie. Moreover, their designs were backed by weaponry and the imposition of a cultural imperialism that systematically educated the so-called "black elite" to think and act as Europeans.

An inherent purpose of the 1884-1885 Berlin "map-making" session was to divide and conquer Africa. Today, some of us who are Pan-Africanists believe that Africa contains not "African" countries but only European-designed countries nominally run by Africans. The rulers of post-colonial Africa are generally a European (Russia included) educated elite who, to a greater or lesser extent, want(ed) to duplicate in the countries of their birth the life-styles of the countries of their education. Many of Africa's leaders genuinely wanted to emulate European development and, predictably, they did not, as Fanon advised, "turn away from Europe."

Third, Smiley appears to believe that Europe and America have a self-reliant basis for economic development. Nothing could be further from the truth. While no one denies the hard work of the various European and American people, the central basis for the economic development of the so-called "free world" was the enslavement and exploitation of the Third World and the internal exploitation of immigrant labor. Facts are facts.

Finally, regardless of what various leaders of Africa want, nothing prevents Smiley from helping *the people of Africa* by writing as a critical advocate of African development except his own desire to stay on good terms with the very people of whom he is most critical.

If the intent of critical journalism is simply to find fault, then its effectiveness is limited, but if the intent of critical journalism is to foster development, then the work of critical writers will have a value that long outlasts the length of a reporting assignment in an African country. "Sensible people" who are African do not have the luxury of choosing "to keep out." Smiley would have served Africa well had he at least acknowledged that there are sensible Africans who are as critical, if not more so, of the current state of African under-

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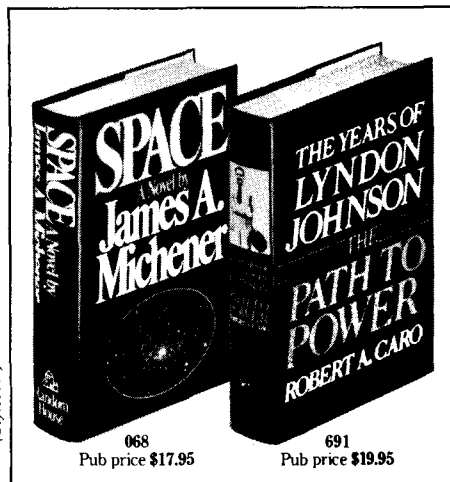
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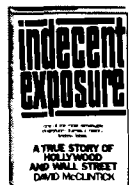
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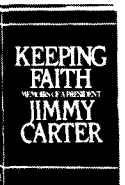
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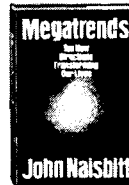
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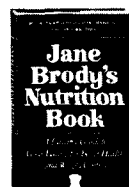
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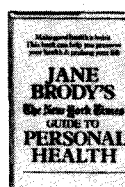
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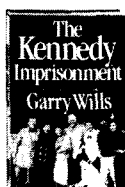
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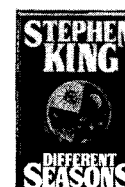
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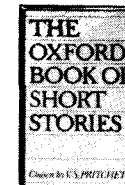
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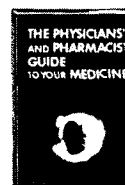
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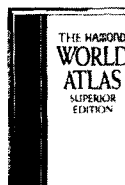
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development but who, unlike a visiting reporter, remain on the scene or at least actively engaged in dealing with the problems of African development both on the continent and in the diaspora.

Moreover, you do not have to be "African" to be "sensible" about Africa. Africa needs constructive criticism. The task of the engaged journalist is much more than that of being a literary voyeur or a cultural dilettante. The journalist, as much as and sometimes more so than the politician, can be either an impediment or a catalyst for development. That is a choice each journalist either consciously or unconsciously makes. I am glad to see Mr. Smiley grappling with that choice.

KALAMU YA SALAAM
New Orleans, La.

Xan Smiley replies:

I don't particularly disagree with most of Kalamu's observations: they don't seem to conflict with the meat of my argument. But to take him point by point . . .

First, I didn't argue that press censorship is endemic only to Africa. Clearly, it is worse in the Second World (the USSR et al.). I would surmise, however, that it is not quite so prevalent in Latin America; and in Asia there is the enormous free-press exception of India, despite Mrs. Gandhi. So I'm afraid Africa rates near the bottom of the continental league. My suggestion that South Africa, along with Nigeria, has the freest press in Africa was meant to be provocative, but I'm sorry to say it is true. For sure, the foul apartheid government is busily banning and harassing journalists and publications, but there are daily legal and widely read attacks (for instance, in the Rand Daily Mail) on the evil of apartheid and the incompetent nastiness of the ministers—something that could not happen in the rest of Africa, Nigeria already excepted. If he disagrees, could Kalamu cite another example?

Second, colonial map-making. I totally agree with Kalamu here, and said so in my article. Where I would, I suspect, differ, were we to imbibe warage or suchlike into the night, is over his implication that Pan-Africanism would obviate the need for boundaries. A lovely idea, but a hopeless dream. By my book, small is beautiful. People are more likely to love each other in small, homogeneous groups. In Africa, that most often means the tribe. Of course, if larger

groups can transcend the tribe, so much the better. But it isn't easy.

Third, the bald assertion that the First World has grown rich only through the sweat of the Third is highly contentious. "Facts are facts," says Kalamu, but he fails to provide them. I didn't, of course, deny that the terms of trade and the fluctuations of world markets in raw materials frequently weigh unfairly against the Third World. My experience, however, shows me clearly that if the economic and political will are there (vide Japan), then the cycle of dependence and inferiority can be broken or at any rate weakened; and that the African elites are generally to blame for their failure to galvanize the necessary willpower.

Kalamu's final paragraphs seem to miss my meaning. Of course there are "sensible Africans" who are "critical of Africa's state of underdevelopment" and are struggling nobly against it. I was referring specifically to the manner in which the struggle is reported.

The whole point is that constructive criticism is invariably viewed as unwelcome by African governments. There is, in any case, a distinction between comment and presentation of fact as honestly seen by a reporter. Many journalists, thankfully, steer clear of comment. It is straightforward reportage that is often seen as most offensive of all. I admitted that mass-circulation Western papers often focus on frivolous and sensational topics, but that is not, I think, the case with serious journals—which are probably even less welcome than their popular counterparts.

It sounds as if Kalamu is one of the "sensible strugglers." How long will he choose to remain in his New Orleans "banana republic"? And why does he use a pseudonym ("Pen of Greeting")?

RENDEZVOUS WITH ESTONIA

Lynn Caraganis's piece "Rendezvous With Romania" (August *Atlantic*) contains the line "The Estonians, most of whom had never seen a white man. . . ."

I am an Estonian of the purest stock whose parents fled that nation on the eve of Soviet annexation in 1945. I am, in fact, "a white man." My Estonian friends here in America are white; most even have blond hair.

Estonians are closely related to Finns, and more distantly to Lapps and

Magyars. We are related to practically nobody else.

As the distinction of Estonian culture is pushed closer and closer to the vanishing point by Soviet domestic policy, I am dismayed by America's ignorance, and must lash out at whatever prolongs such ignorance, no matter how innocent or unintentional the "whatever" may be.

NORMAN C. WARE
Washington, D.C.

Lynn Caraganis replies:

I'm sorry. I meant to poke fun at the ignorance of the line, which I found in the original (*Ways of Escape*, Graham Greene). It is quoted from a letter Greene has received from a friend.

I assure you that you before or later must come to Estonia, and please come now. . . . The population there has scarcely seen a white man before, and for a few pieces of chocolate we could certainly buy what native girls we could.

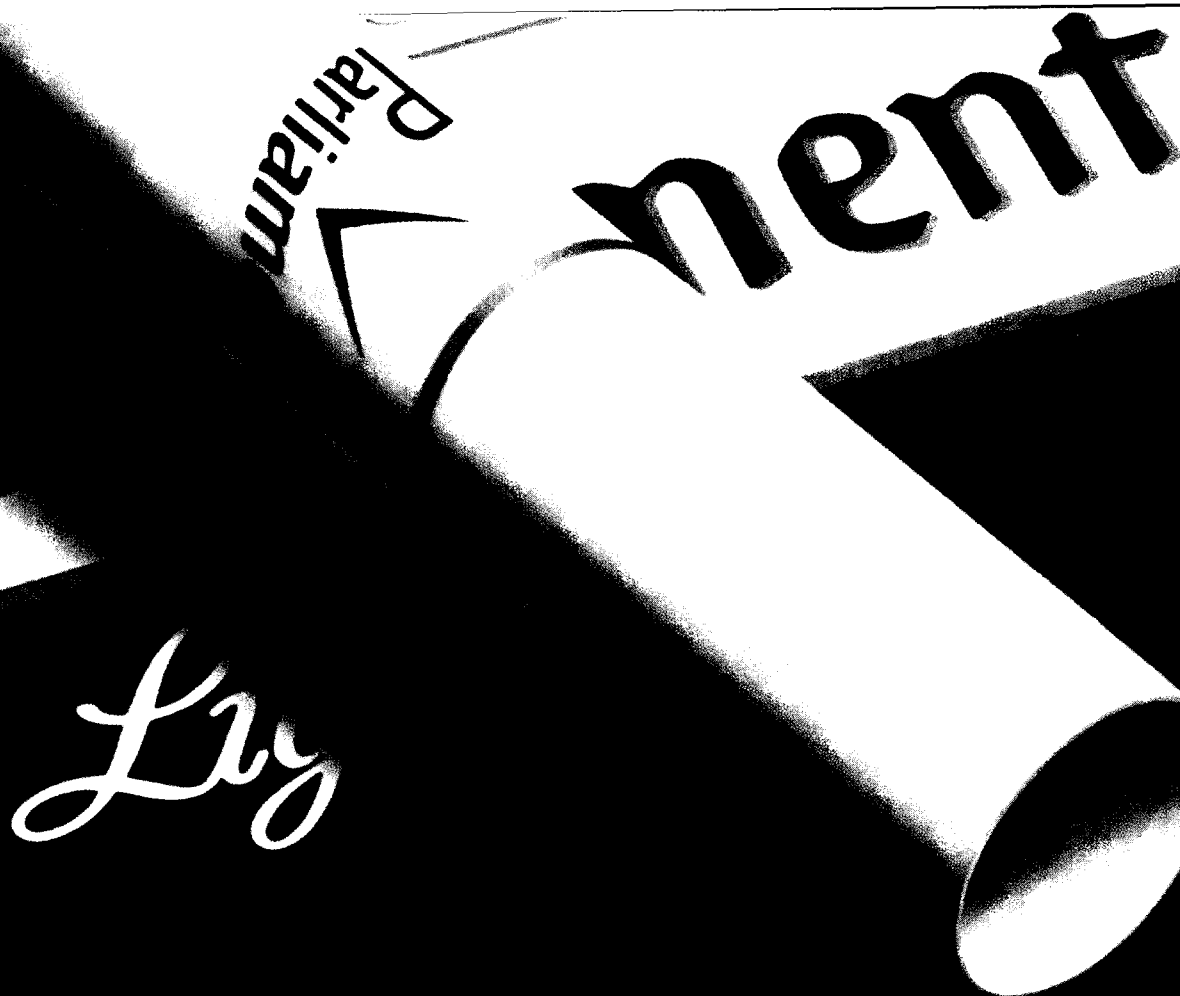
Greene says at this point that he was unable to accept his friend's invitation for lack of money, but does not allude to the strange remark about the Estonians. I found this very funny, given the aura of cold objectivity and intimacy with alien races that Greene's writing always has.

ADVICE & CONSENT

In your October issue, an ad placed by this agency for the E.P. Dutton book *The Education of David Stockman and Other Americans*, by William Greider, contained an error that was embarrassing to all concerned—us, the publisher, but particularly the author, to whom we mistakenly awarded a Pulitzer Prize. The error had, in fact, been caught by the publisher and corrected by us. Then, at the last minute—owing to the mysteries of computer typesetting and the failure of our people to perform the usual final check—it reappeared in the ad as sent to you.

We would very much appreciate your readers' knowing that neither publisher nor author was in any way responsible. My only hope is that we have not jinxed Mr. Greider by prematurely awarding him a prize that he should no doubt win on his own in the future.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

SMYRNA, TENN.

A JAPANESE AUTO MAKER FINDS A HOME

When Nissan decided to build trucks in central Tennessee, locals feared the end of an old way of life—and the beginning of a new one



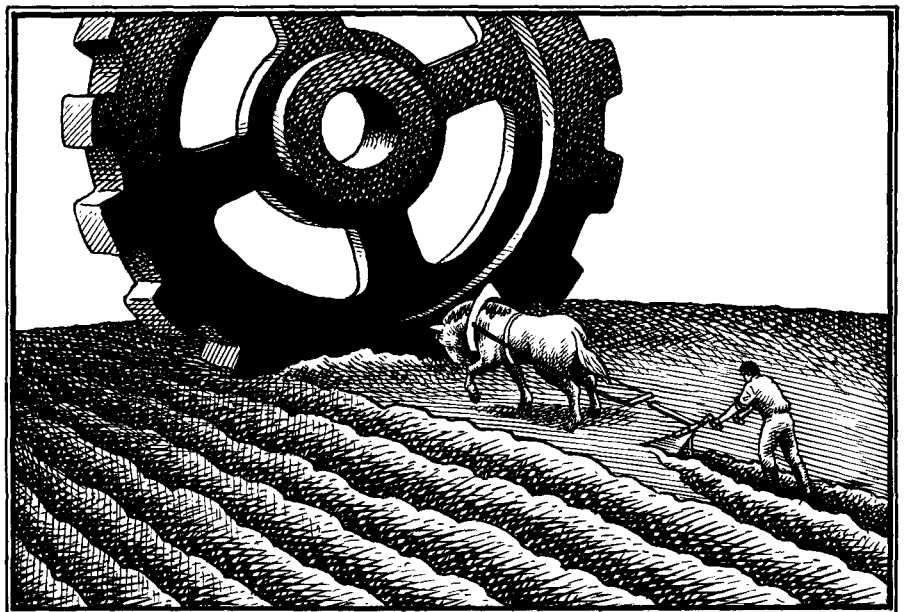
RUTHERFORD COUNTY IS in central Tennessee—or “Middle Tennessee,” as the natives say—about twenty miles southeast of Nashville, on gently rolling land that traditionally has been devoted to farming, mostly livestock. The people who live there like to express their feelings by naming roads. The short two-lane highway that connects Interstate 24 with Smyrna, a town of about 9,000 in the northwest corner of the county, is called the Sam Ridley Parkway, a gesture of respect for the mayor of Smyrna, who has held the job since 1947, and will keep it unless a court of appeals upholds the ruling by which he was thrown out of office last year. (The judge who made that ruling, on charges of official misconduct, has allowed Ridley to stay on until his appeals are exhausted; the citizens of Smyrna, for their part, have since returned him to office by a three-to-one margin, with the largest election turnout in the town's history.)

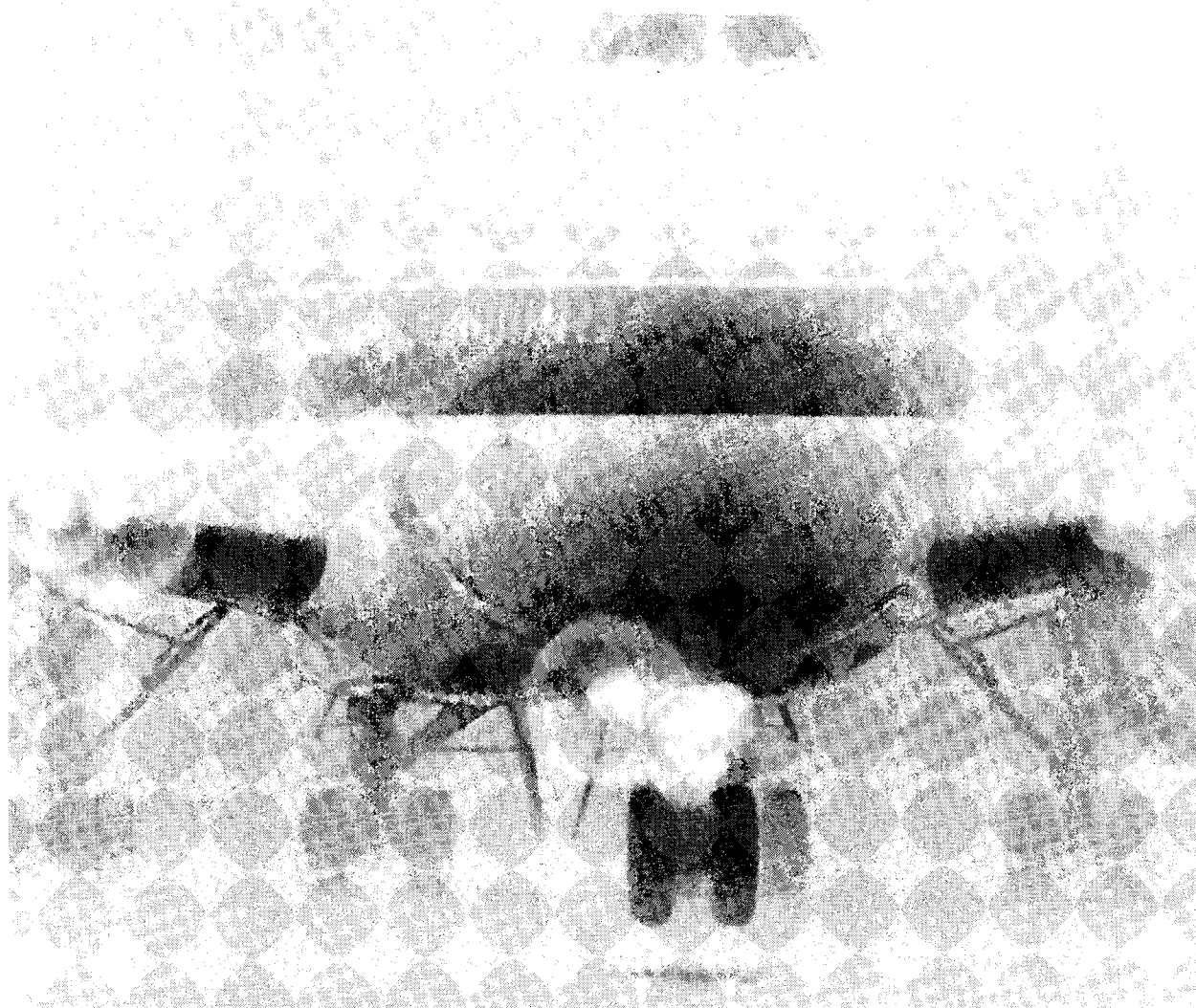
The late Earl Coleman, one of Sam Ridley's close friends and business associates (they were partners, for example, in the Chevrolet dealership that maintained Smyrna's police cars, one of which allegedly required twenty tires in a sin-

gle year), once gave his secretary the privilege of christening a street in a Smyrna subdivision, and she named it Mason Drive, after her boyfriend, Jerry.

Several months ago, the Smyrna city fathers combined a few old streets—including one named for J. S. Young, Sam Ridley's grandfather—and renamed them Nissan Drive, in appreciation of the Japanese auto company that is currently building a half-billion-dollar plant at the edge of town. This plant, which will assemble the small Datsun pickup trucks that have become so popular with American drivers, is said to constitute the largest Japanese investment ever made in the U.S. To attract it, the town of Smyrna promised, among other things, to expand its fire department and to build a gas line worth about \$1.5 million; Rutherford County contributed a property-tax break worth at least \$10 million, perhaps several times that; the

State of Tennessee chipped in \$7.3 million to train plant employees and more than \$12 million for new roads. The biggest of the new roads, a four-lane highway that will connect the plant with I-24, was named early last year by the Rutherford County road board. At the suggestion of Kenneth Victory, who was then one of the county's twenty-one commissioners, the board dubbed this highway the Lee Victory Parkway, in honor of Ken's father, a plumber and electrician who is known and loved, Ken says, by nearly everyone in Smyrna. (Ken wanted to surprise the old man, but that proved impossible, because Lee is a member of the road board and had to vote on the proposal.) The road does not yet exist, and at the time of the vote nobody even knew exactly where it would be built, but the board may have felt the need to get it named in a hurry, because some of the people in Rutherford County





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were suggesting that it ought to be called Pearl Harbor Boulevard.

Japanese industry is becoming a significant presence in Tennessee, thanks at least in part to an energetic sales campaign being conducted by the state government. Nissan, the second Japanese auto maker to come to the U.S. (Honda was first, with a Marysville, Ohio, plant that is beginning preliminary operations this fall), is the twelfth Japanese-owned company to have taken up residence in Tennessee since 1975; the thirteenth will probably be the Bridgestone Tire Company, which is expected to move into an ailing Firestone plant in LaVergne, the town just west of Smyrna. Emissaries from Tennessee—and from nearly every other state in the union—began courting Japanese auto makers in earnest about three years ago, after everyone concerned realized that the manufacturers had to do something to assuage the resentment and protectionist sentiment that were growing in the U.S. and in other countries whose domestic industries were suffering heavy losses to Japanese imports. Local legend has it that the Smyrna site, dairy farmland at the time, was spotted by a Nissan executive from the window of a touring car; it is relatively flat, and underlaid with a limestone bedrock capable of supporting heavy machinery. It is also less than four miles from the interstate highway, and mere yards from a main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. According to Nissan, it was chosen over similar, competing sites in Georgia because it is more conveniently located: closer to the center of the market and to the port cities of the West Coast, which will forward from Japan about 60 percent of the parts to be assembled at the plant.

Various reasons are offered for Nissan's apparent determination to locate somewhere in the South. Marvin Runyon, the former Ford executive (a plant start-up specialist) who heads the new Nissan operation, sometimes explains it as a matter of personal preference: the fifty-eight-year-old Texan made it clear to Nissan, before signing on, that he wanted work in the Sun Belt. Some labor leaders take a different view, explaining the decision as a matter of cost control, employee relations, and the southern work force's traditional antipathy toward organized labor: what Runyon made clear to Nissan, in other words, was that they ought to keep away from the United Auto Workers. Indeed,

though he initially feigned indifference toward the UAW's inevitable attempt to organize the plant, Runyon clearly stated his hope that the union will be kept out. Worse, in the eyes of local labor leaders, he has hired a non-union general contractor to erect the plant. Several hundred union men, mobilized by the Nashville Building and Construction Trades Council, convened at the groundbreaking ceremony, in February of 1981, to demonstrate their pique at this decision. The most passionate of them threw stones, deflated the tires of the plow-equipped Datsun pickup that was to move the first scoop of earth, and greeted visiting Nissan executives with shouts of "Go home, Japs!"

Not that Rutherford County has been swept up in a tide of anti-Japanese hysteria; on the contrary, most of the people opposed to the Nissan plant—and they don't seem to be many—would feel much the same, or worse, if it were owned by Ford or General Motors. When Nissan formally announced its intention to build in Rutherford County, Takashi Ishihara, the president of the parent company, speculated, in what he no doubt considered a tone of cheery optimism, that other auto makers might follow Nissan into the area, and that Middle Tennessee might one day become a "little Detroit" of the Sun Belt. On the same occasion, Tennessee governor Lamar Alexander commented that "for three generations Tennesseans have gone to Detroit to get jobs," a thought later completed for him by a writer for the *Nashville Tennessean*: "Now the children of Detroit will have to come to Tennessee." That is precisely what the plant's opponents are afraid of. They are mostly farmers and older people—often both—and to them a native of Detroit would probably seem more a stranger in Rutherford County than would a native of Japan. To their way of thinking, the sort of people who will be attracted by the prospect of Nissan jobs—urbanites, wage earners, factory folk: *those people*, whatever you want to call them—are not the sort who will quickly get the hang of rural living. Those people arrive in Rutherford County and right away go out and get themselves a couple or three dogs—they figure this is the country thing to do—and before you know it you've got packs of ill-mannered canines chasing rabbits through your fields and tramping your soybeans into the ground. Those people attract developers like cows attract flies,

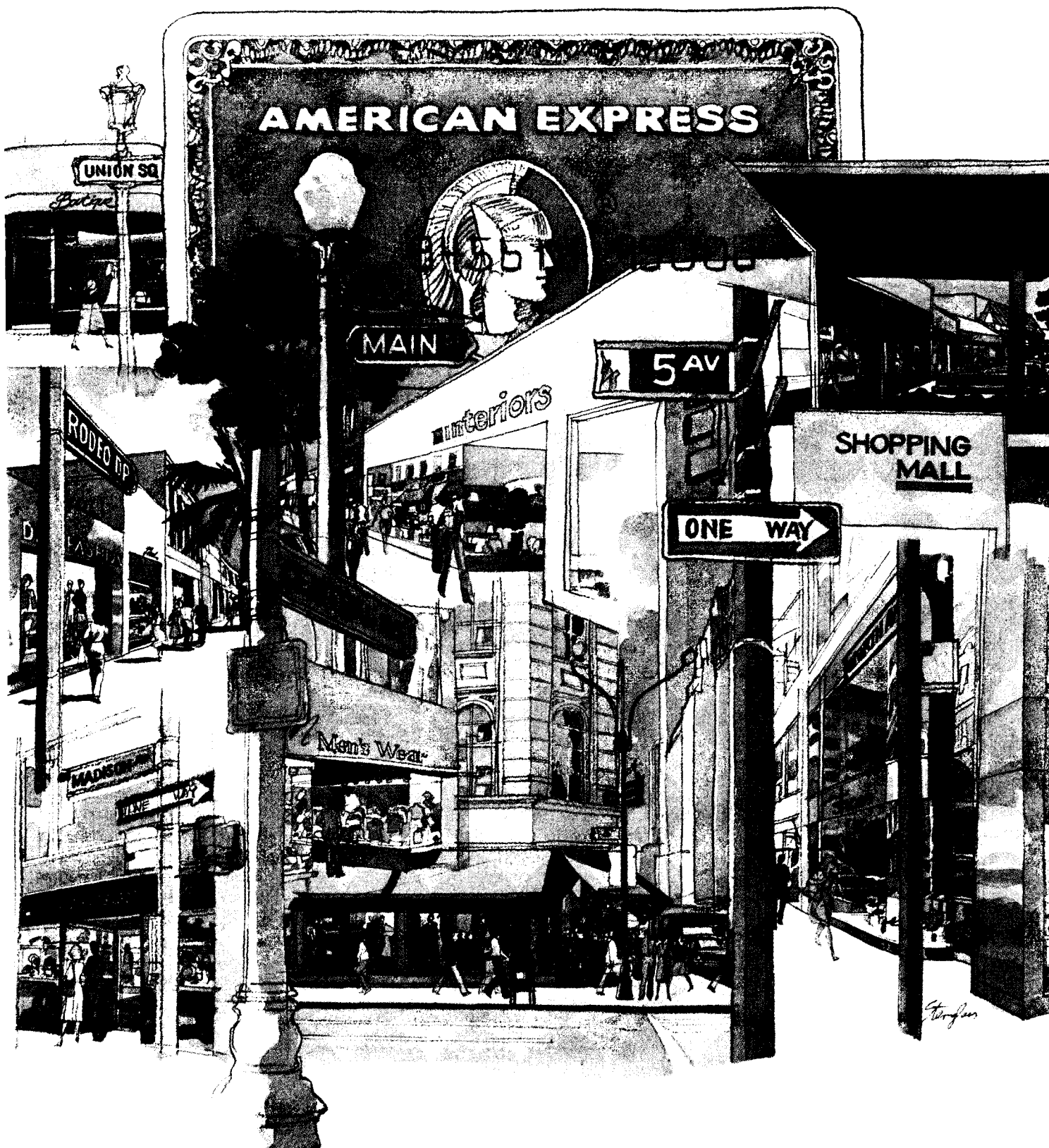
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and where the developers throw up their condos and subdivisions the land prices go right up out of sight, and property taxes with them, and then those people move in and complain to the board of health about the smell of your pig-feeding operation! Those people don't buy big pieces of land, so they don't pay much in property taxes, but acre for acre they produce plenty of children and piles of garbage and more than their share of DUI ("driving under the influence"), and they leave the landowners holding the bill for the extra schoolrooms and sanitation trucks and policemen. Those people don't even know how to fish a creek without making a mess. Have you ever seen what a half-buried whiskey bottle can do to a \$1,000 combine tire? At least the Japanese are clean and polite.

When the Nissan deal was being debated in Rutherford County, one of those who spoke for the farmers and old folks was Homer Gannon, a hog-and-cattle farmer who describes himself as "sixty-five and trying to retire." Gannon, whose place is less than ten miles from the plant site, represents his neighbors as a county commissioner, an unpaid elective position he has held for twenty-four years. He studied the tax-break arrangement that helped land Nissan in Rutherford County, and he thinks the auto maker came out of the deal "holding both ends of the rope." The arrangement, in the form of an industrial revenue bond, attempts to project all the income the county will receive as a direct result of the plant development—mostly property and sales taxes to be paid by new residents—and all the expenses it will incur in providing such things as schoolteachers, roads, and police protection for those new residents; it calls for Nissan to pay, in lieu of regular property taxes, the difference between projected income and expenses, plus a flat "profit" for the county coffers. Nissan's multi-million-dollar tax saving will supposedly come at no real cost to the county, a proposition that to Homer Gannon sounds suspiciously like a free lunch. Gannon doesn't believe the figures will work out as nicely in real life as they do in the projected budgets. Even if he believed it, he wouldn't support the deal. He doesn't think it's right: "If small business, which is the very backbone and the very heart of this nation, had had the same break that big industry has had, you wouldn't see their doors closing today."

In 1950, before Homer Gannon began

his public service, more than 88 percent of Rutherford County's land was devoted to agriculture. In the late fifties, diverse and relatively light industries began moving in, and by 1978, the last year for which figures are available, the proportion of farmland had decreased to less than 65 percent. What seems to bother Gannon most is his fear that the Nissan plant will tip the county irrevocably into an industrial economy and an urban lifestyle. (According to Rutherford County finance director Randall Matlock, the company's initial \$660 million investment—which includes plant, land, equipment, and such "soft costs" as training and travel expenses—is roughly equal to half the value of all the real property in the county.)

"At one time," Gannon told me not long ago, sitting on the steps of the county courthouse in Murfreesboro, "Rutherford County was strictly agricultural, and agriculture is still our largest industry. That's been our heritage, and I've been proud of my heritage and our lifestyle, and I hate to give it up worse than anybody. I thought we had a good balance here the last twenty years. I was happy. I know this brings more jobs, yes. There's more jobs all over the United States created by industry—and there's more people than ever before walking the street today because of industry having to close its doors, too. This is too many eggs in one basket, as far as I'm concerned. We have no assurance that Nissan is gonna stay here forever. I think we're gonna have an imbalance here, and whenever you get an imbalance I think you're gonna end up just like Detroit." As a motorcycle—a Yamaha or Suzuki, no doubt—roared past the courthouse, Gannon said he was thinking about selling his land and moving farther out, where he could retire in peace. "None of my children are gonna come back and operate a farm," he said, "and I can't blame them. They're making too much money at what they're doing to operate a farm. And with land values getting up like they are, I can't continue to operate it. I'm gonna get out."

HOMER GANNON IS not alone in his distaste for Detroitness—nearly everyone I spoke with in Rutherford County mentioned the Strange City to the North at least once, and no one mentioned it fondly—but when the county commissioners met to vote on the incentive bond, the step that would ultimately

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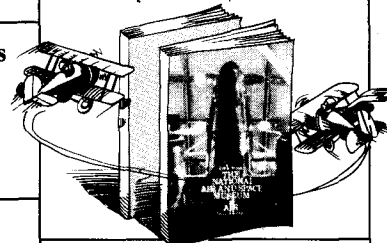
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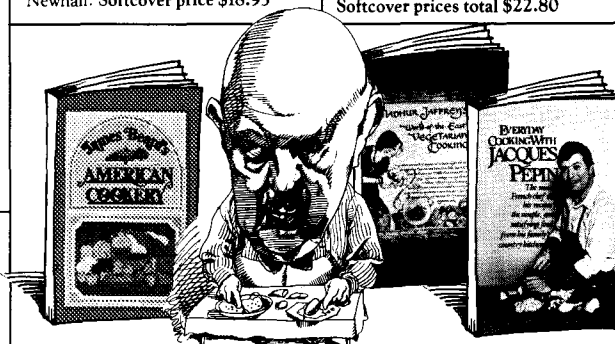
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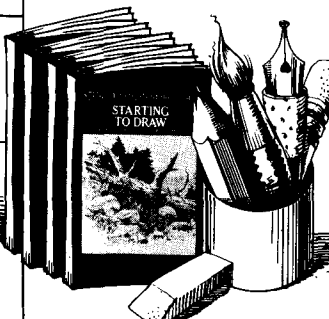


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welcome Nissan or send it packing, Gannon found himself on the losing end of a 19-2 landslide. The prevailing sentiment in Rutherford County seems to be that growth can be controlled, urban blight can be staved off, and a lot of money can be made in the meantime. The plant, which is scheduled to begin operation in late summer or fall of 1983, will eventually produce about 156,000 trucks a year and employ some 2,650 people. According to the econometric assumptions used to calculate the terms of the incentive bond, more than half of the employees will be residents of Rutherford County, and more than a third of that half will be new residents, requiring housing, services, and retail establishments that are not already there. No official attempt has been made to project the number of additional jobs that will be created in satellite factories, but that number is likely to be considerable, because Nissan will receive component parts according to the "just-in-time" delivery system whereby suppliers accept the burden of inventory upkeep by agreeing to deliver parts on short notice and only as they are needed. (This system originated with Henry Ford, though it first became widely used in Japan.) Thus, for the sake of operational convenience—let alone local public relations—Nissan is seeking suppliers that have manufacturing or distribution facilities in the area; suppliers that do not have such facilities may want to establish them. Hoover Universal, a Michigan-based company that already has three factories in Tennessee, will build a fourth, in Murfreesboro, to supply seats to the Nissan plant; the two assembly lines will communicate by computer, and Hoover will deliver finished seats to Nissan about once every hour. Windshield wipers will come from an already existing Tridon plant in Smyrna. Windows will be made at a Ford Glass plant in Nashville. Added to these and many other ripples emanating from the truck plant is the tantalizing possibility that Nissan may someday establish a car-manufacturing facility next door. The plant currently under construction occupies fewer than seventy acres of ground; Nissan bought about 825 acres.

Compared with the state of the national economy, and especially with the gloom of auto-industry cities in the North, the entrepreneurial giddiness inspired by these events in Rutherford County seems almost perverse. Over a stretch of fourteen days at the end of last

May—while, in Michigan, departments of the state government were warned by Governor William Milliken to prepare for a round of layoffs; and legislators fretted over the state's bond rating, which had just been lowered by Moody's Investors Service to the worst in the nation; and letters to the editor of the *Detroit Free Press* lamented the closing of the Ferro Manufacturing Corporation and the impending abandonment of Detroit's downtown district by Hudson's department store—the following things happened in Rutherford County: On Thursday, the 27th, up at the north end of Smyrna's business strip, not far from the new Captain D's fast-fish house, a grand opening celebration was held at the Smyrna K-Mart, the anchor store in a new shopping center that now also includes a McDonald's (Smyrna's first), a Super X drugstore, and a Kroger supermarket. Two days before, a new Duff's smorgasbord franchise ("all you care to eat" for \$4.50) opened near the outskirts of Murfreesboro, while a few miles north, just across Nissan Drive from the rising truck plant, ground was being leveled for the construction of Perimeter Square, a 562,000-square-foot warehouse and office complex. On Sunday, the 23rd, the Murfreesboro *News Journal* announced that in April, forty-eight new concerns had received licenses to do business in Rutherford County, including a Pittstop Car Wash and the Smyrna Square Jewelry store. On Monday, the 17th, the Commerce Union Bank of Rutherford County opened its Smyrna branch office, and two days later the Murfreesboro and Rutherford County Chamber of Commerce did the same. Meanwhile, another new shopping center was going up out by the Old Nashville Highway, and some of the investors who had gone in on the recently completed efficiency motel—the one just down Enon Springs Road from the new Hardee's hamburger joint—discussed plans for apartment complexes, movie theaters, a new hospital, perhaps even a bowling alley. On WSVT, Smyrna's first and only radio station (it had begun broadcasting, quite coincidentally, about six months after the Nissan ground-breaking), such local businesses as Smyrna Texaco, Sara's Flowers & Gifts, and Klassic Kleaners were discovering the magic of electronic advertising. Out on the woebegone stretch of Route 41 between Murfreesboro and Smyrna—a stretch left to die at the side of the inter-

state—L. D. Langford, manager of Don's Kountry Kitchen, made room for a couple of new pool tables, and the red-neon "No" glowed outside the Chrisman Motel more steadily than it had for fifteen years.

Much of the commercial energy visible in Rutherford County is being supplied by a group of aggressive, chamber-of-commerce-style Murfreesboro businessmen in their middle and late thirties. Much is also being supplied by Smyrna's unabashed Mayor Ridley, who is involved financially in the Perimeter Square project, in the radio station, in various housing developments, and in a company that just happened to own 197 of the acres that Nissan bought for its plant site. Ridley, who is not paid to serve as Smyrna's mayor (though he is given a city car and an expense account, both of which he uses with notorious panache), is a white-haired, red-faced character who barely tops five feet and speaks in what might be called a southern squeak; if he were to be cast in a movie as mayor or sheriff of a small southern town, the director would be lambasted for overstatement and cliché. Ridley is bullish on Rutherford County, and has been, apparently, since he returned a hero from World War II and ran for mayor of Smyrna. To those who complain that he sometimes manages the town as though it were one of his many private businesses, he answers that that is precisely why it is in such good financial shape. He boasts that in his thirty-five years as mayor—while he built streets, sewers, water systems, and other things that help make a community attractive to companies such as Nissan—he has not raised Smyrna's municipal taxes a penny. "I feel like I picked Smyrna up when it was an old run-down dog somebody left on the side of the road," he told me. "I think I fed it, and I nurtured it, and I had it vaccinated, and now that dog is becoming more attractive to more people. . . . I think everything Sam Ridley has done has been in the best interests of Smyrna. In most cases, it's also benefited Sam Ridley, but I don't think you can be as active in business as I have without improving your financial condition." In the immediate future, Ridley envisions considerable improvement in both his condition and Smyrna's. In five years, he thinks, the town's population, which was about 700 when he returned from the war, will be somewhere in the neighborhood of



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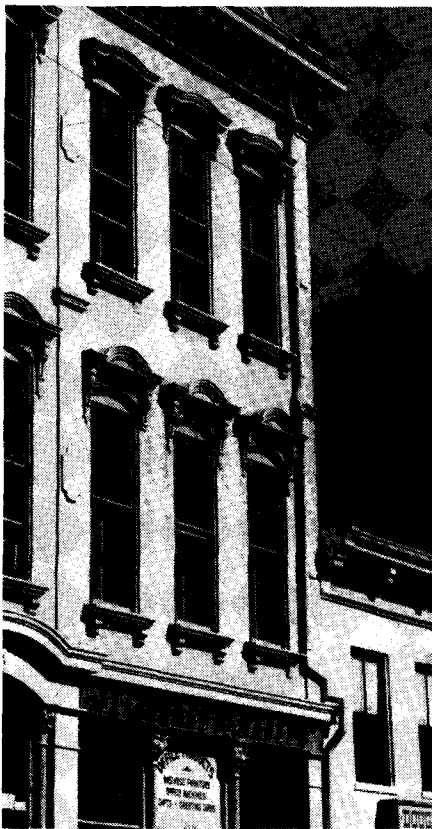
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20,000. Come back in a year, he told me, and you'll see 400 or 500 new apartments, a few small factories, and perhaps a cosmetically improved Smyrna, with trees and shrubbery and new old-timey architecture—not just like Williamsburg, but you get the idea. He added that if he remained mayor long enough, he intended to build a new city hall over on the western side of town, something along the lines of the town hall at Disneyland. He didn't say that he had a name in mind for the building, but he did lead me to understand that it would be one of the first things you'd see as you drove into town off the Sam Ridley Parkway.

CLEARLY, SAM RIDLEY'S vision of Rutherford County is forcing Homer Gannon's out to pasture. What does not seem so clear—at least not to me—is whether the arrival of Nissan is causing the change or just hurrying it along a bit. While I was in Rutherford County, I encountered a lot of concern, even on the part of those enthusiastic Murfreesboro businessmen, for the rural, agricultural character of the place; nobody wanted to lose it. But I did not see as much evidence of that alleged character as the talk led me to expect, and by the time I left I suspected that it had begun slipping away years before, when nobody was paying much attention. My suspicion was corroborated by a fellow named Thomas Hutchinson, who sees the goings-on in the county from a unique perspective—actually, a variety of perspectives. With his son, recently out of college, Hutchinson farms 1,000 acres of soybeans and wheat just south of Murfreesboro. He has been president of the Rutherford County Farm Bureau since last January, and in that capacity he spoke long and eloquently to me on the farmer's view of the Nissan deal, covering everything from property taxes to dogs and whiskey bottles. Then, however, he changed hats and commented on the affair from the vantage of a developer. Though he makes all his income from farming, Hutchinson is also on the board of Murfreesboro's biggest bank, and he has been instrumental in founding and managing the non-profit companies that provide water and electricity to unincorporated areas of Rutherford County. As a supplier of capital and utilities, he feels partly to blame for the commercial and industrial development of the county's farmland, and as a farmer he regrets it,

but if he had it to do all over again, he told me, he'd probably “follow the same tracks.”

“You have to look at the overall picture,” he said. “We are not really an agricultural area. We don't have the prime agricultural land, like there is in west Tennessee or in the Corn Belt, and we don't have the production, we don't have the market, we don't have the suppliers—the agricultural suppliers—that those areas have; if it wasn't for our farmers' co-op here, I don't know where our farmers would get their supplies. If you can—it won't take long—just fly over the area in a plane. You'll be astonished. I've lived here all my life, and when I fly over this area and see all the development, I can't believe it myself. Some still call it a rural, agricultural area, but the people who are saying that just don't know what an agricultural area is. They're just wishfully thinking, living in the past, and remembering it like it was.”

Hutchinson suggested that as the changing economics of agriculture leave Rutherford County behind, farmers there should welcome industry, not shun it; his argument was one I'd heard from virtually every Nissan enthusiast I'd met: “All these young people growing up, these college students graduating here”—he nodded in the general direction of Murfreesboro, home of Middle Tennessee State University—“by golly, they need a job somewhere. They can't make a living farming. You go ask some of those farmers how many of their children are staying on the farm like my son is. I can name you several who were real disappointed; they were hoping their sons were gonna do it, but when they graduated and came back to the farm for a little while and got the real feel of it, they decided to do something else. The most expensive and most dear crop a farmer has is his children, and there's no way, with farming like it is today, for him to keep all his children on the land and expect them to make a living. Those farmers had better be darned thankful that there are other jobs in the area for their children, so they won't have to go way off somewhere to an industrial area like Detroit. Really, this is a blessing in disguise.”

—Michael Lenehan

Michael Lenehan is a writer and editor based in Chicago, and a frequent Atlantic contributor.



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MOROCCO A FRIEND IN NEED

Beset by Polisario guerrillas and a faltering economy, King Hassan wants more U.S. aid, and offers strategic control of the Straits of Gibraltar



ON THE EVE of a trip to the United States some months ago, during which he would meet President Ronald Reagan for the first time, fifty-three-year-old King Hassan the Second of Morocco invited me to interview him at his sprawling, green-domed palace in Fez, an ancient town that hugs lush green hills and houses one of the oldest Islamic universities in the world. Hassan, a small, dapper man who spoke in a mixture of exquisite French and cadence-filled Arabic, seemed enthusiastic about the forthcoming visit to Washington, and he talked at some length about his North African country's desire to develop a strong, friendly relationship with the United States. But the King spoke at greater length about the threat Morocco faced from a guerrilla group that calls itself the Polisario and wants to set up an independent Saharawi Democratic Arab Republic in the Western Sahara, a phosphate-rich former Spanish possession that Moroccan forces annexed in stages, beginning in 1976. Hassan believes that military and political support from the

Reagan administration is crucial if Morocco is to thwart the Polisario, which is financed mostly by Algeria, Libya, and the Soviet Union. The King recalled that various African leaders and some senior U.S. officials close to former President Jimmy Carter—he did not identify them—had pressured him to negotiate directly with the guerrillas.

At this point in our three-hour conversation, Hassan took me into a special room, pointed to the ceiling, a stunning blend of ivory and ebony, and drew my attention to the gold-embroidered Arabic script that ran along its length on all four sides. The script spelled out Hassan's name and the names of his ancestors, dating back thirty-five generations to the Prophet Mohammed, the founder of Islam. "With all this, with this history, how do they expect me to talk with the Polisario, who are illiterate thugs who cannot even speak coherently?" the King said, his voice rising. "Negotiations with the Polisario? *Jamais*. Never."

Hassan seemed especially irritated that Edem Kodjo, secretary general of the Organization of African Unity, last February proclaimed the incipient Polisario state as the OAU's newest member, after twenty-six of the organization's fifty members voted in favor of a makeshift resolution calling for the Polisario's admission. (Morocco and its allies stormed out of that meeting, held in the Ethiopian capital of Addis Ababa, contending that only a two-thirds majority at a full summit meeting of the OAU's heads of state could make the decision to admit a new member.) Hassan told me

that Morocco and its African supporters would never attend an OAU meeting where the Polisario was formally seated. Several days later, when I was in Algiers, Colonel Slimane Hoffman, a trusted aide to Chadli Bendjedid, the president of Algeria, asserted that attendance by his country's delegation at an OAU event was contingent on the Polisario's being allowed to attend. The stage had been set, seemingly, for a possible polarization and breakup of the nineteen-year-old organization. As Hassan had predicted, the OAU was unable to get a quorum at its scheduled August summit meeting in the Libyan capital of Tripoli, because Morocco and its allies stayed away to protest the imminent designation of Libya's leader, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, as chairman of the organization. (The leader of the state hosting an OAU summit automatically serves as chairman for a one-year period.)

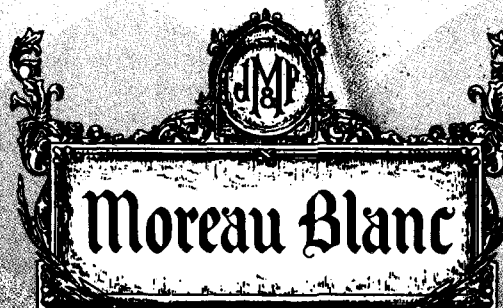
When Hassan met President Reagan in Washington, the two men got along very well. They agreed that Morocco faced a clear and present danger from the Polisario. The King obtained commitments from Reagan for more financial aid to prop up Morocco's languishing economy, and for more military assistance to combat the Polisario threat. The President, who took Hassan out riding and then gave a sumptuous state dinner for him at the White House, clearly seemed to warm to the Moroccan, whose country the Reagan administration wants to enlist in a "strategic consensus" of moderate Arab states that might thwart the alleged expansionist ambitions of the Soviet Union and its clients in the Middle East and North Africa. Hassan agreed to give American military personnel "transit rights" at Moroccan bases in the event of a wider war in the region. Whether this agreement means that the United States will once again get military bases in Morocco (Hassan began a phasing out of American military personnel from Moroccan bases in 1963, after rising domestic unrest over their presence) is uncertain, but Reagan aides say that the President, who sees Hassan as one of our few genuinely reliable allies in the volatile Arab world, is making special efforts to retain Hassan's support. Reagan, according to these officials, feels that America needs a toehold in Morocco because of its strategic location at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar. (This mouth is about

twelve kilometers wide at its narrowest, and through it runs one of the busiest shipping lanes in the world.)

Hassan becomes passionate when he talks about the dangers facing his kingdom, declaring that the real aim of the guerrillas and their supporters is not the liberation of the Western Sahara but the toppling of Hassan. When I talked with Polisario officials in Algiers—where the guerrilla organization has its working headquarters—they denied that the Polisario wanted to overthrow Hassan immediately, but they left little doubt that the guerrillas view Hassan as the chief obstacle to their gaining control of the Western Sahara. Mahmoud Abdel-Fattah, the Polisario's chief permanent representative in Algiers, said: "The only way to end this war is through direct negotiations between the Polisario and Morocco. . . . If there are no negotiations, there will be no cease-fire—and the war will continue. We want peace, and a just solution—but Morocco must talk directly with us."

Senior Western diplomats based in Rabat believe that the greatest threat to the King comes not from any specific military action the Polisario might take but from the domestic discontent spawned by the continuation of the Sahara war. Morocco spends at least a million dollars a day for the upkeep of the 125,000 troops who patrol the sandy stretches and ravines of the desert territory, which is roughly the size of Colorado and has an indigenous nomadic population of, at most, about 75,000. The actual size of the Sahara's population is a continuing source of dispute between those who support the Polisario and those who side with Morocco. Hassan, for example, insists that the guerrilla organization consists not of refugees from the Sahara (the position held by the Polisario) but of Algerians, Mauriticians, and even Libyans. According to a Spanish census, there were 73,000 Saharawis in 1974. But the Polisario says that at least 100,000 natives of the Western Sahara have sought refuge in neighboring Algeria, where the Polisario runs a "refugee" camp at Tindouf, a dusty desert community scattered with tin shacks and flapping canvas tents. King Hassan says that in any referendum involving the Western Sahara (the OAU has called for such a referendum), only those Saharawis who could prove they lived in the Western Sahara at the time Spain withdrew, in 1976, should be eligible to

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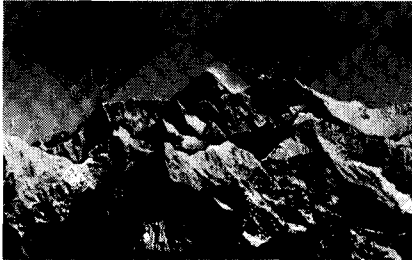
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vote. The war in the Sahara is badly draining Morocco's economy, and more than 10,000 Moroccan soldiers are reported to have been killed in the seven-year-old conflict—plus twice as many Polisario guerrillas, according to Moroccan military officials. Despite shored-up Moroccan defenses in the Sahara, Polisario incursions are increasing, and the Polisario is known to possess Soviet-made surface-to-air missiles, which last year brought down five Moroccan military jets.

Hassan recognizes that Morocco's economy has been hit hard by the slump in world phosphate prices and by the slackening of demand among Morocco's traditional customers in Europe. (Phosphates—used in fertilizers—are extracted through mining, and Morocco boasts the world's biggest reserves.) His modernization plans are being challenged by Islamic zealots (although the King has temporarily undercut these fundamentalists by playing up his genealogical connection to the Prophet Mohammed).

In the summer of 1981, the commercial city of Casablanca was rocked by riots that left 600 persons dead as a result of fighting between vandals and the army. In a country where the King's portrait traditionally adorns the walls of homes and offices, I found in the slums of Casablanca hardly a picture of Hassan—to me a sign of the King's diminished popularity and perhaps an omen that Morocco faces serious unrest in the foreseeable future because of growing social and economic inequities.

WESTERN DIPLOMATS generally believe, however, that no one political figure seems capable of coalescing the masses against Hassan. He has a pretty strong grip on the three political parties in the country, and they, by and large, swear allegiance to his policies. A military coup, of course, is possible. Hassan has already survived three putsch attempts. (One such effort took place a decade ago, when rebel air-force pilots attacked a Boeing 727 that the King was personally piloting. Hassan survived after he radioed the rebels that the "King is killed." Since then, Hassan has not flown much. Within Morocco, he prefers to drive from town to town and from palace to palace in a huge, well-escorted motorcade.) He has pampered his military commanders, who are all personally selected by him and whose as-

signments are frequently changed. Senior military personnel are paid about \$30,000 annually, among the highest salaries in the country, and they are also the beneficiaries of all kinds of perks. The clubs for military officers are as luxurious as any such clubs elsewhere in the world.

Hassan, who last spring observed the twenty-first anniversary of his ascension to the throne, says he is not as isolated from the problems of his country as some of his critics charge. He acknowledges that not enough has been done to increase food production, and that Morocco, which once exported food, must now import it. He has initiated a program under which an eighteen-mile-wide "green belt" would be established, along the Mediterranean and Atlantic shores from Tangier in the north to Dakhla in the Western Sahara, where intensive food production would be undertaken. The government's priorities also include large-scale educational programs, so that the rising number of unemployed persons—particularly university students—can receive vocational training. Hassan says that no matter what Morocco's current economic difficulties, the long-term prospects for this country of 21 million people are excellent: he points to the fact that in addition to being the world's biggest exporter of phosphates (which fetch Morocco \$1 billion each year, and are the second largest source of foreign exchange, after remittances sent home from Moroccans who are living abroad), this country's reserves of phosphates total more than 40 billion tons, or 72 percent of the world's proven reserves. A few months ago, Hassan selected a consortium of Japanese and Spanish concerns to build a \$2.5 billion plant for processing sulfuric acid. The plant will be one of the largest in the world, with a capacity of 140,000 tons a day. It is expected to start operations in four years.

Some Moroccans contend that things are already beyond the King's control. His green-belt project won't get going for at least a decade, and meanwhile Morocco most likely will have to continue to import half-a-billion dollars' worth of food annually. The country's population is growing at the rate of 3.2 percent a year—one of the world's highest rates. External debt is approaching \$7 billion, and few foreign banks will lend Morocco money.

As often happens in Third World coun-

tries, a wide gap persists between the privileged classes and the masses. When I visited the slums of Casablanca, I found that many daily necessities, such as soap and kerosene, were quite hard to come by, and that the lines at grain shops snaked around entire neighborhoods.

Mohammed Abdelsaleem, a local community leader, groaned when I asked him what the government was doing to ensure better food supplies. "What do government officials do? They take trips abroad on 'business,' or they stay in their big homes in Casa or Rabat," he said, contemptuously. "Or they are busy catering to the Saudis." Morocco, where social customs are relatively relaxed, has become a playground for oil-rich sheikhs of the Gulf. King Fahd has built several palaces in this country, as have other Saudi princes and minor royalty members. Almost every Moroccan one meets talks freely about alleged "orgies" and other bizarre behavior on the part of these frequent visitors. During the Casablanca riots last year, mobs raided the homes of women suspected of catering to the sexual tastes of the sheikhs, and lynched some of them. But Hassan has benefited from the generosity of the sheikhs: Saudi Arabia provides Morocco with more than \$1.3 billion each year in outright grants and low-interest loans. Much of the war effort in the Western Sahara is similarly financed by the Saudis. Quite naturally, therefore, Moroccan officials shy away from discussing the presence of the Saudis, though in some parts of Morocco, Saudis seem as resented as wealthy Moroccans.

SOME SENIOR WESTERN and American Diplomats are, like Hassan, very hopeful about Morocco's future. Among them is the man sophisticated Moroccans wryly call "Mister America"—Joseph Verner Reed, Jr., the United States ambassador to Morocco. Reed's exuberant style has been seen as a reflection of the Reagan administration's enthusiasm for Hassan. Reagan appointed Reed, a tall, lanky patrician from Connecticut, on the recommendation of David Rockefeller, whose aide Reed was at Chase Manhattan Bank when Rockefeller served as chairman. "I am unabashedly a Fourth-of-July Republican," Reed told me over lunch one afternoon at his Rabat residence, a memento-filled, carpet-strewn mansion called the "Villa America." "For me this ambassadorship is being part of

'Forward America'—and I am not at all ashamed or embarrassed to speak up for America. I am also a passionate anti-Communist American. I feel we must support our true friends, like Morocco, with all we've got. I keep saying to the Moroccans: 'Count on us. We are with you.' I believe we must keep our word. I really do believe that the Soviet Union is the only remaining nineteenth-century empire, and to me it is obvious that the next pressure point for the Soviets is going to be the Kingdom of Morocco, situated strategically as it is on the Straits of Gibraltar."

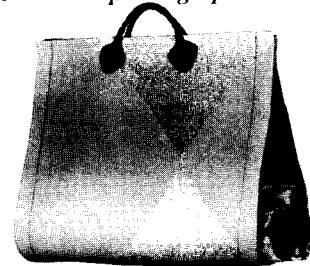
Ambassador Reed is an open admirer of King Hassan, whom he characterizes as an "extraordinarily experienced and enlightened ruler." Reed has easy access to Hassan, a man other Western envoys find difficult to see. (Hassan's tardiness is legendary. When Queen Elizabeth II visited Morocco not long ago, the King kept her waiting for fifteen minutes in her car. Subsequently, Hassan found himself the only ruling monarch who was not invited to the wedding of Prince Charles.)

Reed's fondness for Hassan recalls a similar affection he harbored for the late Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi, of Iran, whose portrait decorates the walls of the sumptuous Reed residence in Rabat. The Ambassador asserts that, no matter what Hassan's current problems, the King will not be overthrown by Islamic zealots, as the Shah was. Reed says that Hassan, unlike the Shah, is in touch with his own people. He also suggests that in the event of an imminent danger to Hassan, the United States will act more forthrightly to support the monarch than it did when the Shah was being threatened. "I came to Morocco with a plan—I was determined that the American presence be seen and felt here," he told me. In one of his most publicized actions, Reed ordered that the rather small American flag at the United States Embassy be replaced by a larger one (the new banner is bigger than the Moroccan flag that flies over Hassan's residence in Rabat).

Under Reed's supervision, the Central Intelligence Agency has vastly expanded its staff and activities. Reed recently became the first American ambassador to travel to the Western Sahara—a signal to Hassan and to neighboring Algeria and Libya that the United States backed Morocco's claims to that territory. Reed has also several times publicly charac-

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The fruits of technology, like the best of art, sometimes puzzle us, oftentimes stir us, but always rivet our attention. Art and technology both present the uncommon marvel of daring and deliberation working together, each carried to its highest level.

Art and technology both reflect bold enterprise. Neither is a slave to tradition. Neither believes in change for its own sake. Neither is limited by what others believe possible. Both seek to explore the bounds of imagination.

Nearly 400 years ago, in the last half of the 16th century, Queen Elizabeth of England came upon Sir Walter Mildmay, one of her court favorites, whom she had not seen for some time. "Sir Walter," she inquired, "where have you been?" Mildmay, who had been away establishing Emanuel College at Cambridge, answered, "Madam, I have been away planting an acorn. And when it becomes an oak, God only knows *what* it will amount to."

Art, like research and development, begins as an acorn. Nurtured and irrigated, the acorn can grow to the fullest. And what the harvest brings from this effort will amount to a bold enterprise indeed.

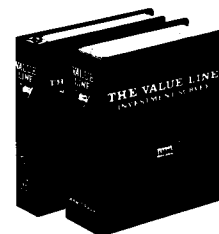


terized the Libyan leader, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, as a "pirate." A senior member of the Moroccan foreign service told me: "Reed is our dream ambassador. . . . we would never have been able to create a more perfect American ambassador to come to Morocco. The fact that he has such good access to both Hassan and Reagan is a very good thing indeed." Reed's colleagues in the diplomatic corps seem less impressed by him. A European ambassador whose country has close ties with the United States said to me: "What is Mr. Reed running for? This man's energy is amazing, but the general feeling is that he's overdoing it somewhat." Some influential Moroccans, such as Mohammed Benaissa, the well-known film-maker and member of parliament, feel that, despite Reed's many public promises of American aid to Morocco, the Reagan administration, already strapped for foreign-aid funds, may not be able to match his rhetoric with actual assistance. "A great deal of political hype is being floated, and I'm afraid that great expectations are being generated among us Moroccans," Benaissa said.

Other Moroccans, such as Taieb Bouazza, the head of the North America section of the Moroccan Foreign Affairs Ministry, feel that the Reagan policies will translate into increased investment in this country by American businesses. American investment in Morocco is barely \$50 million. American diplomats concede that in weapons purchases, Morocco gets virtually no concessions from Washington: the U.S. sells about \$30 million worth of arms to Morocco, and the Reagan administration has said it wants to increase this figure to \$100 million in the next fiscal year. President Reagan wants also to increase the total economic-aid package to Morocco from \$30 to \$50 million. Congressional opposition persists to the proposals for both military- and economic-aid increases (some influential congressmen, such as Stephen J. Solarz, of Brooklyn, a Democrat, feel that the United States should try to improve its relations with Algeria and that sharp arms increases to Morocco would be a handicap to Washington in its efforts to build better ties with Algiers). Although Hassan has maintained a friendly stance toward the United States, he has also been careful not to rupture his ties with other Arab leaders, some of whom have privately criticized Hassan for his hubris and his occasional

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bragging that he is a scion of the oldest monarchy in the Arab world. He was persistent in seeing that the summit meeting of the twenty-two-member Arab League which collapsed last year in Fez—mostly because Syria's President Hafez al-Assad failed at the last minute to show up—was reconvened last September.

PROPAGANDISTS IN LIBYA and Algeria insist that the issue of Morocco's domination of the Western Sahara has divided Moroccans. During my many lengthy visits to Morocco I have found, however, that on this one issue Moroccans of all political persuasions have rallied around Hassan and supported Morocco's historical claim to the former Spanish possession. "There is no Polisario—there are only Algeria and Libya, who finance the opposition to Morocco's presence in our Saharan province," Abdelaziz Benjelloun, a vice president of the 264-member national parliament, told me last summer. (The parliament is really a rubber-stamp institution in Morocco. People like Mr. Benjelloun may occasionally disagree with the King's policies, but they offer no serious opposition to Hassan. The King has been shrewd enough to respond to the demands of critics by co-opting them—which is to say, he often invites those who criticize him to join his cabinet.)

To understand the complicated story of the Western Sahara, I journeyed to the desert territory. Among the first Saharans I met was Mohammed Hossain Matala, an intense, wiry man who garlands himself with gold necklaces, wears fancy French designer suits, and drives around the dusty Saharan capital of El-Aioun in a Mercedes limousine that is often impeded by large herds of grazing goats. At the age of thirty-three, when many of his contemporaries are still nomads and still tend sheep for a livelihood, Matala is a multi-millionaire who owns shops, builds houses, and is also a trader, a beneficiary of the construction boom that Morocco has stimulated in the Western Sahara. Hassan, determined to win over the hearts and minds of the Saharan people, funneled millions of dollars into towns like Aioun to transform them into modern communities.

The 75,000 Saharans appear to have been bewitched by Morocco's largesse. No taxes are levied in the Western Sahara, so businessmen like Matala take home everything they make. No cus-

toms duties are required, so Cartier and Rolex watches, Christian Dior shirts, and Givenchy perfumes cost much less here than they do in Europe. Fresh meat and vegetables are flown in daily from the verdant pastures of the north of Morocco, where these items can cost four times what they do in the bazaars of Aioun. Housing is virtually free, and the government is busily moving occupants of the *bidonvilles*, or shantytowns, into neat, domed villas built by Matala. Physicians are being paid high salaries to come from the north to the Western Sahara. New hospitals and hotels are being built. Schools are sprouting like desert cactus, and more teachers work in Aioun than in the capital city of Rabat.

A couple of hundred miles from Aioun, Chdidji Lahcen is involved in the defense of the Western Sahara. He commands a unit that guards the 280-mile-long, heavily fortified berm, or mud wall, that the Moroccans have fashioned to protect communities like Smara and Aioun from hit-and-run raids by the Polisario, which receives sophisticated weapons from Algeria and Libya. The berm pretty much separates the Polisario-controlled section of the Western Sahara from the region controlled by the Moroccans, which represents about two thirds of the territory—what some Moroccans call "the useful Sahara," meaning the area where the known phosphate reserves are. All along the wall are scattered units of the Moroccan army, living in bunkers sculpted into the berm. Lieutenant Lahcen, like the businessman Matala, is thirty-three years old, and is also an intense and sinewy man. He has no doubt that the Western Sahara should belong to Morocco, and he says he is gratified that the Reagan administration has now signaled its commitment to the Moroccan cause. (The United States has sharply stepped up its intelligence activities in Morocco, including aerial monitoring of the Western Sahara, according to informed Western diplomatic sources in Rabat.)

The American relationship with Morocco, a country the size of California, has obviously alarmed the Polisario, which describes the Moroccan "cause" as simply an annexation of the desert territory and the imposition of a form of neo-colonial rule. Western intelligence reports suggest that the 15,000-man Polisario guerrilla force is being strengthened by fresh supplies of Soviet-made surface-to-air missiles, T-55

tanks, and armored personnel carriers capable of traversing the desert at great speeds. Colonel Major Abdelaziz Benani, the chief of staff of the Moroccan southern command in Agadir, told me: "If there were no foreign interference in the region, there would be no war. If our neighboring countries wanted to stop this war, it would be easy for us to live in peace." Despite two or three unsuccessful attacks since January by the Polisario, and a series of smaller raids aimed at breaching the berm (which is equipped with sophisticated electronic sensors), the Moroccans seem confident that in the future the guerrillas will have more reservations about attacking this country's forces. Implicit in this belief is the view that weapons from Washington will be a deterrent. After years of indifference to public opinion in the West and in other African states, Morocco now seems anxious to exhibit the Western Sahara not only as a showcase of economic development but also as proof that its rule here is benign and beneficial to the aspirations of the local population.

Morocco also wants to convince the international community that these aspirations include a union with Morocco. I was introduced one afternoon in Aioun, by Governor Salah Zemrag, to a dozen town elders, who scoffed at the idea that Saharans would support the Polisario if the internationally supervised referendum that Hassan has agreed to were to be held. (It probably won't be held for a very long time, since Morocco and the Polisario supporters disagree about who and how many should be eligible to vote.) "They have brought nothing but death and destruction to the Sahara," said Bashir Abeddin, the president of the Aioun municipal council. "They are nothing but brigands." Like Hassan, these town elders insisted that the majority of the Polisario guerrillas were not native Saharans but nomads from southern Algeria and Mauritania. Late one evening, seated in his bunker near Smara, Lieutenant Lahcen reflected on the war with the Polisario. A strong desert wind was howling outside. "Wars are a product of politics," he said. "This war will end by politics, not on the battlefield."

—Pranay Gupte

Pranay Gupte is a free-lance reporter and consultant with a specific interest in international affairs.

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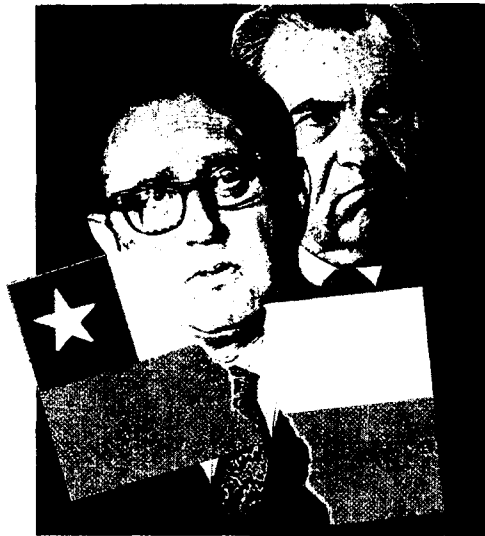


*From left to right: Millie, Andy, Patrick,
Merle, and Sandra Tatiak.*

THE PRICE OF POWER

Kissinger, Nixon, and Chile

BY SEYMOUR M. HERSH



Y EOMAN CHARLES E. RADFORD DID NOT WANT TO BE reassigned to Washington, but it was the fall of 1970 and he was in the Navy and his country was at war. Radford, twenty-seven years old, had been hand-picked by Rear Admiral Rembrandt C. Robinson to serve as his confidential aide and secretary on the National Security Council staff in the White House. The bright and ambitious Radford was an obvious choice for the sensitive job: he was married and had young children; he was a devout Mormon who did not drink and would never consider using drugs; and he was fierce in his determination to earn a commission and become a Navy officer. Radford reported for duty on September 18, replacing a civilian secretary who was being transferred. There was obvious tension in the office, and Admiral Robinson, in one of their first meetings, demonstrated why, Radford recalls: "He made it clear that my loyalty was to him, and that he expected my loyalty, and that I wasn't to speak outside of the office about what I did in the office."

Admiral Robinson was the liaison officer between the

Joint Chiefs of Staff and the National Security Council, and his office was a sensitive one: the White House's most highly classified documents, including intelligence materials, routinely flowed through it. By mid-1970, Henry A. Kissinger, President Richard Nixon's national security adviser, had developed complete confidence in Robinson's discretion and loyalty.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Robinson was deeply involved in the secret Kissinger and Nixon operations against Salvador Allende Gossens, of Chile, who had astounded the Central Intelligence Agency and the White House by winning the September 4 popular election for the Chilean presidency, although Allende received only 36.6 percent of the vote in a three-way race. Radford, who arrived at his new post a few weeks after the Chilean election, vividly recalls the sense of crisis: "This wasn't supposed to happen. It was a real blow. All of a sudden, the pudding blew up on the stove." Admiral Robinson and his superiors were "wringing their hands" over Chile, Radford says, "almost as if they [the Chileans] were errant children." Over the next few weeks, Radford says, he saw many sensitive memoranda and options papers, as the bureaucracy sought to prevent Allende from assuming office. Among the options was a proposal to assassinate Allende.

This is the second of two installments from Seymour M. Hersh's The Price of Power: Kissinger in Nixon's White House, which will be published next spring by Summit Books.

One options paper “discussed various ways of doing it,” Radford says. “Either we have somebody in the country do it, or we do it ourselves. I was stunned; I was aghast. It stuck in my mind so much because for the first time in my life, I realized that my government actively was involved in planning to kill people.”

The options papers had been prepared for Nixon in the weeks after Allende’s election. “They were exploring ways to get Allende out of there,” Radford says, and murder was one of the ways. The thrust of the option was clear: “I don’t know if they used the word assassinate, but it was to get rid of him, to terminate him—he was to go.”

BY THE MID-1960S, CHILE HAD BECOME WIDELY known inside the American intelligence community as one of the CIA’s outstanding success stories. The Agency had managed to penetrate all elements of Chilean government, politics, and society, and took credit for ensuring that Chile remained a progressive democratic nation that—not so incidentally—encouraged American multinational corporations to do business within its borders. The extent of American corporate involvement was a source of constant debate in Chile, however, and emerged by the end of the decade as a critical political issue, pitting the Chilean right, with its support for continued American profit-taking, against the left, which organized increasingly fractious labor strikes and public demonstrations against the American firms. Chile was a world leader in the mining of copper, but 80 percent of its production—60 percent of all exports from Chile—was in the hands of large corporations mostly controlled by U.S. firms, most prominently Anaconda and Kennecott Copper. Profits for the American firms were enormous: during the 1960s, for example, Anaconda earned \$500 million on its investments—generously estimated by the company at \$300 million—inside Chile, where it operated the largest open-pit copper mine in the world. The most significant political threat to Chilean democracy, in the view of American policy-makers, was Allende, a member of the Socialist Party, who had unsuccessfully run for president in 1958 and 1964 on a platform that advocated land reform, nationalization of major industries (especially copper), closer relations with socialist and communist countries, and redistribution of income. National concern over the disparity of income was especially critical to Allende’s campaigns: by 1968, studies showed that the 28.3 percent of the Chilean people at the bottom of the economic scale took in 4.8 percent of the national income, while the 2 percent of the population at the top received 45.9 percent of the income.

In 1958, Allende had lost the presidential election by less than 3 percent to Jorge Alessandri Rodríguez, an arch-conservative who was strongly pro-business and was heavily backed by American corporations. Neither Allende nor Alessandri received a majority vote, and under the Chilean constitution the election was resolved in a run-

off election by the Chilean Congress, which voted Alessandri into office. Despite CIA aid, Alessandri and his National Party steadily lost popularity over the next six years, and the presidential elections of 1964 came down to a battle between Allende and his radical forces and Eduardo Frei Montalva, a liberal representing the Christian Democratic Party, which was pro-American and far more favorable to business than Allende’s coalition.

The United States’ influence on the 1964 election was more extensive than has been publicly reported. At least \$20 million in support of the Frei candidacy—about \$8 per voter—was funneled by the United States into Chile in 1963 and 1964, much of it through the Agency for International Development (AID). Millions of dollars in AID and CIA funds were allocated, with the full knowledge of the Chilean and United States governments, to Roman Catholic organizations throughout the country whose objective was to oppose Protestantism and communism. Frei won handily, with 56 percent of the vote. Frei, who was fully aware of the source of his funding, also received covert help from a group of American corporations known as the Business Group for Latin America. The Group had been organized in 1963 by David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, at the express request of President Kennedy, who was directing his administration’s fight against Castro and the spread of communism in Latin America. It included on its executive committee such prominent corporation executives as C. Jay Parkinson, board chairman of Anaconda; Harold S. Geneen, head of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, which owned and operated the telephone facilities in Chile; and Donald M. Kendall, chairman of PepsiCo, the soft-drink company, which had extensive business activities in Latin America.

The principal contact in Chile for the CIA as well as for the American corporations was the organization of Agustín Edwards, a close friend of Kendall’s, who was the owner of the conservative *El Mercurio* newspaper chain in Chile and a focal point for the opposition to Allende and the left. The CIA and the Business Group, which by 1970 had been reorganized into the Council of the Americas, relied heavily on Edwards to use his organization and his contacts to channel their moneys into the 1964 political campaign. Many of the ties between the Business Group and the CIA in 1964 remained in place long after the election. For example, Enno Hobbing, a CIA official who had initially been assigned as liaison to the Business Group, eventually left the CIA and became the principal operations officer for the Council.

The most profound issue for the American corporations was the threat of possible nationalization of their profitable subsidiaries in Chile. Allende’s election would certainly lead to nationalization. Frei, although his Christian Democratic Party included factions that insisted on nationalization, offered more hope: one of his major campaign promises called for a compromise known as “Chileaniza-

tion," a procedure by which the state would be authorized to buy large blocks of the stock of the Chilean subsidiaries of the American copper companies. By 1967, the Frei regime had bought 51 percent of Kennecott's Chilean corporation and 25 percent of Anaconda's. The stock transfers took place after negotiations with the companies, which subsequently continued to generate high profits for their American owners. Frei's reforms did not affect other industries, and there was an increase of American business activity in Chile throughout the 1960s. Political pressure from the left increased. The Frei regime reopened negotiations with Anaconda in 1969, and sought to begin a discussion of total nationalization—the only process that would enable the state to gain control of the huge profits being generated, as the more radical supporters of the Christian Democratic Party demanded.

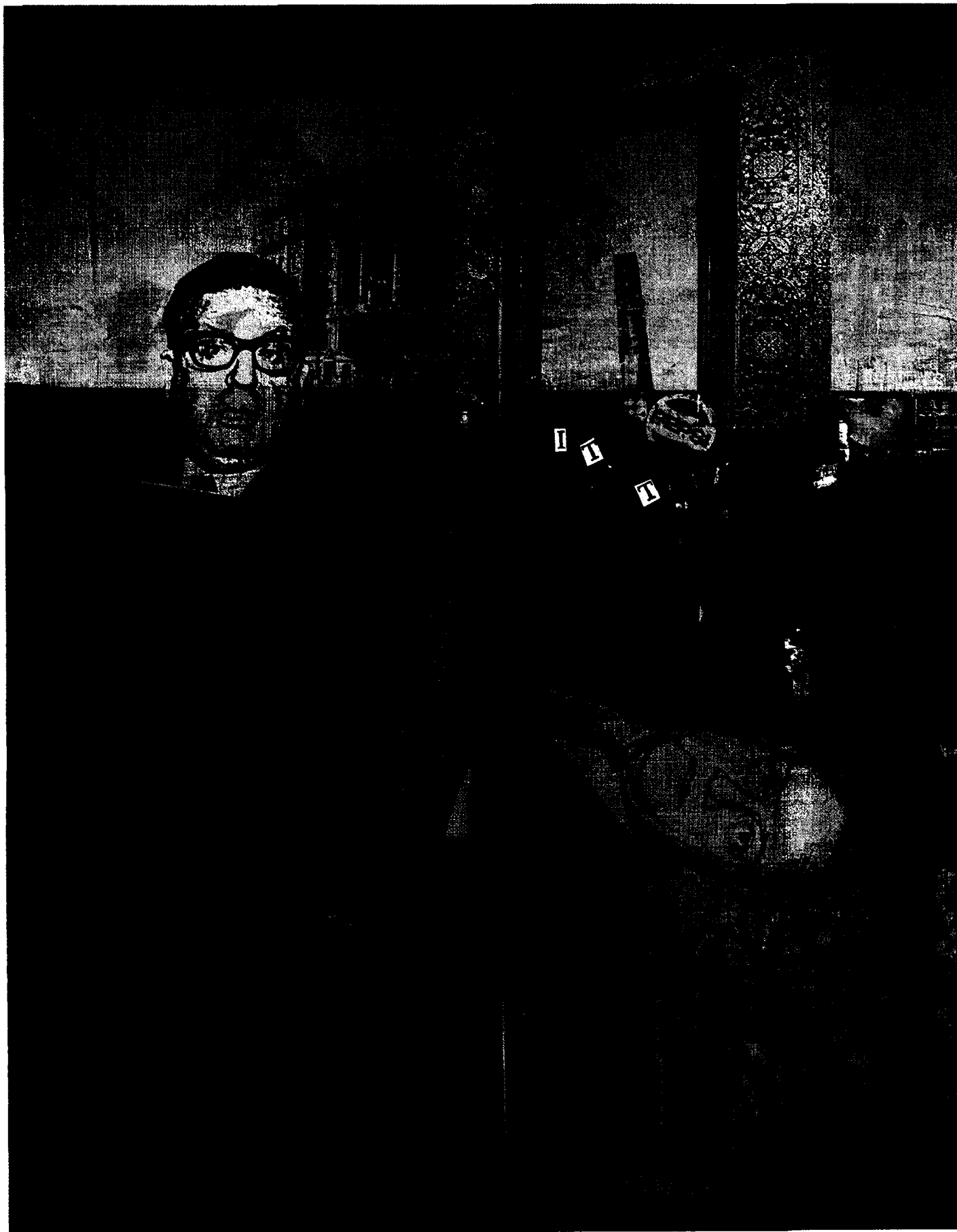
During the Frei years, the CIA continued to operate at will throughout the country, primarily seeking to repress radical and left-leaning political activities. At least twenty operations were mounted inside Chile between 1964 and 1969, according to the published report of the Senate Intelligence Committee, which conducted an extensive investigation in 1975 into the CIA. Most of them were designed to support the election of moderate and conservative candidates in Chilean congressional elections. By the late 1960s, serious strain began to emerge in the CIA's relationship with the Frei government. Most important, the chief of the CIA station in Santiago, Henry D. Hecksher, believed that Frei and his Christian Democratic Party had tilted dangerously to the left. Hecksher, a vigorous anti-communist, incessantly urged CIA headquarters to change American policy and turn from Frei to Alessandri, who was planning to run again for president in the 1970 elections. Under Chilean law, Frei could not stay in office for consecutive terms. Hecksher and others feared—correctly, as it turned out—that the Christian Democrats, increasingly polarized by Frei's politics, would choose an even more liberal candidate in 1970. If the CIA needed further evidence of the party's leftward drift, Frei gave it: in 1969, he re-established trade relations with Cuba.

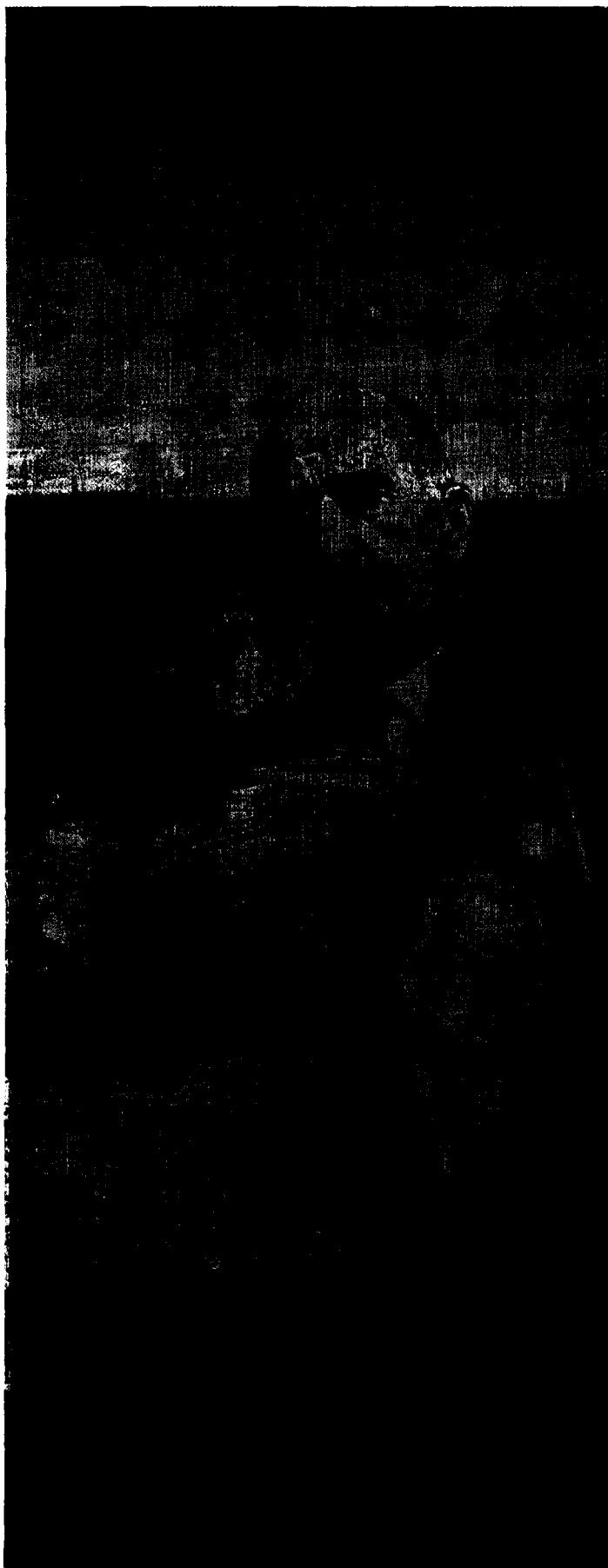
RICHARD NIXON ENTERED OFFICE WITH A PROFOUND dislike for Eduardo Frei. Frei's movement to the left and his attempts, albeit feeble, to nationalize the American copper companies in the late 1960s were justification enough, but Nixon had another reason: Frei was a Kennedy man, a social liberal whose stature inside Chile was aided by the Kennedys and by the Georgetown set at the CIA. The American ambassador to Chile, Edward M. Korry, was also suspect: a former newspaperman with impeccable anti-communist credentials, Korry had been appointed as ambassador to Ethiopia by John F. Kennedy in 1963, and had served in Chile since 1967. In December of 1968, one month after Nixon's election, the

CIA issued a National Intelligence Estimate, known in the government as an NIE, on Chile. The report was critical of economic and social policies of the Frei government and, so Korry thought, played down the importance of democracy in Chile. Once in office, Nixon quickly made clear his distaste for the Frei regime, Korry recalls, by striking Frei's name from a State Department list of foreign leaders who were being considered for future visits to Washington. Nixon also ordered a further cutback in American foreign aid to Chile, which totaled more than \$1 billion between 1962 and 1969, by far the largest aid program per capita in Latin America. Whether intentionally or not, the White House moves served to weaken the moderates in Frei's Christian Democratic Party while strengthening the CIA's anti-Frei position in Santiago. Conservative and right-wing attacks in *El Mercurio* against the government grew more frequent and harsher in tone, adding to the polarization of the political forces inside Chile. The Frei government moved even further to the left. When Korry protested bitterly about the peremptory cutback of one \$20 million aid program, which had been intensively negotiated over a five-month period, he was told that his resignation would be accepted by the new President—he was fired. After some special pleading by Charles A. Meyer, the newly appointed assistant secretary of state for Latin America, Korry says, he was permitted to stay on in Chile and was assigned the task of negotiating the future of the copper companies with the Frei government. Korry was cynical about Nixon's motives in reinstating him: he suspected that if the Christian Democrats went ahead with their nationalization plans, Nixon would move quickly to mollify his corporate supporters by making Korry—as a Democratic holdover—a scapegoat.

The Frei government did little to increase its popularity with the White House. Early in 1969, Frei canceled a planned visit to Chile by Nelson Rockefeller. The visit, part of a highly publicized tour of Latin America that the New York governor took at the express wish (so the public was told) of President Nixon, was meant to be a public sign of amity of sorts between the Nixon and Rockefeller wings of the Republican Party. Frei's cancellation—which was preordained by Nixon's earlier aid cutback—was taken as further proof by the White House of his moving left. Even Korry had officially opposed the visit, however, since he was sure that Rockefeller's appearance would spark large-scale anti-American demonstrations. Until mid-1970, Korry and Frei were forced to resort to duplicity to communicate with the White House. "Any idea put forward by Frei had to be transformed into my idea," Korry says. "Otherwise, we reckoned it would be automatically disregarded or turned against him."

Any doubts in the Frei government about its standing with the White House were removed after an unusual face-to-face confrontation between Nixon and Gabriel Valdés, Frei's foreign minister. The occasion was a June, 1969, meeting of Latin American ambassadors in the White





House at which Valdés, a member of an aristocratic Chilean family, chose to turn a formal ceremony into a seminar on North-South policy. In his account of the Allende years, Armando Uribe, a diplomatic officer at the Chilean Embassy in Washington, writes that Valdés had been scheduled to present Nixon with a formal policy statement on *commercial and financial matters*. But then, Uribe says, "he spoke of the impossibility of dealing with the United States within the regular framework of inter-American relations; the differences in power were too great . . . Nixon was caught off guard. . . . Masking his irritation, Nixon heard Valdés out, and then pulled himself together, lowering his eyelids, becoming impenetrable, withdrawn. Kissinger frowned."

Valdés recalls his impromptu talk as "the most difficult time in my life." He had come to the White House with the other Latin American officials knowing that the State Department had lobbied against his visit. At one point in his talk, Valdés says, he told Nixon that Latin America was sending back 3.8 dollars for every dollar in American aid. When Nixon interrupted to challenge the statistic, Valdés retorted that the number had come from a study prepared by a major American bank. "As I delivered my speech," Valdés says, "Kissinger was looking at me as if I were a strange animal." On the next afternoon, Kissinger asked for a private lunch with Valdés in the Chilean Embassy. The meeting was unpleasant. As Valdés describes it, Kissinger began by declaring: "Mr. Minister, you made a strange speech. You come here speaking of Latin America, but this is not important. Nothing important can come from the South. History has never been produced in the South. The axis of history starts in Moscow, goes to Bonn, crosses over to Washington, and then goes to Tokyo. What happens in the South is of no importance. You're wasting your time."

"I said," Valdés recalls, "Mr. Kissinger, you know nothing of the South." "No," Kissinger answered, "and I don't care." At that point, Valdés, astonished and insulted, told Kissinger: "You are a German Wagnerian. You are a very arrogant man." Later, to his embarrassment, Valdés learned that Kissinger was a German Jew, and suspected that he had gravely insulted him. Although it would have been impossible for Valdés to fathom, one of Kissinger's motives in arranging the lunch was clearly to avenge Nixon's honor, to confront the foreign minister who had dared to tell the President something he did not wish to hear. Korry, still in Santiago, was informed that Nixon was "very angry" over Valdés's "arrogant and insulting" lecture. "Valdés went beyond the limits agreed to," Korry says.

The Valdés incident evinced much of the White House attitude toward Latin America: like a child, Latin America was to be seen and not heard. Those who defied Nixon, such as Valdés and Frei—and, later, Allende—were to be treated harshly. In his memoirs, Nixon devotes only seven paragraphs, a few hundred words, to Chile, and says noth-

ing at all about Latin American policy during his presidency. Kissinger, in his memoirs, defends his role in an extended chapter on Chile but in no other way deals with the administration's policies and problems in the South. Until 1970, Kissinger writes, when he became involved in the planning against Allende, "Latin America was an area in which I did not then have expertise of my own." That may be so, but from the first months of the administration, he was an expert disciple of basic American policy: Latin America was to be permitted little independence.



BY THE TIME KISSINGER JOINED THE NIXON administration, he was far from a newcomer to covert intelligence operations. He had served in the Army Counter Intelligence Corps in occupied West Germany after World War II, and was eventually assigned to a unit whose functions included the recruitment of ex-Nazi intelligence officers for anti-Soviet operations inside the Soviet bloc. He retained his ties, as a reserve officer, to military intelligence after entering Harvard in 1947 at age twenty-four as an undergraduate. By 1950, after his graduation, he was working part time for the Defense Department (he was one of the first at Harvard to begin regular shuttles to Washington) as a consultant to its Operations Research Office, a unit under the direct control of the Joint Chiefs of Staff that conducted highly classified studies on such topics as the utilization in CIA activities of former German operatives and Nazi partisan supporters. In 1952, Kissinger was named a consultant to the director of the Psychological Strategy Board, an operating arm of the National Security Council for covert psychological and paramilitary operations. In 1954, President Eisenhower appointed Nelson Rockefeller as his special assistant in charge of Cold War planning, a position that involved monitoring and approval of covert CIA operations. These were the days of CIA successes in Iran, where the Shah was installed on the throne, and in Guatemala, where the government of Jacobo Arbenz, considered to be anti-American and anti-business, was overthrown. In 1955, Kissinger, already known to insiders for his closeness to Rockefeller and for Rockefeller's reliance on him, was named a consultant to the Operations Coordinating Board, the highest policy-making board for implementing clandestine activity against foreign governments.

Kissinger has written and said little about his high-level exposure to clandestine operations in the early 1950s. Former intelligence officials, in interviews, recall that the young Harvard scholar had come to the attention of Allen Dulles, Eisenhower's influential CIA director, even before the Rockefeller appointment. "He was highly regarded," one senior aide says. "Allen spoke of his meetings with him. He and Walt Rostow [Kissinger's predecessor as national security adviser, and then a professor at MIT] were considered to be kind of a team." One little-known fact is that Rockefeller was replaced as the presidential adviser on Cold War planning in late 1955 by Richard Nixon, then Vice President. There is no evidence that Nixon and Kissinger met in those days, although, many former intelligence aides say, it is highly likely that Nixon was aware of Kissinger's intelligence work. By 1956, Kissinger was at work as director of the Special Studies Project for the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Inc., in New York.

Kissinger was able to exert near-total control over the intelligence community shortly after joining the Nixon administration. His bureaucratic device was a high-level group known as the 40 Committee (named for the National Security Decision Memorandum establishing it), which he formally chaired. Its six members included Attorney General John Mitchell; Richard Helms, the director of central intelligence; Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; U. Alexis Johnson, representing the State Department; and David Packard, deputy to Melvin Laird, secretary of defense. The 40 Committee was responsible for approving—theoretically—all sensitive covert operations by the Central Intelligence Agency; it also supervised and monitored many intelligence-gathering activities by the armed forces. In practice, however, Kissinger and Nixon treated it as they did the whole bureaucracy—as another office to be utilized or ignored at will. The CIA, in what amounted to routine operating policy, was also circumspect. For example, the Agency's extensive contacts with ITT officials throughout Latin America, and especially in Chile, were carefully shielded from the 40 Committee, whose members presumably did not "need to know"—as the CIA would put it—about them, although ITT eventually played a major role in Chile before the 1970 elections.

Complicating any account of the situation is the fact that most sensitive intelligence decisions are made without a paper trail. In the case of Chile in 1970, many of the documents that did exist, even those in government files, were withheld after the Senate Intelligence Committee and the Justice Department initiated full-scale inquiries in 1975 and 1976. At one point Justice Department attorneys came to believe, according to files later made public under the Freedom of Information Act, that Kissinger had kept his own minutes of 40 Committee meetings, which presumably were more detailed than the official minutes that were routinely distributed to the CIA and other involved agencies. (Kissinger's attorney, William D. Rogers, subse-

quently denied on behalf of his client that such personal 40 Committee files were kept.) The files of the 40 Committee, at least those turned over by the CIA to the various investigating groups, show that the election in Chile was discussed on at least four occasions between April of 1969 and September of 1970. In April of 1969, the CIA warned that a major campaign to influence the 1970 election would not succeed unless the CIA station in Santiago could begin assembling operatives in various political parties. No direct action was taken, the records show, until a 40 Committee meeting on March 25, 1970, at which \$135,000 for anti-Allende propaganda efforts was approved. On June 27, the 40 Committee approved an outlay of \$300,000—recommended by Korry as well as by the CIA—for more anti-Allende electioneering. It was at this meeting that Kissinger signaled his support of the anti-Allende programs: “I don’t see why we need to stand by and watch a country go communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people.”

In these early meetings, however, the State Department generally took a position against more direct interference in the Chilean presidential elections. On June 27, for example, approval was sought for an additional \$500,000 in contingency funds, initially proposed by Korry, to use for buying votes in the Chilean Congress in the anticipation that the September 4 election would result in a runoff between Allende, running for the Popular Unity coalition, and Alessandri, the candidate favored by the CIA, the corporations, and the White House. When some State Department officials objected, approval was deferred, pending the election. One official who attended the early meetings as a senior aide to Alexis Johnson recalls that he considered the operations against Allende to be a “stupid” effort. “It assumed too much reliability from people over whom we had no control. We were doing something culpable and immoral. Why take these risks?” His views prevailed that summer, but as the White House became more concerned, he soon found himself disinvited to the 40 Committee meetings.

WHAT THE 40 COMMITTEE DID APPROVE IN MARCH and June was a series of anti-Allende “spoiling” operations—as they became known inside the intelligence community—that utilized the media and right-wing civic groups to plant alarming allegations against the Allende coalition. Newsletters were mailed, booklets were printed, posters were distributed, and wall signs were painted—under the aegis of the CIA and the Agustín Edwards empire—that equated Allende’s election with such events as the 1968 Soviet invasion of Prague and Castro’s purported use of firing squads. By 1970, according to data compiled by the Senate Intelligence Committee, the CIA was subsidizing two wire services in Chile and a right-wing weekly newspaper, whose views were so extreme as to “alienate responsible conservatives.”

Although he had recommended the propaganda programs, Korry says that he soon grew disenchanted with the crude results and antagonized the CIA by criticizing, in writing, its “spoiling” campaign as being counterproductive and, in effect, “making votes for Allende.”

Despite his complaints, there was no sense of panic about Chile in the Nixon administration that summer (it was winter, of course, in Chile). Until election day, the CIA confidently predicted a huge Alessandri victory, on the basis of polls being conducted by the organization of Agustín Edwards—polls based on outdated 1960 census data. Edwards had become more important than ever to the CIA in Chile. Hecksher recommended that the \$300,000 approved on June 27 be floated into Chile via his organization: the CIA, Hecksher argued, had no other proven “asset” in Chile with Edwards’s skills and discretion. He owned three daily newspapers in Santiago, and his business interests seemed to be constantly expanding: he was affiliated with Lever Brothers and with Pepsi-Cola, and owned one of the nation’s most successful granaries and a large chicken farm. At some point early that summer, his polls showed Alessandri with 50 percent of the popular vote, obviating the necessity of a runoff election.

Such predictions did little to soothe the American business community, which had been rebuffed earlier in the year in its efforts to persuade the Nixon administration to join in with it, as the Johnson administration had in 1964, to make sure the right man won. In April, according to documents made available by Korry, members of the Council of the Americas approached the State Department and offered to give at least \$500,000 to Alessandri’s campaign. A small delegation of Council members, including C. Jay Parkinson, of Anaconda, chose to relay the campaign pledge through Charles Meyer. Meyer was the logical choice; a former senior official of Sears, Roebuck, he had been involved in the firm’s operations in Latin America, and had been an active member of the Council. Korry recalls that Meyer, shortly after assuming the State Department position, in 1969, told a private Council luncheon that he had been “chosen” for the post “by David Rockefeller.” The Council’s cash offer had a condition: the funds would be contributed only if, as in 1964, the CIA also invested a significant amount of money in the Alessandri campaign. Meyer forwarded the proposal to Korry, who objected strongly in a secret cable to Washington. Korry warned that such interference would be impossible to cloak, and would lead to serious problems for the United States if discovered. He also asserted that any overt opposition by American groups to the Christian Democrats, whose candidate, Radomiro Tomic Romero, was running third in the polls, “would doubtless produce a negative reaction that would do harm to immediate and longer term United States interests.” Korry’s opposition was instrumental, and the State Department rejected the Council’s offer.

By that spring, Korry was emerging more and more as a

wild card for the CIA and the American corporations. He was fiercely anti-communist and fiercely anti-Allende; his inflammatory cables warning of the dangers that Allende posed to American national-security interests were legendary throughout the State Department for their sense of drama. One State Department official recalls Korry's briefings on Chile as "really terrible. If you didn't believe in Korry's concept of free enterprise, you were a Commie." Nonetheless, Korry was adamant about maintaining control over the CIA in his embassy, and he had flatly ruled out any contact between the CIA and those members of the Chilean military who were known to be eager to stage a military coup d'état in the event of an Allende victory. Korry and Hecksher, who was bitterly opposed not only to Allende but also to the Frei regime, did not have a good working relationship—a fact that only Hecksher seemed to realize. One CIA operative who worked in Latin America at the time says that Korry "and the Agency were not on the same wavelength. He was a difficult ambassador." Although Korry had agreed enthusiastically with the CIA that a major propaganda program was needed to counter the growing drift to the left in Chile, he insisted that the propaganda be anti-communist in nature—and not pro-Alessandri, as Hecksher and his superiors in Washington wanted.

ITT and its president, Harold Geneen, were still determined to give money to Alessandri's campaign. But Geneen, obviously aware of Korry's rejection of the Council's proposal in April, avoided the American Embassy in Santiago and worked directly at the highest levels in Washington. Geneen's go-between was his good friend John A. McCone, a CIA director under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, who in 1970 was a director of ITT; his wife was a major Anaconda stockholder. In May, June, and July, McCone repeatedly discussed the Chilean situation with Helms. At least two meetings took place at CIA headquarters (McCone was still a consultant to the Agency), and one was at McCone's home in San Marino, California. McCone, in 1973 testimony before the Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, said that he learned from Helms that the 40 Committee and the White House had decided that no CIA programs in support of Alessandri were to be carried out in Chile—a decision obviously based on anticipated opposition from Korry as well as on the optimistic polls.

The Senate subcommittee subsequently concluded, in its final report, that it was McCone's suggestion that led Helms to arrange for Geneen to meet in July with William V. Broe, then chief of the CIA's clandestine operations in Latin America. During that meeting, Broe told the subcommittee, Geneen offered to make a "substantial" contribution to the Alessandri campaign if the CIA would handle the funds. The subcommittee never learned one essential fact, however: the Geneen-Broe meeting had been stimulated not by McCone but by Hecksher, who—working behind Korry's back—had met in Santiago with ITT opera-

tives and had provided them with the name of a Chilean who could be used as a secure conduit for ITT's money. The information about Hecksher's role eventually became known to the Senate Intelligence Committee, but was censored from its final published report. The inability of the Senate Multinational Subcommittee to learn about Hecksher's role, and his close ties to ITT, indicated to what lengths senior officials such as Helms and Broe would go in order to protect Harold Geneen and his corporation—and, through Geneen, Nixon and Kissinger. Helms and Broe could rationalize their incomplete and misleading testimony by telling themselves that it was vital to national security and the protection of CIA "sources and methods," a repeated catchall excuse for not talking about Agency misdeeds. The willingness of the Senate Intelligence Committee to permit the CIA to monitor and censor its reports prior to publication—and, in the process, to delete Hecksher's role and the specific involvement of Agustín Edwards at key meetings—is much harder to understand.

Hecksher's main ITT contacts inside Chile were Harold V. Hendrix and Robert Berrellez, two senior company officials, who had a close and long-standing relationship with the Agency's station in Santiago. The ITT men were considered to be "assets" of the CIA, and were even described by special code names in coded Agency communications. The Senate Multinational Subcommittee, after hearing sworn testimony from Geneen, Broe, McCone, and others, was unable to find evidence that ITT had in fact provided funds. Berrellez and another senior ITT vice president were later charged with obstruction of proceedings, false statements, and perjury in their testimony before the Multinational Subcommittee. Harold Geneen was also a subject of the federal grand jury investigation, but was not charged; the Justice Department eventually dismissed the charges against Berrellez and the other ITT official. Helms pled guilty in 1977 to misdemeanor charges stemming from his false testimony before the subcommittee.

In fact, Geneen did authorize at least one large contribution in the summer of 1970 from ITT to the Alessandri campaign—a payment of at least \$350,000 that was not made public by the firm until 1976, after the Senate Intelligence Committee discovered it. Geneen had continued to deny any ITT involvement in Chilean politics.

The Geneen offer established a precedent for future anti-Allende activity that summer and fall: Hecksher and his colleagues in Santiago knowingly became involved in a policy of political support that had been specifically rejected by Korry and the 40 Committee. No evidence could be found directly linking Kissinger or Nixon to personal knowledge of the ITT support, but some senior officials in the White House surely had to know. It is inconceivable that the CIA, with its justifiable fear of crossing the White House, would have relayed Hecksher's information on how to slip money into Chile to ITT without receiving authorization to do so. In August of 1970, Charles Colson ran into

Harold Geneen in John Ehrlichman's office. Colson recalls not being surprised at all when Geneen told him that ITT had "been funneling money to help us" in Chile. "Geneen was very happy to be in alliance with the CIA," Colson adds. "He was bragging about all the money he had given to the Agency."



ITT'S MONEY DID NOT HELP. THE BOOM FELL ON SEPTEMBER 4. Allende defied the public-opinion polls and won the Chilean election by 39,000 votes out of the 3 million cast, forcing a runoff election with Alessandri in the Congress on October 24—an election that, if history repeated itself, Allende, as the winner of the popular election, was destined to win. The reaction in Washington was more than just despair; there was rage at Allende for having defied the wishes of American policy-makers. At 6:30 on the morning of September 5, a Saturday, Richard Helms and a group of key CIA officials rushed into the Agency's operations center to look at the election results. One official on duty at the time recalls the attitude that morning of Helms and his colleagues: "The CIA had had its nose rubbed in the dirt in Chile. We had staked our reputation on keeping Allende out. Alessandri's loss hurt the CIA's standing [in the White House] and its pride." The situation-room official, who monitored highly secret traffic from Santiago to Washington over the next few months, adds that Helms and his deputies "just couldn't put up with Allende. He became part of a personal vendetta. They'd gone so far and got out on a limb."

Korry was also upset. He filed a cable saying, allegorically, that he could "hear the tanks rumbling under my window" as Allende's socialism began to take over Chile. "We have suffered a grievous defeat," he wrote. "The consequences will be domestic and international. . . ." In his memoirs, Kissinger describes that sentence as being among those underlined by Nixon as he read the Korry report. But in a sentence left unmarked by Nixon, the Korry cable also said: "There is no reason to believe that the Chilean armed forces will unleash a civil war or that any intervening miracle will undo his victory" in the October 24 election.

That was not what Nixon and Kissinger wanted to hear. "Nixon was beside himself," Kissinger writes, adding that he blamed the State Department and Korry "for the exist-

ing state of affairs." In future planning in the Chilean crisis, Kissinger says, Nixon "sought as much as possible to circumvent the bureaucracy." Kissinger neglects to note that he, too, was beside himself, and as eager as Nixon to circumvent the bureaucracy.

There is compelling evidence that Nixon's tough stance against Allende in 1970 was predominantly shaped by his concern for the future of the American corporations whose assets, he believed, would be seized by the Allende government. His intelligence agencies, while quick to condemn the spread of Marxism in Latin America, reported that Allende posed no threat to national security. Three days after the election, the CIA told the White House in a formal Intelligence Memorandum that, as summarized by the Senate Intelligence Committee, the United States "had no vital interests within Chile, the world military balance of power would not be significantly altered by an Allende regime, and an Allende victory in Chile would not pose any likely threat to the peace of the region."

Nixon's anger at failing his corporate benefactors—Jay Parkinson, Harold Geneen, and Donald Kendall—was directly passed on to Kissinger. Kissinger, many on his staff recall, seemed to be less interested in corporate well-being than in pleasing Nixon. "While he was their servant ideologically," Roger Morris, who worked at the National Security Council until mid-1970, says, "Henry's attitude toward the business community was contemptuous." But, Morris says, Kissinger also seemed to be truly concerned about Allende's election: "I don't think anybody in the government understood how ideological Kissinger was about Chile. I don't think anybody ever fully grasped that Henry saw Allende as being a far more serious threat than Castro. If Latin America ever became unraveled, it never would happen with a Castro. Allende was a living example of democratic social reform in Latin America. All kinds of cataclysmic events rolled around, but Chile scared him. He talked about Eurocommunism [in later years] the same way he talked about Chile early on. Chile scared him." Another NSC aide recalls a Kissinger discussion of the Allende election in terms of Italy, where the Communist Party was growing in political strength. The fear was not only that Allende would be voted into office but that—after six years—the political process would work and he would be voted out in the next election. The notion that Communists could participate in the electoral process and peacefully accept the results was seen by Kissinger as the wrong message to send Italian voters. On September 16, Kissinger spoke privately with a group of reporters to discuss, among other issues, the Chilean election. He told the newsmen, with seeming conviction, "I have yet to meet somebody who firmly believes that if Allende wins there is likely to be another free election in Chile." His real fear, of course, was precisely the opposite: that Allende would work within the democratic process.

His other fears about Allende were expressed more candidly. Convinced that the domino theory was alive and well

in Latin America, he went on to say that "in a major Latin American country you would have a communist government, joining, for example, Argentina, which is already deeply divided, along a long frontier; joining Peru, which has already been heading in directions that have been difficult to deal with; and joining Bolivia, which has also gone in a more leftist, anti-U.S. direction. . . . So I do not think we should delude ourselves that an Allende take-over in Chile would not present massive problems for us, and for democratic forces and for pro-U.S. forces in Latin America, and indeed to the whole Western Hemisphere."

The initial White House reaction to Allende's election was muted, because so much else was going on. On September 6, two days after the Chilean election, PLO terrorists began hijacking commercial airliners in Europe and the Middle East, triggering what would become a brief war in Jordan within weeks. On September 8, Kissinger chaired a meeting of the 40 Committee at which he, Helms, and Mitchell agreed "that a military [coup] against Allende would have very little chance of success unless undertaken soon." According to a summary published later by the Senate Intelligence Committee, Korrry was ordered by Kissinger to prepare a "cold-blooded assessment" of "the pros and cons and problems and prospects involved should a Chilean military coup be organized now with U.S. assistance. . . ." Korrry's answer came back hot and anxious on September 12: the possibilities for such an event were "nonexistent." On September 14, with the crisis in Jordan in temporary hiatus, Kissinger summoned another 40 Committee meeting.

The meeting was dominated by serious discussion of what became known in the intelligence community as the "Rube Goldberg" gambit. Alessandri had announced that if elected by the Chilean Congress on October 24, he would resign the presidency. If he waited until after his inauguration, on November 3, his resignation would force yet another election. Eduardo Frei, having been out of office—even briefly—would legally be able to run again. The men in Washington somehow considered the scheme to be a constitutional solution to the Allende problem, but it hinged, obviously, on cooperation from Frei, as well as on Frei's ability to get renominated by the Christian Democratic Party.

The scheme had begun well before Allende's surprise victory on September 4. Korrry had been approached by some senior members of the Christian Democratic Party, who relayed Frei's willingness to run again if Allende won the popular election and if a constitutional solution could be arranged. Korrry reported the proposal to Washington, and after Allende's surprise election, the Nixon administration—desperate for viable ideas—debated and approved it at the 40 Committee meeting on September 14. Korrry was told, in a top-secret dispatch on the next day, that he was authorized to offer Frei and his supporters \$250,000, and more, if necessary, for "covert support of projects which Frei or his trusted team deem important" to

ensure Frei's eventual election—such as buying votes in the Chilean Congress. Korrry rejected the money out of hand, telling the State Department in essence that under no circumstances should the United States do "Chile's dirty work for it." By that time, Korrry says, he already knew what Washington did not: the "Rube Goldberg" scheme was unworkable. It was clear that Frei could not win the nomination of his own party—even if Alessandri won the runoff election and withdrew, as planned. "I also suspected Frei wasn't going to *try* to win [his party's nomination]," Korrry says, "so why should I go running around trying to buy up Chilean congressmen if Frei couldn't control his own party?" The American Embassy had learned, Korrry says, that Allende and Radomiro Tomic, the liberal Christian Democratic candidate, who finished third in the September 4 elections, had secretly agreed before the election to pool their forces in case of a runoff. That agreement made any chance for Alessandri's election virtually impossible, Korrry says, and Alessandri could not resign the presidency if he could not win it.

Korrry remained hostile to Allende's candidacy during this period, but he asserts that he repeatedly sought to prevent any direct United States intervention in the Chilean elections. "If Frei could win his party's nomination in an open, democratic way," Korrry explains, "and then use the system constitutionally in an open way to become president, that was his business." During those hectic weeks, Korrry was enthusiastic in his support of a series of anti-Allende propaganda steps taken by some of Frei's more ardent supporters. When some of those supporters came to him, Korrry says, and reported that they planned to help disrupt the economy, "I endorsed this in a cable to Washington." Korrry's concern, he says, was to show Washington that he could be as tough as anyone else; his goal, he insists, was solely to prevent what he suspected was being considered—direct American support for a military coup. For a few weeks, then, in mid-September, if Korrry's account is accurate, his world became as devious as Henry Kissinger's: he sent a stream of tough-sounding cables to Washington strenuously supporting a gambit that he knew had no chance of success. In one such cable, he told of a stern warning he had given to Frei's defense minister about the problems Chile would face if Frei did not act: "Frei should know that not a nut or bolt will be allowed to reach Chile under Allende. Once Allende comes to power we shall do all within our power to condemn Chile and the Chileans to utmost deprivation and poverty, a policy designed for a long time to come. . . ." Korrry insisted later, in testimony to the Senate Intelligence Committee and in interviews, that he had deliberately "overstated the message . . . in order to prevent and halt this damn pressure on me to go to the military." He did not know at the time he wrote the cable, he said, that an economic boycott of Chile was, in fact, being advocated by Nixon and Kissinger.

The unworkable "Rube Goldberg" plan was not the only issue before the 40 Committee at the September 14 meet-

ing. Approval was granted for a last-minute increase of the propaganda activities designed to convince the Chilean Congress that an Allende election would mean financial chaos. Within two weeks, twenty-three journalists from at least ten countries were brought into Chile by the CIA and combined with CIA propaganda "assets" already in place to produce more than 700 articles and broadcasts both in and out of Chile before the congressional election—a staggering total whose ultimate influence cannot be measured. By late September, a full-fledged bank panic had broken out in Santiago, and vast amounts of funds were being transferred abroad. Sales of durable goods, such as automobiles and household goods, fell precipitously; industrial production also dropped. Black-market activities soared as citizens sought to sell their valuables at discounted prices.

The pressure was on. The screws had started turning in earnest on September 14, when the 40 Committee signaled that the Nixon administration was willing to go to great lengths to keep Allende out of the presidency. Just how far the President would go was not yet fully clear. Ten days had passed since Allende's election, and Nixon had managed to control his rage. There had been no outbursts. In a Nixon reaction familiar to Kissinger, the explosion came on the next day, the fifteenth, and the spark was alarm from Nixon's friends and benefactors in the corporate world.



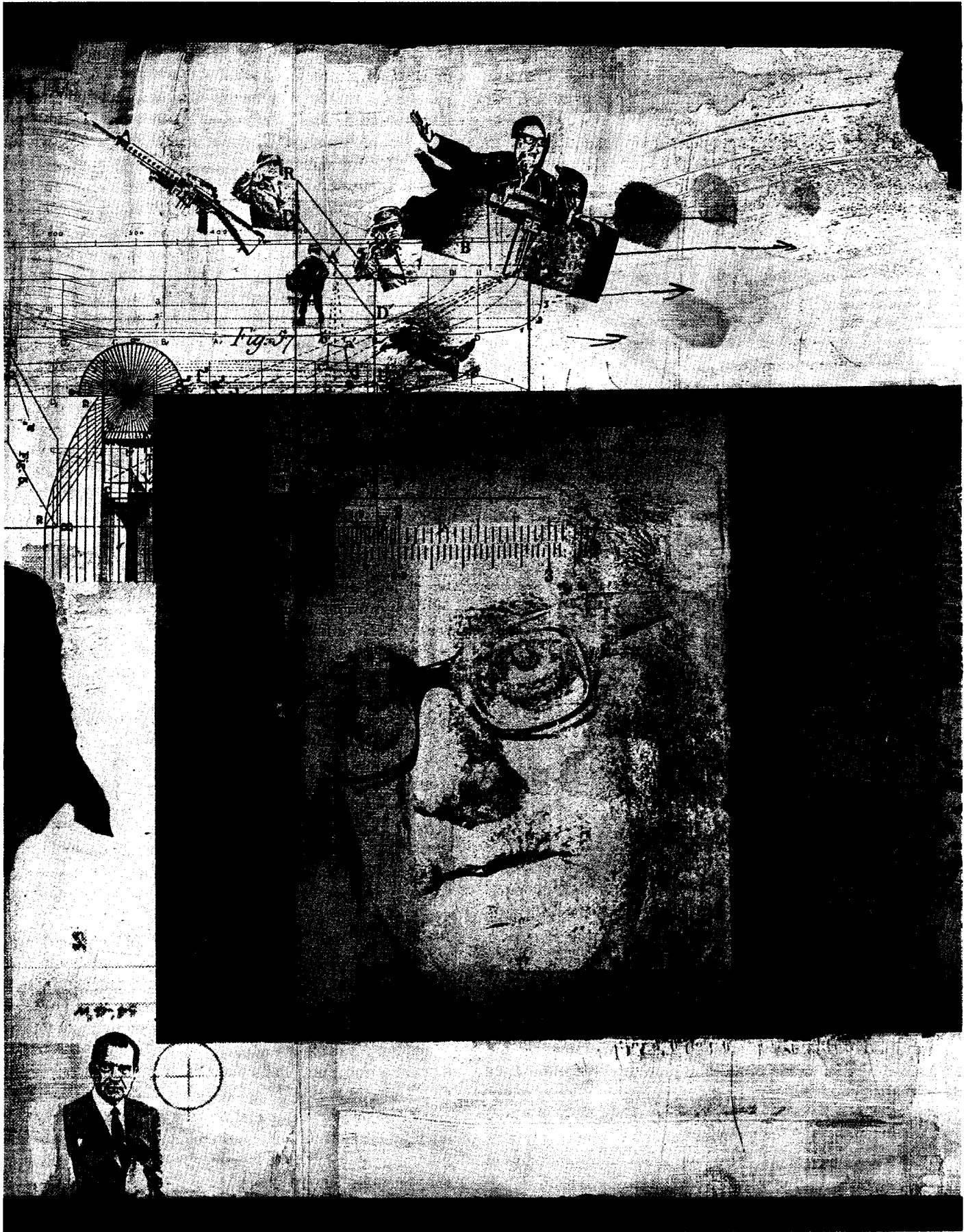
THE CORPORATE PATH TO NIXON ACTUALLY BEGAN in Santiago, on the day before Allende's election, when Agustín Edwards made his first and only visit to Korry's embassy. Edwards had been on friendly terms with Korry's predecessor, Ralph A. Dungan, a Democrat who served in Chile from 1964 to 1967, but had not developed a similar relationship with Korry. Korry says that during their ten-minute talk he assured Edwards that the latest polls still predicted that Alessandri would win. "Edwards seemed pleased and left," Korry says. "[He told me] he had plowed all his profits for years into new industries and modernization, and would be ruined if Allende won." Three or four days after the election, Hecksher told Korry that Edwards wished to meet again with him, only this time at the home of one of his employees on the outskirts of Santiago. At the meeting, Korry says, he informed Edwards that he did not believe that Chilean armed forces would move to prevent Allende's election by the Congress;

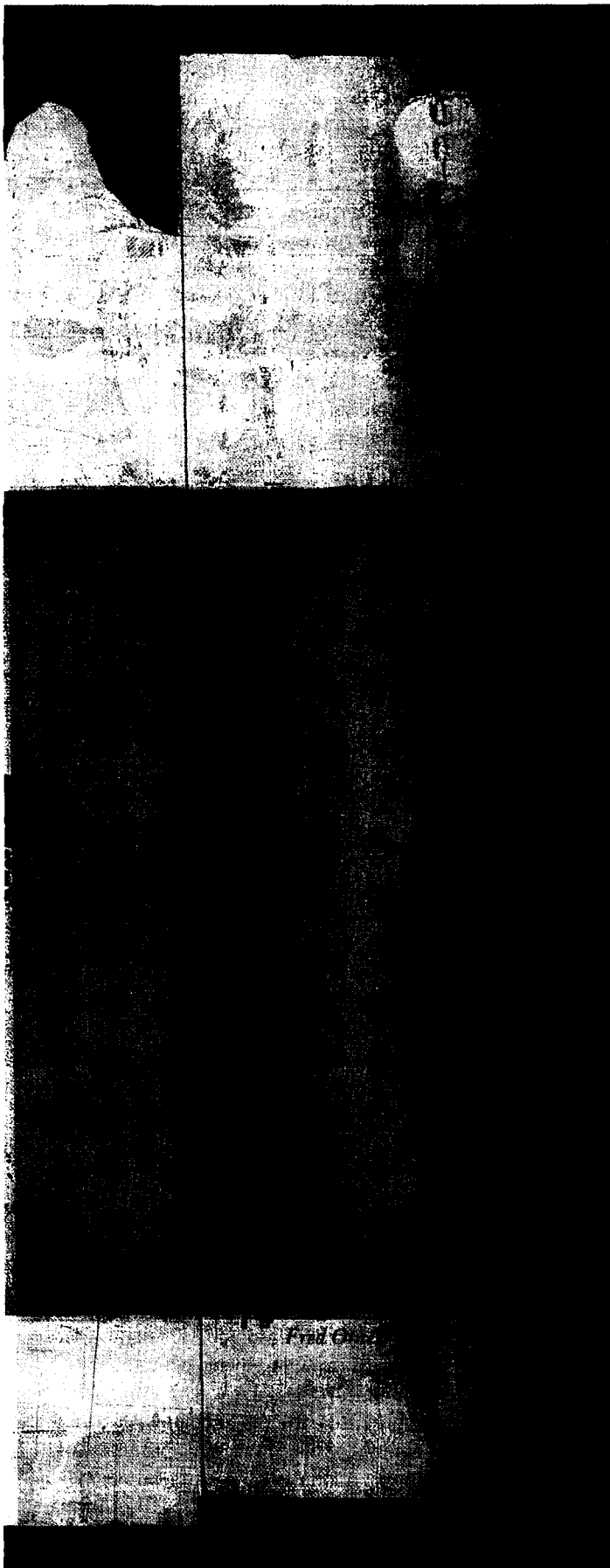
he also acknowledged that the current CIA programs, primarily geared to propaganda, had little chance of accomplishing their goal. Edwards agreed that Allende's election by the Congress seemed assured, and surprised Korry by announcing that he was leaving Chile immediately. He explained that he had been told by Allende's associates that he would be "crushed" by the new regime. He flew within days to see Kendall in Washington, who immediately hired him as a PepsiCo vice president and invited him to be a houseguest. On September 14, according to Kissinger's memoirs, Kendall met privately with Richard Nixon, a meeting that, like many others, did not appear in Nixon's daily log as maintained by the Secret Service. On the next morning, John Mitchell and Kissinger, at Nixon's direction, had breakfast with Kendall and Edwards; hours later, Kissinger asked Helms to meet Edwards for, as Kissinger writes, "whatever insight he might have." Helms later told an interviewer that Kendall was with Edwards when they met in a Washington hotel. The two men appealed passionately for CIA help in blocking Allende—an argument, Helms realized, they must have made to Nixon. In the early afternoon, Nixon summoned Helms, Mitchell, and Kissinger to his office, and, in essence, gave Helms a blank check to move against Allende without informing anyone—even Korry—what he was doing.

The newspapers and networks would later make much of the fact, as published in the Senate Intelligence Committee's report on Chile, that Helms provided the committee with his handwritten notes of the September 15 meeting with Nixon. The notes included such remarks as "not concerned risks involved"; "full-time job—best men we have"; "make the economy scream"; "\$10,000,000 available, more if necessary"; and "no involvement of Embassy." But those CIA men who served closely with Richard Helms knew that Helms had much more than mere notes to turn over, if he chose to do so. "You don't take notes" in such meetings, one senior CIA man explained, "but as soon as you're in your car, you dictate a memo for the record." This official said that Helms was extremely careful about keeping in his private files such memoranda, which were never put into the official CIA record-keeping system.

In his testimony to the Senate Intelligence Committee, Helms said he came away from the Oval Office meeting with the "impression . . . that the President came down very hard that he wanted something done, and *he didn't much care how* and that he was prepared to make money available. . . . This was a pretty all-inclusive order. . . . If I ever carried a marshall's baton in my knapsack out of the Oval Office, it was that day" (emphasis added). Asked specifically whether assassination was included, Helms responded carefully: "Well, not in my mind . . . I had already made up my mind that we weren't going to have any of that business when I was director."

Helms's response was nonsense. In a later conversation with a close associate, Helms provided a much more credi-





ble description of what took place on September 15: Nixon had specifically ordered the CIA to get rid of Allende. Helms told the associate that there was no doubt in his mind at the time what Nixon meant. In the weeks following the meeting, Helms added, he was pressured again on the subject at least one time by Kissinger. He further revealed that he had made and kept in his personal possession detailed memoranda of his talks with Nixon and Kissinger about Allende. It should be emphasized that the close associate cited above, who requested that his identity not be hinted at, was in a position to know the truth. The close associate also reported that Helms had provided his attorney, Edward Bennett Williams, with similar information after being charged by the Justice Department with perjury in connection with the Allende matter. Williams, contacted by me, refused to comment.

Helms was no innocent about CIA assassinations, having been one of the few high-level Agency officials to be fully aware of the efforts, beginning in 1960, to have Castro assassinated. Helms told the Senate Intelligence Committee in 1975, according to its published report on assassinations, that he fully believed that in those attempts—some involving Mafia leaders—the CIA, as the committee put it, was “acting within the scope of its authority and that Castro’s assassination came within the bounds of the Kennedy administration.” Asked whether an explicit presidential order to assassinate Castro was necessary, Helms was quoted as responding: “I think that any of us would have found it very difficult to discuss assassinations with a President of the United States. I just think we all had the feeling that we’re hired out to keep those things out of the Oval Office.”

In a second appearance before the committee a month later, the issue arose again. Asked whether Robert F. Kennedy, the attorney general, had ever ordered him to kill Castro, Helms responded: “Not in those words, no.” Were less direct phrases used to make the same points? “Sir,” replied the obviously discomfited Helms, “the last time I was here, I did the best I could about what I believed to be the parameters under which we were working, and that was to get rid of Castro. I can’t imagine any Cabinet officer wanting to sign off on something like that. I can’t imagine anybody wanting something in writing saying I have just charged Mr. Jones to go out and shoot Mr. Smith.”

Another senior CIA official, who spent years dealing with Cuba and Latin America, explained the technique more directly in an interview: “All a President would have to say is something innocuous—‘We wish he wasn’t there.’ That much of a message, even if it were to appear on the famous [Nixon White House] tapes, would get no one in trouble. But when it gets down to our shop, it means, to about six people, ‘Don’t ever come back and tell what happened.’”

Talking about assassination was not as traumatic inside the White House in 1969 and 1970 as it would become five years later, at the height of the domestic uproar over rev-

elations of the CIA's assassination attempts against Castro, Patrice Lumumba, of the Congo, and Rafael Trujillo, of the Dominican Republic. Roger Morris recalls at least two casual conversations with fellow Kissinger aides about the killing of Nguyen Van Thieu, South Vietnam's president, who was seen as a key stumbling block to the success of the Paris peace talks. In one case, Morris says, he mentioned plaintively to a colleague that Thieu's "assassination is one that the American government ought to look at with interest." To his amazement, his colleague, who worked in Kissinger's personal office in the White House, responded seriously: "They have." Morris later wrote, with another aide, a top-secret memorandum on the Vietnam negotiations that specifically advocated "imposing [a] settlement over Saigon's opposition. The stakes would warrant steps we have not contemplated since 1963." The memorandum was presented to Kissinger, who, Morris was told, had it retyped and presented to Nixon without change. Boasting about assassination took place. Alexander Haig, Kissinger's chief deputy, once told John C. Court, an NSC staff aide, that, as Court recalls, "if we have to take care of somebody, we could do it." There was talk in Chile, also, about assassination. Korry was directly approached by the ambassador of a West European nation and urged, in all seriousness, to arrange for the murder of Allende. Korry rebuffed the diplomat, he says, and carefully reported the thrust of their conversation to the State Department.

OUT OF NIXON'S MEETING ON SEPTEMBER 15 emerged what the CIA would later call the "two-track" approach. Track I would include the anti-Allende propaganda and political programs voted by the 40 Committee and relayed to Korry and Hecksher for action. Korry was also to continue his support for a solution involving last-minute political chicanery by Frei or Alessandri. Track II was to be kept secret from Korry, the State Department, and even the 40 Committee. The goal of Track II was not only to encourage the Chilean military to initiate a coup but directly to assist the officers in getting one under way. It was in essence to be an American coup carried out by Chileans.

With Track II under way, the White House apparently decided to keep ITT, too, in the dark about the great lengths to which it was willing to go in Chile. One week after Allende's election, John McCone met with Kissinger and Helms and relayed yet another ITT pledge, this one for \$1 million, for the purpose of assisting any CIA plan to stop Allende. Viron P. Vaky, Kissinger's aide for Latin American affairs, was separately informed of the \$1 million offer by an ITT official in Washington, who added that Harold Geneen was available to fly to the White House to discuss the issue with Kissinger. ITT was taking no chances; its two top men were making pitches in the same week to the White House. The Senate Multinational Subcommittee could not learn whether a Geneen-Kissinger

meeting on Chile took place. Nor could it find evidence that ITT passed funds for use in Chile—an inevitable failure, given the less-than-candid testimony in the hearings, that enabled the company to slide past the subcommittee in 1973.

If there was apprehension in the White House over the enormity of what the administration was seeking to do to Chilean democracy, Richard Nixon did not share it. On September 16, the day after his tumultuous meeting with Helms, he flew to Kansas State University to give a lecture honoring Alfred M. Landon, who was the losing presidential candidate in 1936 as a Republican.

Nixon praised Landon's graceful acceptance of defeat and added: "There are those who protest that if the verdict of democracy goes against them, democracy itself is at fault, the system is at fault—who say that if they don't get their own way the answer is to burn a bus or bomb a building. Yet we can maintain a free society only if we recognize that in a free society no one can win all the time."

Especially Salvador Allende.

In the days that followed Richard Nixon's emotional charge to Richard Helms, the CIA reached deep into its resources to perform what many of its senior officers believed was a real-life "Mission Impossible." Without itself being exposed, and within six weeks of a closely watched runoff election in the Chilean Congress, the Agency had to increase its direct involvement with leading members of opposition groups and provide arms, money, and promises in support of a coup. The goal was to get rid of Allende, as the President demanded.

In his 1980 autobiography, *Facing Reality*, Cord Meyer, one of Richard Helms's most trusted deputies, recalls attending a small meeting at the Agency on September 15, shortly after Helms's visit with the President. "We were surprised by what we were being ordered to do," Meyer writes, "since, much as we feared an Allende presidency, the idea of a military overthrow had not occurred to us as a feasible solution." Despite the doubts, however, the men at the top of the CIA were determined faithfully to execute Nixon's "aberrational and hysterical decision," Meyer adds. "The pride we might have felt at having been among the select few chosen by the President to execute a secret and important mission was more than counterbalanced by our doubts about the wisdom of this course." Meyer does not say so, but surely there were also doubts about the legality of the President's directive. That a group of mature government officials would enthusiastically carry out such a policy without question provided, in the eyes of many CIA critics, an excellent reason for abolishing the authority of the Agency to conduct covert operations.

Thomas H. Karamessines, the CIA's senior official in charge of clandestine activities, met and spoke with Henry Kissinger six to ten times, by his count, in September and October. Samuel Halpern, a longtime CIA official who was a deputy to Karamessines, also reported to the White House, but his contact was usually Haig; if Haig was not available, Halpern spoke to Thomas K. Latimer, a CIA li-

aision officer who was assigned to the National Security Council staff. Senior officials of the intelligence agency, in interviews and in testimony in 1975 before the Senate Intelligence Committee, repeatedly described the White House pressure to prevent Allende's election as intense, comparable only to the pressure early in the Kennedy administration to do something about Fidel Castro. It was perhaps inevitable, then, that Richard Helms, a veteran of the Cuban operations, would place responsibility for the operations against Allende in the hands of many of the same men who had worked against Castro.

As the various congressional investigations unfolded during the mid-1970s, the official lying and distortion about Chile reached a point equaled by only one other issue in the Nixon era: the June, 1972, Watergate break-in, with its subsequent cover-up. With Chile, as with Watergate, cover-up payments were sought for CIA contacts and associates who were caught in the act of crime. With Chile, as with Watergate, records were destroyed and documents distorted. With Chile, as with Watergate, much of the official testimony provided to congressional investigating committees was perjury. With Chile, as with Watergate, the White House was in league with unscrupulous and violent men who did not understand the difference between right and wrong.



BY MID-SEPTEMBER, KISSINGER HAD WRESTED control of the Middle East from the State Department. In a few days, he would single-handedly run the response to what he perceived to be a Soviet attempt to build a submarine port in Cienfuegos, a Cuban harbor. It was a period in which Kissinger saw himself, and the presidency, as facing grave challenges from the Soviet Union and rising to meet them head on. If he could mobilize Army divisions and deploy Navy task forces with a thirty-second telephone call, surely he could change the election result in a not-very-important Latin American country and demonstrate anew to the communist world the authority of the Nixon White House. Kissinger was to be totally in control in Chile. Perhaps it was the totality of his command that prompted his bravado at the background briefing on September 16, at which Kissinger warned of Allende's election, for he proceeded to tell the newsmen the essentials of Track I. "According to the Chilean elec-

tion law," Kissinger said, in a section of the briefing that he did not choose to reprint in his memoirs, "when nobody gets a majority, the two highest candidates go to the Congress. The Congress then votes in a secret ballot and elects the President. . . . In Chilean history, there is nothing to prevent it, and it would not be at all illogical for the Congress to say, 'Sixty-four percent of the people did not want a communist government. A communist government tends to be irreversible. Therefore, we are going to vote for the No. 2 man.'" Kissinger was describing the "Rube Goldberg" ploy without, of course, revealing that \$250,000 had been authorized by the 40 Committee to bribe members of the Congress. The failure of that ploy—because of Eduardo Frei's refusal to act—would not become clear to Washington for another week.

He said nothing, however, about the other half of the White House operation, Track II. In his memoirs, Kissinger goes to great lengths to minimize the importance of Track II—repeatedly suggesting, as he did in his 1975 testimony before the Senate Intelligence Committee, that Tracks I and II had quietly merged. In Track II, Kissinger writes, despite Nixon's promise to Helms of a fund totaling \$10 million or more, "The expenditures, if any, could not have amounted to more than a few thousand dollars. It was never more than a probe and an exploration of possibilities, even in Helms's perception." He adds, "There was always less to Track II than met the eye. As I have shown many times . . . Nixon was given to grandiloquent statements on which he did not insist once their implications became clear to him. The fear that unwary visitors would take the President literally was, indeed, one of the reasons why Haldeman controlled access to him so solicitously." It is not clear from his memoirs whether Kissinger considered Richard Helms to be one of those "unwary" visitors who took the President at his word.

Kissinger's eagerness to diminish Track II is understandable, for the true extent of the Agency's activities inside Chile has never been told, and may never be fully known. (It is worth noting that Kissinger's most trusted biographers, Marvin and Bernard Kalb, did not mention either Chile or Salvador Allende in their book, published in 1974. Not even Allende's downfall in 1973 was noted. The point is not that the Kalbs suppressed any information but that Kissinger did.) Helms certainly knew that it was more than an exploratory probe: within weeks, he approved the assignment of some of the Agency's most experienced agents to Santiago. One such man, known in CIA dispatches only by his cover name, Henry J. Sloman, had by 1970 spent more than twenty years operating in disguise throughout Latin America, Europe, and Asia. His cover was impeccable: he was considered by his associates to be a professional gambler and a high-risk smuggler who was directly linked to the Mafia. When Sloman retired, in 1975, he had been inside CIA headquarters in Washington fewer than a dozen times in his career, occasionally meeting high-level officials there on Sunday to avoid the possibility of

chance observation by other CIA operatives. He was a fabled figure inside the Agency: there was repeated talk of his participation in "wet ops"—those involving the shedding of blood. He was well known to Helms, who awarded him at least two CIA medals for his undercover exploits, which included other operations—mostly in Southeast Asia—that, Sloman says, were staged expressly on Kissinger's orders.

He was not alone. At least three other senior CIA operatives who, like Sloman, could pass for Latin American natives were carefully rotated into Santiago before the October 24 election. The mission of the operatives—known inside the CIA as "false-flaggers," a reference to their phony Latin American passports—was not to help facilitate a constitutional solution to the Allende problem but to pass money and instructions to those men inside Chile who wanted to stage a coup.

In their briefings to the Senate Intelligence Committee, senior CIA officials said the false-flaggers were necessary in order to maintain security and minimize the possible linkage of the United States government to the anti-Allende plotting. There was a much more important reason for their assignment, however: the false-flaggers were men who were trained to do what they were told, and who would not flinch, as many intelligence operatives inside Chile would, at having to deal with the men known throughout Chile as the most vitriolic haters of Allende—an assortment of extreme right-wing terrorists led by General Roberto Viaux. To the American operatives stationed in Chile, Viaux and his associate, former captain Arturo Marshal, were unstable and impossible to control: their fanatic group was also believed to have been infiltrated by Allende's forces. In 1969, Viaux was relieved of command and Marshal was cashiered from the Chilean army for leading an unsuccessful anti-Frei coup; ever since, they had been escalating their call for violence against the left. Marshal had gone so far as to tell supporters privately that he would assassinate Allende if given a chance—threats that prompted Allende's advisers to urge him, unsuccessfully, to wear a bulletproof vest. Opposition to any dealings with Viaux and Marshal was rife inside the CIA station in Santiago. The Agency's main contact with the Chilean military, Colonel Paul M. Wimert, Jr., the American Army attaché in Santiago, who had served in military intelligence in Latin America since the 1950s, was adamant in his contempt for Viaux. "I always operated on the assumption that there's no substitution for brains, and Viaux didn't have any," Wimert says. Wimert was as anxious as anyone in the embassy to provoke a military coup that fall, but not with Viaux.

The false-flaggers were ordered to have no contact with other Americans inside Chile. They were to get in, hide out in a hotel, pass money and instructions to Viaux, Marshal, and their men, and get out. Their only contact with the American Embassy and its CIA station was to be through Hecksher, who would relay their instructions and

their cables to CIA headquarters in Washington. All this scheming was routinely reported to the White House, as was anything of significance inside Chile after September 15. The heat was on, and the CIA was letting the White House know that it was doing its best.

Kissinger was out of Washington from September 26 to October 5, traveling with the President on his electioneering visit to Europe and the Mediterranean. There is evidence, however, that even before he left the White House he knew that the "Rube Goldberg" ploy was not going to work. On September 23, according to documents published by the Senate Intelligence Committee, Hecksher reported that there were "strong reasons" for thinking that Frei would not act. Hecksher urged that the CIA station in Santiago be authorized to begin approaching anti-Allende officers in the Chilean army and navy and inducing them to lead a military coup. The contact was to be Wimert, an expert horseman with many close friends among the senior-officer corps, many of whom shared his love for horses and competitive riding. Wimert had been granted the privilege of stabling his horses at the Chilean Military Academy in Santiago, and his access to and influence with the military in Chile were unmatched by those of any other CIA operative. But Wimert had also been ordered by Korrry not to discuss politics with the Chilean officers—an order that, despite Wimert's intense dislike for Korrry, he had obeyed.

In late September, Wimert was quietly approached by Hecksher and told that he had been assigned by "high authority" to work directly with the CIA in contacting senior Chilean military men and urging them to lead a coup. Korrry was not to be told of Wimert's new mission. Wimert asked for, and received, a highly classified cable from his direct superiors in the Defense Intelligence Agency, in the Pentagon, confirming the arrangement. The cable was so sensitive, Wimert was told, that he could not keep it in his files. He was to report until further notice to Hecksher and the CIA and do what they said. Weeks later, when the danger of his mission became clear to him, Wimert was given a confidential assurance from Helms—in another cable that Wimert was shown but not permitted to keep—that his family and horses would be provided for in case he was killed while at work for the Agency. Over the next three months, Wimert filed his reports and his assessments—for the CIA and also, he thought, for his superiors in the Pentagon—through Hecksher. It was not until 1975, at the time of the Senate Intelligence Committee hearings, that he learned that not one of his reports had made its way to the Defense Intelligence Agency. Chile was to be his last assignment for the DIA; when he returned to Washington, he was treated coldly by his superiors, who, Wimert learned later, had been distressed by his failure to file from Santiago during the Allende election period. "Nothing I sent went to the DIA; it went to Haig and Kissinger directly," Wimert says. "I was filing for three months and I thought everything I sent over there was going to the DIA

and it wasn't—it was going over to the White House." While in Santiago, Wimert received a cable of congratulations signed by Admiral Moorer and General Donald V. Bennett, who was in charge of the Defense Intelligence Agency. Often, Hecksher would present Wimert with orders that were signed by Bennett, and the CIA would relay Wimert's responses, so Wimert thought, to the General. All of those cables had been created somewhere outside the Pentagon, Wimert learned later. The Senate Intelligence Committee was unable to decide who was to blame for Wimert's duping; CIA officials testified that they had not tampered with Wimert's cables. In an interview this year, however, a senior CIA official who was directly involved in the Chilean operation acknowledged that Wimert's reports to the Pentagon had been derailed because officials there had no "need to know" of the intense plotting in Santiago. Such manipulation was routine, the official added, when an outsider such as Wimert was called upon to aid the intelligence agency in a clandestine operation. "There isn't a military attaché I know of who isn't an amateur," the official said, adding that Wimert's participation was necessitated by the intense White House pressure. Wimert managed to obtain an appointment to the Inter-American Defense College, in Washington, in 1971, before retiring to a horse farm in Virginia in 1973.



WHEN KISSINGER RETURNED TO WASHINGTON ON October 5, he could not have been surprised to learn that the "Rube Goldberg" plan was dead. A 40 Committee meeting was set up for October 6, and Kissinger once again was dominant. Minutes of that meeting, as published in part by the Senate Intelligence Committee, quote Kissinger as caustically criticizing those who "presumed total acceptance of a *fait accompli*"—that is, the election of Allende—and warning that "higher authority had no intention of conceding before the 24th; on the contrary, he wanted no stone left unturned." Karamessines later told the Senate committee that the pressure to prevent an Allende presidency was still intense, and Kissinger, in their meetings, "left no doubt in my mind that he was under the heaviest of pressure to get this accomplished, and he in turn was placing us under the heaviest of pressures to get it accomplished."

By the second week in October, the CIA—with the aid

of Wimert—had made contact with a military faction inside Chile that, along with the Viaux group, was considered to be the most likely to take the necessary violent steps. The group, headed by General Camilo Valenzuela, commander of the main army garrison in Santiago, was composed of moderate conservatives on active duty in the army and navy. CIA officials, in their testimony before the Senate Intelligence Committee, sought to make a distinction between the Valenzuela and Viaux factions; many senior officers on active duty in the Chilean army and navy were known to be opposed to Viaux's extremism and his terrorist activities. The Senate Intelligence Committee concluded, however, that there was close contact and coordination between the two groups.

All the anti-Allende plotting throughout the pre-election period was made riskier by reports of clandestine CIA operations which repeatedly surged through Santiago; most of the rumors accurately linked Valenzuela and Viaux to coup plotting and to the CIA. Another source of tension inside the Agency was Hecksher's view that Viaux was too much out of control to be trusted. One of Viaux's first demands, rejected by the CIA, was for the Agency to deliver—via an airdrop—several hundred paralyzing gas grenades for use in a coup attempt. Hecksher warned headquarters not to convey the impression to the White House that he had a "surefire method of halting, let alone triggering, coup attempts." He was recalled to Washington and warned, as he later testified, that his superiors were "not too interested in continuously being told by me that certain proposals which had been made could not be executed, or would be counterproductive." If Nixon and Kissinger wanted it to be done, it was to be done—even if the best intelligence minds in Chile reported that dealing with Viaux, in the long run, would be inimical to the interests of the United States.

On October 13, the CIA station was authorized to pass \$20,000 to Viaux—through a false-flagger—and to promise him a \$250,000 life-insurance policy in support of his efforts to lead a coup. Such large sums of money were kept on hand inside the CIA station in the American Embassy, and disbursed with no receipts given or questions asked. Wimert, who was later authorized to pay out \$100,000 to anti-Allende groups, says that the cash was too bulky to carry: "I kept it in my riding boots in the trunk of my car."

THE COMPLAINTS ABOUT VIAUX FROM HECKSHER and others in Santiago were not the only sources of anxiety for Washington: Korry also posed problems. Nervous about the constant rumors of CIA involvement in Chile, he filed an eyes-only warning to Kissinger and Alexis Johnson, at the State Department, on September 25, the day before Kissinger left Washington on the Nixon European trip. "Aside from the merits of a coup and its implications for the United States," Korry reported, "I am convinced we cannot provoke one and that we should not run

any risks simply to have another Bay of Pigs." Accordingly, Korry said, he had instructed the CIA station in Santiago "not to engage in . . . encouragement of any kind." What Korry did not report is that a few days earlier, he and Hecksher had engaged in a brief shouting match over Hecksher's complaint that Korry was not doing all he could to urge Frei to involve himself in the Allende crisis. "Why the hell don't you twist Frei's arm?" Korry recalls Hecksher shouting. "You're telling Washington you're doing it and you're not." Korry followed the cable with a request that he be permitted to return to Washington to brief the administration and members of Congress about events in Chile. He was told to stay in Santiago because his presence there was "too valuable."

By early October, Korry was suspicious that something was going on behind his back. There were few he could turn to. Interviews with former Korry associates and aides in the Santiago embassy revealed that he was widely disliked for his arrogance, and was therefore totally isolated from the corridor gossip in the embassy—a basic source of information. In a second private message to Kissinger and Johnson, dated October 9, he again warned: "I think any attempt on our part actively to encourage a coup could lead us to a Bay of Pigs failure. I am appalled to discover that there is liaison for terrorists and coup plotting. . . . I have never been consulted or informed of what, if any, role the United States may have. . . ." Korry told Kissinger that he and his senior Foreign Service aides in the embassy in Santiago had reason to suspect that an anti-Allende coup was being plotted by the CIA with the *Patria y Libertad*, an extreme right-wing civilian group—in contact with Viaux—that advocated violent action against Allende and his coalition. If this was true, Korry added, such efforts would not be successful and "would be an unrelieved disaster for the United States and for the President. Its consequences would be to strongly reinforce Allende now and in the future, and do the gravest harm to U.S. interests throughout Latin America, if not beyond." (Once again, Korry's insistence that he did not know that anything untoward was going on in his embassy seemingly defies belief. Yet he was able to establish beyond question the integrity of his October 9 cable, and even testified about it in his 1975 appearance before the Senate Intelligence Committee without challenge.)

This time, there was an immediate reaction. Johnson filed an urgent cable ordering Korry to report for a meeting with Kissinger at the opening of business on Monday, October 12. Korry says that he arrived at Kissinger's office at the appointed hour: "Henry greeted me and kept blaming 'those idiots at the State Department' " for not providing earlier warning about the possibility of an Allende election. Korry realized that he was in the difficult position—as an ambitious Democrat working for the Nixon administration—of having to prove his loyalty while at the same time trying to persuade the White House to do nothing militarily in Chile. After a few moments of talk, Korry

says, he told Kissinger that "only an insane person would deal with a man like Viaux." Korry recalls describing Viaux as "a totally dangerous man" whose political faction had been penetrated by socialists close to Allende, which compounded the risk of American exposure. At this point, Kissinger asked Korry if he "would like to see the President"—an audience that had obviously been prearranged.

The two men marched to the Oval Office. "When the door opened," Korry says, "Nixon was standing right inside. He smacked his fist into his hand and said, 'That s.o.b., that s.o.b.' I looked surprised, and he said, 'Not you, Mr. Ambassador. I know this isn't your fault and you've always told it like it is. It's that son-of-a-bitch Allende.'"

Nixon, obviously aware of how careful he had to be with Korry, who was not to know of the White House coup planning, began to explain lucidly how his administration would apply economic pressure to bring down the Allende government. When he concluded, Korry says, Nixon "turned to me, looking rather pleased—as if I were going to say, 'Yes, sir.'" But Korry saw no reason to be a yes-man. He had met Nixon in 1967, when he was ambassador to Ethiopia and Nixon was out of office and on one of his many worldwide trips; the two had spoken frankly. Korry, meeting Nixon for the first time since then, felt he could continue to speak his mind, and did so: "Mr. President, I know you won't take it amiss if I tell you that you're dead wrong." Not many people talked to Nixon that way. "I saw Henry's eyes bulge," Korry says. The Ambassador proceeded to tell the President that he wanted authority to begin a wide-ranging series of discussions with Allende and his entourage as soon as his election was confirmed. "Which," he said, "is an absolutely foregone conclusion. Nothing on God's green earth can stop it." At that point, Korry again brought up Viaux, warning the President that "of course, there are madmen running around dealing with Viaux."

At the end of his monologue, Korry says, "the one who was steaming—quite obviously—was Henry. He looked daggers at me. When I left the office, Nixon was very nice. He got up and walked me to the door, asking about my children." Kissinger stayed behind with the President, undoubtedly to join in the savaging of Korry that would take place.

What Korry did not realize was that Kissinger was merely reflecting Nixon's real feelings, the rage that the President suppressed. In his memoirs, Kissinger tries to minimize the Nixon-Korry meeting, casually saying, "I gave Korry an opportunity to present his views to Nixon." Kissinger also writes that the meeting took place three days later, on October 15, though Korry says that his cables and travel documents show that he was summoned to an early-morning meeting on October 12.

Korry, by his direct warning to Kissinger and Nixon, had thrown a monkey wrench into Track II; no longer could the President and his top adviser deny any knowledge of the CIA's activities in case something went wrong.

Beyond headlines.



with correspondent
Charlayne Hunter-Gault

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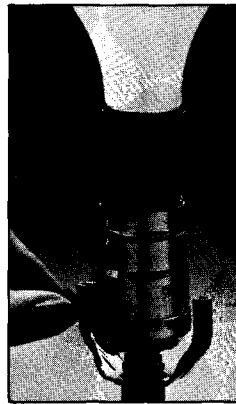
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How would you like to save more than **\$15 per fixture** when you next change a 3-way lightbulb? Three-way bulbs have some major shortcomings. They are noticeably more expensive than regular bulbs, they come in a limited range of sizes and styles, and the high setting on a 3-way bulb gives you significantly less light than you are entitled to expect. A plain 100-watt bulb gives 1740 lumens of light; a 30-70-100 watt 3-way at the highest setting gives only 1285 lumens. The Convert-A-Bulb screws into your 3-way fixture and enables you to have 3-way action from a regular lightbulb. It accepts any standard base bulb from 7½ to 150 watts. Let's assume that you replace a 50-100-150 watt 3-way bulb with a regular 150-watt bulb. Because of the lumen differential between regular and 3-way bulbs, the medium setting gives the same amount of light that you formerly had at the high setting — providing a savings of 27 watts per hour. The regular bulb at medium setting will last 6 times its rated life of 750 hours, or a total of 4500 hours. If you pay 7¢ per kwh for electricity the savings amount to \$8.50. Plus, 3-way bulbs are usually rated at 1200 hours, so you would need four of them at \$2.20 each, to outlast this one regular bulb, at \$1.50. That is another \$7.30 in savings for an overall windfall of \$15.80 over the life of the first bulb alone! The Convert-A-Bulb is UL listed and available *exclusively from us*. Buy one for **\$10.00 (\$1.95)** #A495, two for **\$18.00 (\$1.95)** #A496 or three for **\$26.00 (\$2.95)** #A497.



A Better Way To Boil Water

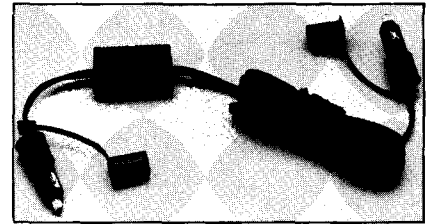


You still need heat, there is no way around that. But the Russell Hobbs automatic kettle supplies the heat in a clearly superior way. The large heating element brings 2 quarts of water to a full boil in a matter of minutes. When the water boils, the kettle shuts off automatically. Energy use is minimized. This kettle is made in England,

with the benefit of British attention to detail — and long experience with teakettles. All the nice touches are here: a top that vents steam away from the handle, a lid that doesn't tippie as you pour, a wide-mouth top for easy cleaning, a nickel-coated heating element that resists mineral build-up, a safety switch to prevent damage if the kettle is switched on empty. This is the top-of-the-line automatic kettle from the company that invented them in the early 1950s. We think it is worth every penny of **\$59.00 (\$5.95)** #A500. Quality pays in dollars and sense — you get long life (1-yr. guarantee), energy efficiency and safety (cannot boil dry). The kettle is available in polished stainless steel with white fitments. Someone we know said of this kettle, "all it does is boil water, but it does it very very well."

Beyond Jumper Cables

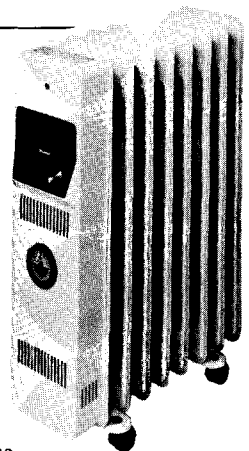
Your car battery is dead. How would you like to recharge the battery and start the car *without ever even opening the hood*? Sound impossible? It's not, thanks to the Easy Charge, which takes the old idea



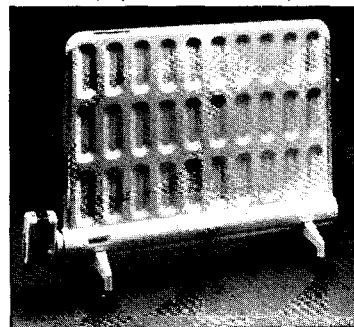
of jumper cables and refines it to a new level of ease, convenience and safety. With traditional jumper cables you have to maneuver a second car fender-to-fender with the disabled car, open both hoods, and attach leads from battery to battery. The Easy Charge simplifies this process brilliantly by substituting connection from cigarette lighter to cigarette lighter. You just plug one end of the Easy Charge into the lighter of a running car, pass the 16' cord through both car windows and insert the other end in the lighter of the disabled car. A trickle charge immediately starts flowing into the dead battery. After a few minutes' wait the battery is recharged sufficiently to restart the car. The Easy Charge comes in a handy plastic storage envelope, is small enough to fit in the glove compartment and costs just **\$20.00 (\$2.95)** #A629.

Heat Where You Need It

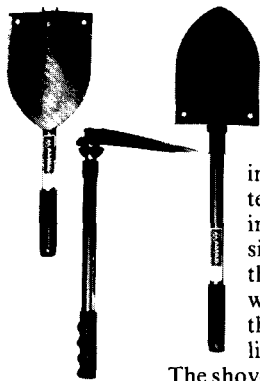
We've tried many different space heaters in search of the best combination of safety, economy and heating efficiency. The two portable oil-filled radiators presented here won our favor for many reasons, especially safety. There are no exposed flames, they do not get overly hot (making them suitable even for a child's room), and they emit no fumes or odors. They are filled with a special oil that heats up quickly, cools down slowly and never needs replacing. Both styles have easy roll wheels for room-to-room portability and a built-in thermostat that responds to changing room temperatures. When functioning as a supplement to your central heating system these



European-made heaters can make your home more comfortable and much more energy efficient. The DeLonghi heater, shown above, has a feature not common to most space heaters — *an automatic timer*. You can program it to go on and off in 15 minute intervals day or night. For example, set it to go off a few minutes before you wake in the morning so your bathroom or bedroom has started to warm before you get up! This unit has three heat settings (600w, 900w, 1,500w) and provides a maximum of 5,100 BTUs. The DeLonghi comes in a neutral oyster color, weighs 38 lbs and is UL listed. This model with automatic timer is *not generally available in retail stores* and costs **\$150.00 (\$12.95)** #A485. The Dimplex panel radiator, (shown below) offers an unusual, yet attractive contemporary design.



The large heating surface of the panel provides an ideal balance of half radiant and half convected heat — no energy is wasted. The unit draws a maximum of 750 watts and produces 2559 BTUs. It's 31½" long x 23½" high and comes in two colors: bronze #A563 or white #A562. The Dimplex radiators cost **\$150.00 (\$12.95)** each.



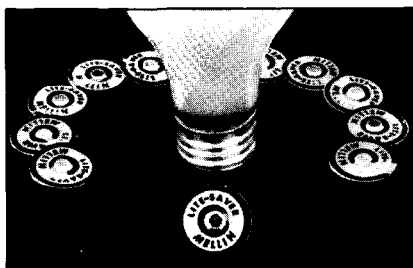
Dig In!

You don't need to be an infantryman digging foxholes under fire to appreciate the usefulness of a rugged highly portable folding shovel. It goes on camping trips, for digging firepits and trenching tents against rain. It goes to the garden, filling that inconvenient void between undersized hand trowels and full-sized shovels. In the winter it goes into the car, for coping with snow and ice. In short, it gets more use than any other shovel around the house. It is light and easy to use and stores handily.

The shovel is all-steel, weighs only 2 lbs. and is built to last for years. The blade locks in each of 3 positions: folded, for storage or travel; at 90°, for scraping or hoeing; fully extended, for normal digging. The blade is 8½" x 6" and the 18" handle has a molded plastic handgrip. **\$15.00 (\$2.95)** #A630.

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Attract Dust Like A Magnet

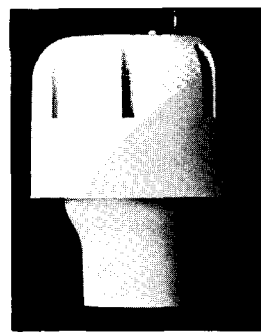


If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. On its own it actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has

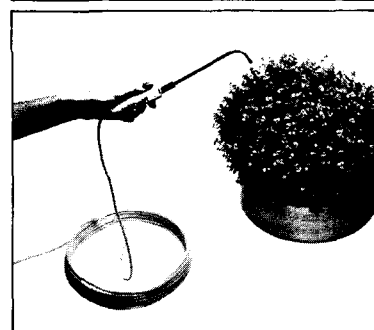
accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. When soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water. We are happy to offer a 20" authentic lambswool duster for **\$8.00 (\$1.95)** #A163.

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Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? There is an easier way: with an indoor garden hose you can water them all in a single trip. Think of the steps waiting to be saved! This 50' (that is a lot of reach) vinyl hose readily attaches to any household faucet. From

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Track II's secrecy cut two ways: not only would the White House be able to operate inside Chile without fear of exposure but only a few key CIA officials—whose loyalty was unquestioned—would know that the two top men in the government were personally involved.

In Korry's view, some carefully orchestrated moves were made over the next few days to convince him and other senior administration officials that no secret CIA coup plotting was under way. On the thirteenth, if the White House logs for that day are correct, Karamessines was summoned to the White House for a late-morning meeting with Nixon, Kissinger, Alexis Johnson, and Laird. Laird had not been filled in on Track II; no coup plotting would be discussed in front of him—a fact Laird could testify to, if need be, in later inquiries. Karamessines, in his testimony to the Senate Intelligence Committee, recalled being taken aside by Nixon as the meeting ended and being told again (Nixon had made a similar statement during the meeting) that “it was absolutely essential that the election of Mr. Allende to the presidency be thwarted.” Karamessines understood the message, as he later told the Senate committee: the Track II pressure was still on.

On the next day, Wednesday, October 14, the 40 Committee met again. Also at the meeting were Korry and Charles Meyer, who were invited by Johnson, obviously with the prior approval of Kissinger, and Karamessines, filling in for Helms. Korry recalls that much of the session, held in the White House Situation Room, dealt with how to handle Chile in the post-Allende period. Characteristically, Korry was the first speaker to raise the subject of a military coup. Speaking after Karamessines provided a generally discouraging intelligence assessment, Korry referred to rumors about Viaux “only in passing,” he says, and once again said, as he had done two days earlier with the President, that “there was no chance for a military uprising.” Kissinger said little during the forty-five-minute meeting. Korry later concluded that Kissinger had staged the meeting and invited Korry because “he wanted me to take responsibility for saying there's going to be no coup—so he wouldn't be the one accused of getting cold feet.” Two days earlier, at their brief meeting before Korry met with Nixon, Korry says, Kissinger had asked him to write an eyes-only memorandum documenting how the State Department had dragged its feet in the opposition to Allende. At the time, Kissinger claimed that it was Nixon who had wanted such a memo, but Korry knew better: Kissinger, afraid that Allende's election could not be averted, was seeking ammunition to justify his actions to his President. Korry was later very bitter about Kissinger's role: “His interest was not in Chile but in who was going to be blamed for what. He wanted me to be the one who took the heat. Henry didn't want to be associated with a failure and he was setting up a record to blame the State Department. He brought me in to the President because he wanted me to say what I had to say about Viaux; he wanted me to be the soft man. He didn't have the moral courage to say to

the President—‘Look, we're in over our heads. Let's get out of there.’”

The official minutes of that October 14 meeting, as provided to the Senate Intelligence Committee, quote Karamessines as naming Viaux “the only individual seemingly ready to attempt a coup and. . . his chances of mounting a successful one were slight.” Viaux was “unpredictable,” Karamessines said. The official minutes also quote Kissinger as observing that “there presently appeared to be little the United States can do to influence the Chilean situation one way or another.”

The need for so much duplicity apparently did have some impact; the evidence is clear that Kissinger and Nixon suddenly began to have grave second thoughts. Any violent action by Viaux carried the considerable risk of exposing CIA involvement with the anti-Allende plotting; now there was a second, much more serious issue—the possible exposure of high-level White House involvement.



FROM ALL AVAILABLE EVIDENCE, THE DECISION TO turn primary efforts from Viaux to the Valenzuela group was made the next day, October 15, at a critical White House meeting on Chile. Wimert had been reporting for days that his contacts with Valenzuela and the other plotters were substantial, and he was convinced, as he reported to the Agency (and, he thought, to his superiors in the Pentagon), that they were ready to mount a coup—one that would have a far greater chance of success than any operation proposed by Viaux. On the fourteenth, Wimert had received a dramatic order, ostensibly signed by General Bennett: “High authority in Washington has authorized you to offer material support short of armed intervention to Chilean Armed Forces in any endeavors they may undertake to prevent the election of Allende on October 24.” Karamessines later told the Senate Intelligence Committee that the “high authority” could only have been Kissinger or Nixon; Bennett had no authority to issue such orders. He also testified that the message must have been drafted in the White House—or at least cleared by Kissinger's office—before being routed to Wimert.

On October 15, a Thursday, Karamessines again met with Kissinger and Haig at the White House. According to Karamessines's memorandum of that meeting, as supplied to the Senate, the senior officials closely reviewed the pos-

sibility of a military coup, focusing on Viaux and Valenzuela. In a decision clearly linked to the orders provided to Wimert the day before, Kissinger ordered Karamessines to stall Viaux, to persuade him to stand down. But the other plotters—the more reliable group, headed by Valenzuela—were to be encouraged to proceed. Kissinger closed the meeting by urging the Agency to “continue keeping the pressure on every Allende weak spot in sight—now, after the 24th of October, after 3 November [when Allende was to be inaugurated], and into the future until such time as new marching orders are given.”

One day later, CIA headquarters cabled Hecksher its understanding of the new White House orders: “It is firm and continuing policy that Allende be overthrown by a coup. . . . We are to continue to generate maximum pressure toward this end utilizing every appropriate resource.” Hecksher was told to warn Viaux not to move, since a “coup attempt carried out by him alone with the forces now at his disposal would fail.” Hecksher further was to “continue to encourage” Viaux to join forces with other coup planners. “There is great and continuing interest in the activities of Valenzuela et al. and we wish them optimum good fortune.”

The White House decision to turn to Valenzuela was, without question, triggered by Korry’s meeting with Kissinger and Nixon on October 12 and his articulation of the dangers inherent in dealing with Viaux. But the basic American policy remained the same: a coup to prevent Allende’s presidency. Over the next eight days, the CIA continued to report to Kissinger and Haig about contacts with Valenzuela and other plotters, and they, in turn, continued to pressure the Agency to get something done.

And yet Kissinger and Haig insisted in their testimony to the Senate Intelligence Committee in 1975 that they had “turned off” the CIA’s coup planning against Allende in the October 15 meeting with Karamessines. After the fifteenth, Kissinger testified, “There was no separate channel by the CIA to the White House and . . . all actions with respect to Chile were taken in the 40 Committee framework. There was no 40 Committee that authorized an approach to or contact with military people, no plots which I am familiar with . . . and if there was any further contact with military plotting, it was totally unauthorized and this is the first that I have heard of it.” Haig corroborated the testimony: “The conclusions of that meeting [on October 15] were that we had better not do anything rather than something that was not going to succeed. . . . My general feeling was, I left that meeting with the impression that there was nothing authorized.” Nixon, in a subsequent written response in 1976 to a series of interrogatories from the committee, went even further: he was not aware of any coup planning at all, not even Track II. “I do not presently recall being personally consulted with regard to CIA activities in Chile at any time during the period September 15, 1970, through October 24, 1970,” he stated. The one exception, Nixon added, came in mid-October,

when Kissinger “informed me that the CIA had reported to him that their efforts to enlist the support of various factions in attempts by Mr. Allende’s opponents to prevent Allende from becoming president had not been successful and likely would not be.” Nixon then agreed, he said, with Kissinger’s recommendation that the CIA be ordered to abandon its efforts. Thus, the basic thrust of the Nixon, Kissinger, and Haig testimony before the Senate Intelligence Committee was that the CIA had been operating on its own in continuing to move against Allende after October 15. The Senate committee made no effort to investigate the obvious contradiction between the Nixon-Kissinger and the CIA versions.

Kissinger was given very gingerly treatment by the Intelligence Committee members, who did not directly raise the possibility that he was not telling the truth in his testimony. “The senators rolled over and played dead,” says one committee staffer who investigated the Chile incident. “It was his celebrity status. When Kissinger came to testify [in the closed hearings], all of a sudden we let in the press and all the senators stood up and had photographs taken with him.” Most of the staff members investigating Chile had no doubts about who was lying and who was not, but were unable to do more in the published reports than to note the various discrepancies—most of which pitted the CIA against the White House.

In his memoirs, Kissinger, freed from the burden of sworn testimony, takes the White House cover story a step further: “When I ordered coup plotting turned off on October 15, 1970, Nixon, Haig, and I considered it the end of both Track I and Track II. The CIA personnel in Chile apparently thought that the order applied only to Viaux; they felt they were free to continue with the second group of plotters [led by Valenzuela], of whom the White House was unaware.” The Agency’s efforts in Chile were “amateurish, being improvised in panic and executed in confusion.” What Kissinger could add, of course, is that much of the panic originated with Nixon on September 15, and much of the confusion with White House fears of exposure that grew out of Korry’s warnings. Blood was going to be shed in Santiago that October, and the White House wanted no part of the responsibility.

In later interviews, CIA officials were amused and almost philosophical about the subsequent Nixon and Kissinger lies: “We’re there as the whipping boy,” said one senior operative who was directly involved in Track II. “Kissinger and Nixon left us holding the bag, but that’s what we’re in business for. And if you don’t like it, don’t join up.”

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS IN DEALING WITH FANATICS is their fanaticism. On October 17, the CIA station in Santiago informed headquarters that the White House’s words of caution had been passed to Viaux by one of the false-flaggers. Viaux couldn’t have cared less. He

informed his contact that it did not matter what the CIA did, since he and his cohorts had decided to proceed with the coup with or without American support. During these last few days before the election, the CIA, desperately trying to induce Valenzuela to act—and thus ease the pressure from the White House—sweetened its offer to him. Late on October 17, Valenzuela was promised three machine guns stripped of all identifying markings, six tear-gas grenades, and 500 rounds of ammunition, in support of a plan to kidnap General René Schneider, commander in chief of the Chilean army and a strong constitutionalist, who was believed by the CIA and the Valenzuela plotters to stand between the armed forces and a military coup.

The plan was to grab Schneider as he left a military dinner on October 19, and fly him to Argentina. Frei would resign; one of Valenzuela's aides would be placed in charge of a military government and would dissolve the Congress. Thus, Allende could not be elected. Without Schneider's presence, it was argued, the chances of military backing for a take-over were significantly increased.

One constant goal of the CIA station that fall was to "create a coup climate" in Chile. A headquarters cable, dated October 19—only five days before the election—provided guidance: "It still appears that [the proposed] coup has no pretext or justification that it can offer to make it acceptable in Chile or Latin America. It therefore would seem necessary to create one to bolster what will probably be their claim to a coup to save Chile from Communism." The cable, reprinted in part in the Senate Intelligence Committee's report, makes clear that the CIA was aware that the citizens of Chile were prepared to accept peaceably an Allende presidency.

On the afternoon of the nineteenth, Karamessines met with Haig in the White House and, as he testified to the Senate, reported the new Valenzuela plan "very promptly, if for no other reason than that we didn't have all that much promising news to report to the White House." Haig, of course, denied hearing anything about the ambitious last-minute scheming, and Kissinger continued to maintain that he "was informed of nothing after October 15." Kissinger went so far as to tell the senators that according to his daily calendar—which he did not turn over to the committee—he held no conversation with Karamessines or Helms between October 15 and October 19, a statement that did not rule out the obvious possibility that Karamessines met with Haig, as Karamessines testified, and Haig filled in Kissinger later. Haig and Kissinger also specifically denied hearing anything about the kidnapping plot against General Schneider.

On the evening of the nineteenth, the Valenzuela group, bolstered by some of Viaux's thugs as well as by the six tear-gas grenades delivered by Wimert, failed in an attempt to kidnap Schneider when the General left the dinner by private means instead of in his official car. With this overt act, the pressure from the White House became even more acute. Early on October 20, Hecksher received an

urgent cable asking him to report anything he could, because, the cable said, "Headquarters must respond during morning 20 October to queries from high levels." After the failure became known, Wimert was authorized to promise Valenzuela and his chief associate, an admiral, \$50,000 each in CIA funds if the two men would try again. That second attempt, on the evening of the twentieth, also failed. More extreme steps were taken as the constant White House pressure and the failure of the Chilean conspirators induced what must have been near panic inside the CIA station in Santiago. On October 22, the sterile machine guns—shipped by diplomatic pouch—were delivered to Valenzuela. General Schneider was assassinated that day by a group of military officers and thugs, who did not use the American-supplied machine guns. Neither Valenzuela nor his senior associates were at the scene, but Chilean military courts later determined that the men who participated in the October 22 assassination, which was planned by Viaux, also participated in the Valenzuela kidnapping attempts on October 19 and 20. The military courts eventually convicted Viaux of kidnapping and conspiring to cause a military coup for his role in the Schneider slaying; Valenzuela was convicted of the single charge of conspiring to cause a coup.



JUST WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT IN THE Schneider assassination is impossible to determine; contradictions abound between the findings of the Senate Intelligence Committee and the statements made by participants in later interviews with me. For example, the Senate Intelligence Committee reprinted numerous CIA cables stating that no actual funds were passed to Valenzuela in the days before the October 24 election. Yet Wimert stated in an interview that he did indeed pass Valenzuela and the admiral \$50,000 each. After the failed kidnapping, Wimert recalls, he was determined to get back the \$100,000 and thus shield, if possible, his direct role in the plotting. The admiral returned the funds without comment, but Valenzuela resisted, Wimert says. Wimert recalls that he felt compelled to pull out his revolver, which he always carried with him in Santiago, and to wave it in front of Valenzuela and say, "I'll beat the shit out of you with this if you don't get me the money." Valenzuela still hesitated, Wimert says, "and so I just hit him once and he

went and got it." The exchange took place in Valenzuela's house. There is no apparent record in the CIA file of these transactions, which Wimert insists he reported to Hecksher.

Valenzuela's role was minimized in all of the subsequent reporting, both in CIA cables and by the Senate Intelligence Committee. The underlying assumption was that Viaux and the other plotters failed in a kidnapping attempt and were compelled to shoot Schneider when he resisted. The slain general was said to have pulled out a handgun when first confronted. Yet the official report, on file in Santiago, of the military police officer who investigated the slaying depicts an execution; there is no mention of Schneider's alleged resistance. The report notes that Schneider's car was struck and stopped by a second vehicle. The car then "was surrounded by five individuals, one of whom, making use of a blunt instrument similar to a sledgehammer, broke the rear window and then fired at General Schneider, striking him in the region of the spleen, in the left shoulder, and in the left wrist."

The Senate Intelligence Committee concluded that since none of the machine guns supplied to Valenzuela had been used in the assassination, and since the CIA had withdrawn direct support to Viaux, there was "no evidence of a plan to kill Schneider or that United States officials specifically anticipated that Schneider would be shot during the abduction."

Some of the CIA agents inside Chile knew better. In the months following, at least one of those men who saw the most—the false-flaggers—feared that his action against Schneider would come to haunt him. The worried operative was Bruce MacMaster, a career CIA officer who had served throughout Latin America in the 1950s and 1960s under cover as a Foreign Service officer. MacMaster had a series of complaints about what he had seen and done in Chile and about the activities of Henry J. Sloman. On February 16, 1971, he walked into the office of John Charles Murray, the branch chief for Mexico, at Agency headquarters, in Washington. Murray was a career operations officer with a reputation for integrity—a straight shooter. MacMaster proceeded to unravel the story of his involvement in Chile, acknowledging that he, Sloman, and others were ordered into Santiago in an effort to mobilize a coup. As Murray reported in a "Secret—Eyes Only" memorandum to his superior two days later, MacMaster "stated that [while in Chile] he ostensibly was representing American business interests such as the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation and other unidentified business groups." The Agency had agreed in 1967, after widespread scandals about the use of philanthropic and educational foundations as CIA conduits, not to utilize the credentials of the Ford, Rockefeller, and similar foundations to shield their agents on overseas assignments.

MacMaster, who was born of American parents in Colombia, told Murray that he had traveled on a falsified

Colombian passport to Chile to meet with coup plotters, and had reassured them that, as Murray reported, "as a representative of American business interests he was most anxious to see the continuance of democratic institutions in Chile." MacMaster said that he and Sloman had also met with Viaux, and were involved in the plotting against Schneider. They learned that Viaux was also working closely with a group of right-wing students. It was the student group, MacMaster told Murray, that "was responsible for the machine-gun attack on General Schneider."

The main goal of Murray's memorandum, which was sent to Broe, the chief of Latin American clandestine operations, was to warn of MacMaster's fear that some members of the Viaux group, many of whom were jailed following the Schneider assassination, "will possibly implicate CIA in the action taken against Schneider." MacMaster told Murray that he had privately met—outside of Chile—with one of Viaux's associates and had been informed, as Murray wrote, that the men jailed were "seeking a large amount of money—somewhere in the neighborhood of \$250,000—for the purpose of providing support for the families of the members of the group jailed. . . . Mr. MacMaster said that we could probably get away with paying around \$10,000 for the support of each family."

MacMaster had another complaint—about Sloman's black-market activities while in Santiago. He accused his colleague of smuggling clothing and jewelry out of Santiago for his personal profit, and reported that Sloman had been using diplomatic pouches to bring pornography into Mexico from the United States. The two men had been friends, but when MacMaster lost a bitter fistfight with him weeks before at a New Year's Eve party in Mexico City, he retaliated by informing Mexican internal-security officials of Sloman's status as a long-standing CIA operative.

All these seamy doings, as reported by Murray, were hushed up by the Agency over the next few months and later kept from the Senate Intelligence Committee. Sloman, in a later interview, casually acknowledged that he was involved in smuggling while in Santiago, but described it as part of his CIA cover. "I've always been an outside man," he said. "I lived my cover in every place I've ever been. I was also known as a professional gambler—or as Mafia." Sloman confirmed that he had been reported to the police in Mexico City after a fistfight with MacMaster, but called his action justified. "He made a pass at my oldest daughter, and so I hit him in the mouth and knocked his teeth out."

Senior officials of the CIA were kept aware of the MacMaster-Sloman dispute in a series of highly classified official reports and communiqués in early 1971. Somehow, the Mexican authorities were soothed, and Sloman was routinely promoted—despite the serious questions raised about his activities, and the fact that his feud with MacMaster led to the blowing of his cover in Mexico and, more important, compromised the security of the Agency's plot-

ting against Allende. In deciding not to reprimand or dismiss the two men, the CIA perhaps concluded that the character defects that got MacMaster and Sloman into hot water in Mexico City also made them good agents. The official memoranda detailing the incident reveal much, inadvertently, about the kind of men recruited to serve as undercover operatives. MacMaster was reported in official documents to be a heavy drinker; Sloman had been admonished for having violated Agency rules about the purchase of duty-free liquor from American Embassy commissaries and the use of diplomatic pouches for the shipment of personal—and obviously contraband—goods. Sloman also told a senior Agency official in Mexico City who queried him about some of the MacMaster charges that—as a subsequent internal report noted—“he knew a great deal about the people in the Station and threatened to blow the Station out of the water.”

Yet the only one to suffer was John Murray, who had forwarded official reports to his superiors. Murray, who died in 1979, began to investigate on his own, and was told by one senior CIA operative that there were at least a few members of the CIA station in Santiago who realized that Schneider would never escape from the kidnapping attempt with his life. Murray was told that there had been a “panic” inside the CIA station in Santiago after General Schneider rebuffed the suggestion that he lead a military coup to prevent Allende’s election. The fear was that Schneider might—as a patriotic gesture—tell Allende of the CIA-inspired plotting against him. For his efforts, Murray was stunned to find himself categorized as a “squealer,” and was subsequently dumped into the bottom 5 percent of his rank in terms of future promotions. He retired in 1976, without receiving another promotion and after refusing a transfer to a position in Haiti. By then he was fatally ill, bitter, and no longer willing or able to fight the bureaucracy.

MURRAY KNEW THAT HIS INQUIRIES WERE BRING-
ing him to the brink of the most secret area of CIA activity: political assassinations. No document will ever be found, nor will there be an eyewitness, to describe CIA plans or White House directions to murder Allende. In interviews with me, nearly everybody involved, including the false-flaggers, denied knowledge of any such planning. A few CIA operatives did acknowledge hearing talk of assassination from Chilean officers hostile to Allende, but they said that was all they heard: loose talk. That the plans and pressures did exist was confirmed by a senior member of the intelligence community, whose information on other sensitive activities—provided to me when I worked for *The New York Times* in Washington—has been unfailingly accurate. This official, while on a visit to Chile in 1971, learned of intense pressure even then to update contingency plans for the assassination of Allende. In subsequent conversations, in Washington, he was flatly

told by the men at the top of the CIA that such planning was initiated in the fall of 1970 because “Henry wanted it.”

The only involved American to state directly that the CIA may have been under instructions to assassinate Allende in the fall of 1970 was Wimert, who, as an Army officer, was perhaps not as steeped in the ways of secrecy as his CIA associates. Wimert, in a conversation in late 1980, said he did not know of the existence of the false-flaggers inside Santiago until 1975, when he testified before the Senate Intelligence Committee. He told me what he would never have said in 1975: that he had “figured” the false-flaggers were in Santiago to arrange for Allende’s death. “Why else would they be there?” The assassination of Allende, Wimert said, “was always something everybody hoped would happen. It would have been the ideal thing.”

The key contact with the most extreme anti-Allende elements was made by a false-flagger we shall call Robert F. He was a career CIA operative who had retired by 1970 but was persuaded after appeals to his sense of patriotism to return for one last mission. The more he knew about Chile, the less he liked; he told some colleagues that it was corporate security and not national security that was involved in the anti-Allende operation. After testifying less than candidly before the Senate Intelligence Committee, Robert F. had second thoughts and later tried—without success—to warn a committee staff member that “you guys didn’t get the real story.”

Robert F. was ordered to spend two weeks in Santiago, make contact with Viaux and his group, and pass them money. He met Marshal late one night in the National Cathedral, a few blocks from the presidential palace, in the center of Santiago. Marshal struck Robert F. as insane, but orders were orders. He gave him the money. A few days later, around October 19, Marshal was arrested by the Chilean police; he spent the next two years in jail. Sloman acknowledges that men such as Marshal were provided with funds, and talked about assassinations with him and the other false-flaggers. But Sloman insists that the Chileans were always told not to get involved in bloodshed: “Our answer to them was no—by no means.” Yet, he says, “There is no way you can stop a Chilean from doing anything.”

After the Schneider killing, fear gripped the CIA station. Wimert recalls that he collected not only the \$100,000 he had paid to Valenzuela but also the three sterile machine guns that had been provided to the would-be kidnapers. He and Hecksher then jumped into a car, drove seventy miles west to the resort town of Viña del Mar, and threw the weapons into the Pacific Ocean. “You can say we really deep-sixed them,” Wimert says, with a laugh.

Hecksher must have realized that in the likely event of a full-scale investigation, Viaux and the other conspirators would be able to testify that the concept of Schneider’s kidnapping had originated with the CIA. A little-noted exchange of CIA cables published by the Senate Intelligence

The Dispersion Analysis

The Dispersion Analysis

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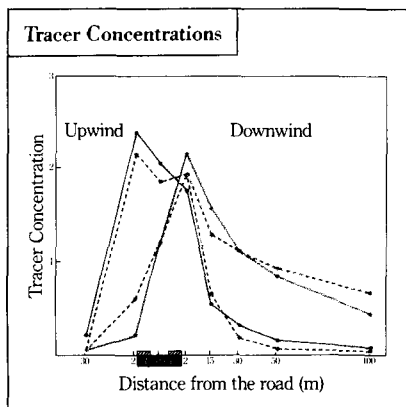
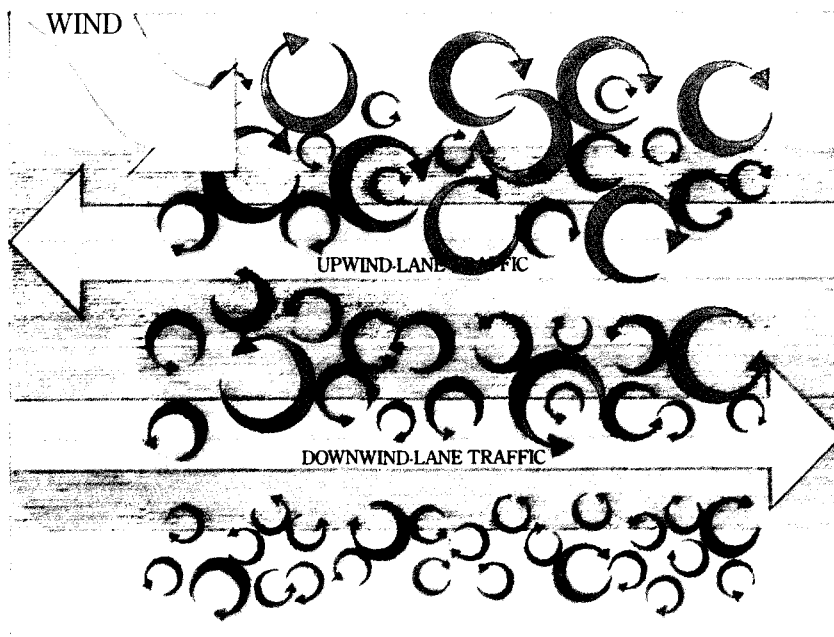


Figure 1: Observed (solid lines) and predicted (dashed lines) tracer concentrations near ground level as a function of distance from the edge of the road. Blue lines indicate the case in which the wind is perpendicular to the road; red lines, when the wind is nearly parallel to the road and opposing the upwind-lane traffic.

Figure 2: This representation of a roadway viewed from above shows the location of large vortices formed by local wind shear when the wind opposes the upwind-lane traffic.



BY USING the conservation-of-mass equation, one can describe the dispersion of gaseous molecules in the atmosphere. The equation includes terms for advection, diffusion, sources and sinks. Advection is the transport of air parcels by the mean wind; diffusion is due mainly to turbulent mixing. But the equation is useful only if we have information about the wind and temperature fields in the atmosphere. Specifically, our ability to predict vehicular exhaust concentrations near a road depends on knowledge of the effects of vehicles on these fields.

The conservation-of-mass equation for the mean concentration of any species, C , is

$$\frac{\partial C}{\partial t} + \sum_i \frac{\partial (U_i C)}{\partial x_i} = \sum_{ij} \frac{\partial}{\partial x_i} \left(K_{ij} \frac{\partial C}{\partial x_j} \right) + S_o + S_i$$

Local rate of change Advection Diffusion Sources Sinks

where U_i is the mean wind velocity and K_{ij} is the eddy diffusivity tensor. This equation applies when the length scale of mixing is small compared to that of the variation of the mean concentration. Near a road, this condition is met if the averaging time for the concentration and wind velocity is much longer than the time interval of vehicular passage. For a straight roadway, a long averaging time allows one to assume spatial uniformity in the direction parallel to the road, and to ignore the spatial derivatives in that direction.

The input information for K_{ij} and the mean crossroad and vertical wind components near a roadway became available as a result of a large-scale experiment conducted by the General Motors Research Laboratories. The experiment has provided an understanding of the influence of moving vehicles on mechanical turbulence and buoyancy near a roadway. Dr. David Chock was responsible for the design of the experiment and the analysis of the data. The experiment, which duplicated a heavily traveled, level roadway, was conducted under meteorological conditions minimizing dispersion.

Moving vehicles affect the mean crossroad and vertical wind components in the following ways. Vehicles act as an obstacle to the mean wind, causing it to slow and move upward as it approaches the vehicles and downward as it leaves the road. In addition, vehicles release heat, which causes a net upward motion. It was established that the increase in the mean vertical wind component due to the exhaust heat was $(B/U)^{1/2}$, where U is the crossroad wind component.

The buoyancy flux, B , is proportional to the heat emission rate of the vehicles.

Moving vehicles also enhance both turbulence intensity and mixing. To determine how this modifies the eddy diffusivity tensor, K_{ij} , Dr. Chock invoked a "second-order closure" assumption, which relates eddy diffusivity to Reynolds stresses and the gradients of mean wind velocity and mean temperature. Eddy diffusivity was assumed to be the sum of ambient and traffic contributions. To determine the traffic contribution, the length scale of the traffic-induced turbulence was assumed to be comparable to vehicle height—1.5 m.

USING THE vast data base compiled during the experiment, Dr. Chock was able to specify K_{ij} and the mean crossroad and vertical wind components, and solve the equation numerically. To test the model, half-hour measurements of a tracer gas were used to map out experimentally the exhaust dispersion under various meteorological conditions. The case where the wind speed is low and the wind direction is nearly perpendicular to the roadway is represented by the blue lines in Figure 1. Both the model and the experiment show the same dispersion pattern. The peak concentration is on the downwind roadside.

When the wind is nearly parallel to the road, the situation is much more complicated. Figure 2 shows that when the wind and traffic flow on the upwind lanes oppose each other, a high shear region occurs immediately upwind of

the first traffic lane. When the wind and traffic are in the same direction, the high shear region occurs in the median of the road. In these high shear regions, large eddies are generated and turbulent mixing is intense. The red lines in Figure 1 show a comparison of the model's predictions with the tracer data for the case illustrated by Figure 2. Notice that the peak concentration can actually occur on the upwind roadside, due to the exhaust transport by these large eddies. Dr. Chock's model is the first to predict this occurrence.

Under all combinations of wind speeds and directions, the predictions based on the model compare favorably with the measured tracer concentrations. There is little systematic bias with respect to wind direction.

"In light of this new model, exhaust dispersion near a roadway can now be predicted with reliability," says Dr. Chock. "This is of importance for environmentally sound road planning, and opens the door to the investigation of dispersion on city streets, where the presence of tall structures introduces even further complexity."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. David Chock is a Senior Staff Research Scientist in the Environmental Science Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Chock received his Ph.D. in Chemical Physics from the University of Chicago. His thesis concerned the quantum mechanics of molecules and molecular crystals. As a Postdoctoral Fellow at the Free University of Brussels, he did research work on the dynamics of critical phenomena. He did additional postdoctoral work in the fields of solid-state physics and fluid dynamics.

Dr. Chock joined the corporation in 1972. He is leader of the GM atmospheric modeling group. His current research interests include the phenomena of atmospheric transport and reactions, and the statistical study of time-series data.



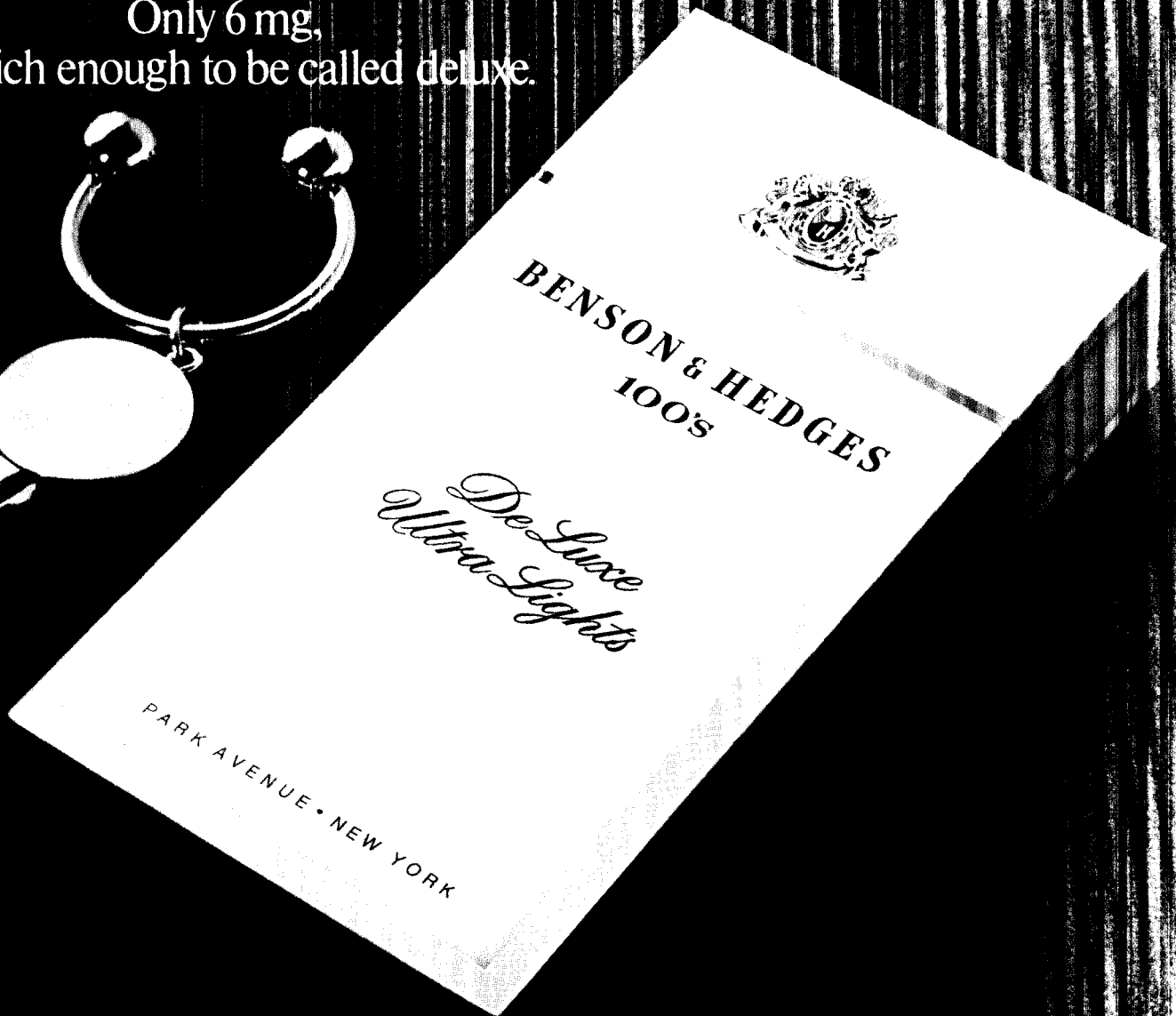
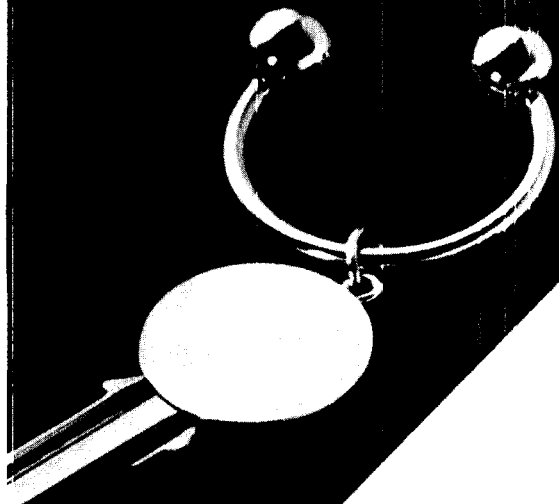
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Committee shows that on October 13, Hecksher was queried by CIA headquarters about possible plans to prevent Schneider from exerting his influence to disrupt a coup. The response, filed within hours, according to the committee report, was that the coup leaders—Viaux and Valenzuela—would first eliminate Schneider by kidnapping him, and then proceed with the coup.

The Schneider assassination, far from easing the way for a successful coup in the days before Allende's election, made it impossible. The Chilean military and citizenry, angered at the attempt to disrupt the constitutional process, rallied around Allende; he easily won the congressional election on October 24, and was inaugurated on November 3 without incident.

Within a few days, Hecksher was summoned back to Washington and replaced—the first victim of the CIA's failure to do what the President wanted. Nixon and Kissinger were also enraged with Helms, who had failed them. Korro was in his last ambassadorial post, although he would not learn as much for another year.

None of this is described by Kissinger in his memoirs. In his version, he and Nixon had sought to stop the CIA excesses on October 15, and were determined to adopt a "cool but correct" stance to the new Allende administration. But Allende, writes Kissinger, was not in the mood to accept the good wishes of the Nixon administration; in greeting a Nixon envoy at his inauguration, he "gave no evidence of a conciliatory approach." The possibility that Allende might be aware of the White House's planning against him is not even suggested by Kissinger.



AFTER THE FAILURE TO STOP ALLENDE'S ELECTION, the next step was economic: the administration would stop the flow of financial aid and loans from as many sources as possible in an effort to cripple Chile's economy and force Allende out of office. On November 9, the White House issued National Security Decision Memorandum 93, "Policy toward Chile," a top-secret paper, never published in full, that outlined what amounted to economic warfare. "Within the context of a publicly cool and correct posture toward Chile," it said, the administration would undertake "vigorous efforts. . . to assure that other governments in Latin America understand fully that the United States opposes consolidation of a Communist

state in Chile hostile to the interests of the United States and other hemisphere nations, and to the extent possible encourages them to adopt a similar posture."

The President ordered steps taken to:

"A. Exclude, to the extent possible, further financing assistance or guarantees for United States private investments in Chile, including those related to the investment guarantee program or the operations of the Export-Import Bank;

"B. Determine the extent to which existing guarantees and financing arrangements can be terminated or reduced;

"C. Bring a maximum feasible influence to bear in international financial institutions to limit credit or other financing assistance to Chile;

"D. Assure that United States private business interests having investments or operations in Chile are made aware of the concern with which the United States Government views the Government of Chile and the restrictive nature of the policies which the United States Government intends to follow."

The document also called for a review of possible steps that could be taken to affect adversely the world price of copper, and ordered a ban on all new bilateral economic-aid commitments. "Existing commitments will be fulfilled," NSDM 93 stated, "but ways in which, if the United States desires to do so, they could be reduced, delayed or terminated should be examined."

In essence, Nixon had authorized an economic death knell for Chile. In the next few weeks, Kissinger took charge of a series of interagency meetings, mandated by NSDM 93, to work out the policy of economic retaliation. The goal was to make sure that the State Department bureaucracy carried out orders and cut Chile off without a dollar. "It stuck in my mind because Kissinger, in effect, became a Chilean desk officer," says one senior State Department official. "He made sure that policy was made in the way he and the President wanted it. Henry was showing the President that he was on top of it." The cutoff was a success: no agency in the government and none of the multilateral lending banks dared cross Nixon or Kissinger. Prior to Allende's election, for example, the World Bank had lent Chile more than \$234 million; afterward, not one loan was approved. Severe shutdowns also took place at the Export-Import Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank. American AID assistance to Chile, which averaged nearly \$70 million annually during much of the 1960s, totaled just \$3.3 million in the three years of the Allende presidency.

In his memoirs, Kissinger calls NSDM 93, which he does not reproduce, "stern but less drastic and decisive than it sounded." Whatever policy the United States pursued between 1970 and 1973, Kissinger argues, "the credit-worthiness of Chile would have dropped drastically. . . ." The cutbacks were ordered, of course, before Chile's credit rating began to fall.

The CIA believed after Allende's inauguration that it

still had a presidential mission to accomplish: the ouster of Allende. Track II was reduced in scope and in intensity over the next few years, but it continued—for there had been no cancellation. Karamessines was explicit about it in his Senate testimony: “As far as I was concerned, Track II was really never ended. What we were told to do . . . was to continue our efforts, stay alert, and to do what we could to contribute to the eventual achievement of the objectives and purposes of Track II. That being the case, I don’t think it is proper to say that Track II was ended.”

Within months, a new chief of station and a new network of agents were in place. By late 1971, there were almost daily contacts with the Chilean military and almost daily reports of coup plotting. By then, too, the station in Santiago was collecting the kind of information that would be essential for a military dictatorship in the days following a coup—lists of civilians to be arrested, those to be provided with protection, and government installations to be occupied immediately. The CIA, aware that its men and activities were being closely monitored by the new Allende government, turned to its allies. Two operatives from the Australian Secret Intelligence Service (ASIS) were stationed in Chile after a formal request; the Australians were told that outsiders were needed because of the government’s close surveillance. By 1972, the Australians had agreed to monitor and control three agents on behalf of the CIA and to relay their information to Washington. The bare fact of such involvement became known after an internal inquiry by the Australian government in 1977; just what the ASIS operatives were doing in Chile on behalf of the United States was not made public.

In its published report on covert action in Chile, the Senate Intelligence Committee acceded to the Agency’s request to permit details of the post-1970 operations to be censored. The eliminated material included the fact that a major disinformation and propaganda program was initiated in 1971 by the CIA, in an effort “to stimulate the military coup groups into a strong unified move against the government.” In addition, the censored material included information on a “long-term effort” to collect operational data that would be necessary for a military coup—such as illicitly obtaining the Allende government’s contingency plans to be put into effect in case of a military uprising. More than \$3.5 million was authorized by Nixon and Kissinger for CIA activities in Chile in 1971; by September of 1973, when Allende was assassinated—or committed suicide—during a successful military coup, the CIA had spent \$8 million, or at least had officially reported spending that much, on anti-Allende plotting. There is no evidence that the CIA played a direct role in the Allende coup, nor is there evidence that the Nixon administration was involved—through third parties—in Allende’s death. There were few in Chile, however, who did not understand what kind of regime would find favor in Washington.

NATIONAL SECURITY, IN TERMS OF A THREAT TO the well-being of the United States and its citizens, played no significant role in Chile in 1970. And yet the election of Allende, with his open support for Cuba and other revolutionary countries, did pose a major problem for the National Security Agency, the elite group responsible for communications intelligence. There were at least two top-secret NSA facilities operating “in the black”—that is, under cover—in Chile. One facility, disguised as an Air Force atmospheric testing station on Easter Island, in the Pacific Ocean, was responsible for monitoring and tracking Soviet and French nuclear tests and ballistic-missile firings in the southern Pacific. Easter Island’s significance was in its location: any Soviet missile strike at the United States from submarines in the South Pacific would have to pass within its radar range. In addition, Chile—with its narrow coast and high mountain ranges—provided the perfect topography for the successful monitoring and interception of low-frequency Soviet submarine communications, and at least one NSA facility, under cover at an offshore island, was operating round-the-clock to help keep track of the Soviet submarine fleet. Both bases were evacuated overnight—and their equipment flown to a U.S. base in Panama—when Allende was elected by the Chilean Congress. The loss of such facilities, coming on the heels of the Cienfuegos crisis, in which Kissinger believed—or said he believed—that the Russians were seeking to expand their submarine operations in the Caribbean, could have helped explain or make more rational the White House’s hostility to Allende. And yet not one of the participants in the Chile crisis—including CIA men who attended meetings in the White House—can recall hearing any expressions of concern from Kissinger or Nixon about the bases. “The NSA played no part at all,” says one senior official. “The bases were never mentioned in any meetings I heard or saw notes of. They weren’t a reason for Nixon’s and Kissinger’s concern about Allende. There was genuine concern over his policies.”

The White House collaborators had differing motives for their high-risk attempts to prevent Allende’s election. Richard Nixon was primarily protecting the interests of his corporate benefactors, Jay Parkinson, Donald Kendall, and Harold Geneen. For Henry Kissinger, the issue was more complicated, linked not only to his need to please the President and dominate the bureaucracy but also to his world view and his belief that no action to stop the spread of communism was immoral.

But Chile was also an interlude, an opportunity for the men who did not understand the limits of their power to make something happen, to get it done, to solve a problem with the appropriate blend of political, military, and economic force, applied in secrecy. It did not work that fall in Chile, just as it did not work in the most pressing issue before Nixon’s administration—the war in Vietnam. □

SUPERNATURAL LOVE

My father at the dictionary-stand
Touches the page to fully understand
The lamplit answer, tilting in his hand

His slowly scanning magnifying lens,
A blurry, glistening circle he suspends
Above the word "Carnation." Then he bends

So near his eyes are magnified and blurred,
One finger on the miniature word
As if he touched a single key and heard

A distant, plucked, infinitesimal string,
"The obligation due to every thing
That's smaller than the universe." I bring

My sewing needle close enough that I
Can watch my father through the needle's eye,
As through a lens ground for a butterfly

Who peers down flower-hallways toward a room
Shadowed and fathomed as this study's gloom
Where, as a scholar bends above a tomb

To read what's buried there, he bends to pore
Over the Latin blossom. I am four,
I spill my pins and needles on the floor

Trying to stitch "Beloved" X by X.
My dangerous bright needle's point connects
Myself illiterate to this perfect text

I cannot read. My father puzzles why
It is my habit to identify
Carnations as "Christ's flowers," knowing I

Can give no explanation but "Because."
Word-roots blossom in speechless messages
The way the thread behind my sampler does

Where following each X I awkward move
My needle through the word whose root is love.
He reads, "A pink variety of clove,

Carnatio, the Latin, meaning flesh."
As if the bud's essential oils brush
Christ's fragrance through the room, the iron-fresh

Odor carnations have floats up to me,
A drifted, secret, bitter ecstasy,
The stems squeak in my scissors, *Child, it's me*,

He turns the page to "Clove" and reads aloud:
"The clove, a spice, dried from a flower-bud."
Then twice, as if he hasn't understood,

He reads, "From French, for *clou*, meaning a nail."
He gazes, motionless. "Meaning a nail."
The incarnation blossoms, flesh and nail,

I twist my threads like stems into a knot,
And smooth "Beloved," but my needle caught
Within the threads, *Thy blood so dearly bought*,

The needle strikes my finger to the bone.
I lift my hand, it is myself I've sewn,
The flesh laid bare, the threads of blood my own,

I lift my hand in startled agony
And call upon his name, "Daddy daddy"—
My father's hand touches the injury

As lightly as he touched the page before,
Where incarnation bloomed from roots that bore
The flowers I called Christ's when I was four.

—Gjertrud Schnackenberg

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

A SHORT STORY
BY H.L. MOUNTZOURES

THEY NAMED THE BABY KATE. SHE HAD MILKY BLUE eyes, soft, black hair, and long, tiny, red fingers. When Alan held her, she seemed weightless, imagined, unreal.

Anne helped displace him. They pushed his gray steel desk to a corner of the living room and squeezed the rest of his office things into their own bedroom. There were only two bedrooms in the little house. The one Alan had used for an office was converted into a nursery. He was a marine-science writer. For nearly five years he had worked alone mornings in the silent house. He jogged afternoons. He was tall and strong and had curly black hair.

Anne intended to put Kate in a day-care nursery school two years from now and go back to her job in advertising. They had enough money to last the two years even if he didn't make any.

The house was packed with baby equipment, full of amazing noise and commotion. Anne and Alan had enjoyed a smooth, serene life; they used to talk, listen to music, go to movies, watch TV, and read together. Now, Alan felt superfluous, in the way. He had never imagined that their life would be like this.

For almost two years, they had tried to have a child. Once, joking to try to break the tension, he said that maybe it was a sign that they shouldn't have any children—they were content with each other. Anne's expression hardened, her shoulders sank. After that, wanting a child became her full-time obsession. When they discussed the problem at dinner, she often wept quietly. He got up and put his arm around her to assure her, and she said nothing. Their life had become a series of temperature charts and scheduled sex. There were detailed medical procedures—intimate physical examinations, sperm counts, and then, for Anne, painfully blown Fallopian tubes. Just when they were beginning to consider adopting a baby, Anne conceived, and they were happy.

Now, with Kate actually here, after two months of chaos, Alan said that he had to find an office. Anne thought it was a good idea. She avoided him these days. And he felt reluctant to go near her. She had always been careful of her looks. Now she hurried around, slightly overweight,

dressed in a flimsy housecoat, her uncombed golden-red hair flying, her eyes puffy, her lips chapped.

Alan asked his friend, Tom, a lawyer, who worked in a little village two miles up the coast toward Boston, if he knew of a vacant office. A few weeks later, he called and said, "Alan, I think I've found something." That afternoon, early in April, Tom drove him up the main street of the village to a large white Victorian house. A lawyer friend of Tom's named Joe Flaherty had recently remodeled the house to accommodate law offices.

Alan and Tom entered from a wide front porch. Inside, there was a hall, a closed door. They walked up thickly carpeted stairs, passed another closed door. The room was to the left at the top. It was big, square, airy. One entire wall held a massive, dark, wooden bookcase. There was a pale-green wall-to-wall carpet. The high ceiling had been freshly painted off-white. Two large windows faced the street. A hundred yards beyond the street, among blueberry scrub and sumac, were railroad tracks, and beyond that, between cedar trees and immense granite boulders, there was a glimpse of the blue sea.

"It's perfect," Alan said. As soon as he had spoken, he felt apprehensive.

"I knew it would be," Tom said.

The next day, Tom gave him keys and a one-year lease from Joe Flaherty, who with his associates had offices in the adjoining room as well as downstairs.

During the next couple of weeks, Alan moved his things in; he took a long time setting up his office. He put his textbooks and research journals and a heavy green-marble copy of a bonelike Henry Moore sculpture on the shelves. He tacked prints on the walls—a Monet landscape, Audubon birds, and a stark Georgia O'Keeffe. Then he carefully arranged a varied, delicate seashell collection on two middle shelves. He always wanted the shells nearby. He had taken time and care for several years to get them together. He loved to pick up the shells and hold them to the light, feel their polished smoothness, consider their color, their intricate design, their tragic implication.

After a while, Alan left his bustling house at nine every morning. But instead of going directly to the office, he went to a diner and ordered coffee and sat in a booth for a long time reading *The Boston Globe* and *The New York Times*. In the past, he had gone into Boston once every

H.L. Mountzoures is the author of *The Empire of Things: and Other Stories*, and a novel, *The Bridge*.

two weeks or so to use the libraries. Now he didn't even do that. He jogged on the beach, then looked for shells. He drove to an enclosed shopping mall, then lingered there as if it were a great aquarium, looking through plate-glass windows at things he didn't want or need, at the mass of moving people, at girls.

When he finally did get to the office, it was already close to noon. The lawyers used another entrance, and Alan never saw them. He was glad—he didn't want to *be* seen. Standing against his closed door, he stared at his typewriter covered with a black-vinyl cover; it seemed to be waiting for him like a patient dog.

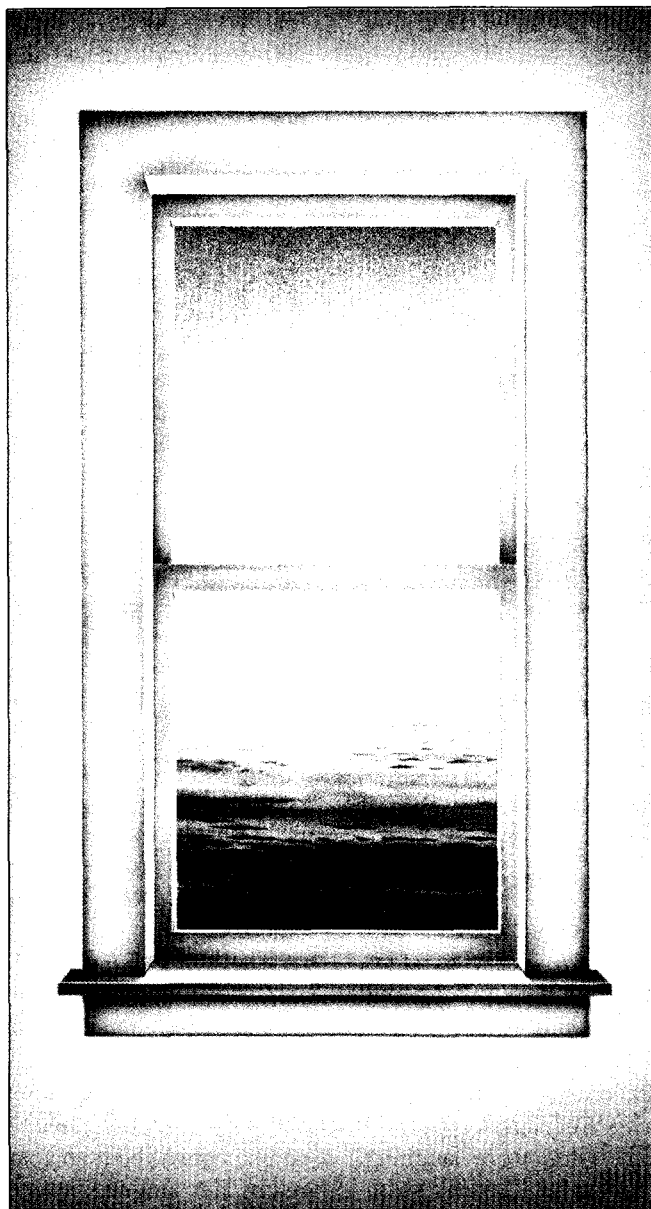
He tried to see the carpet as a rich lawn, an oasis, but it managed to be only the pale sands of a desert. The room had a strange confluence of odors: new paint, fresh, harsh fabric dyes, and years of hidden human life. Whose? he wondered. He saw the room as a one-time connubial bedroom full of mahogany furniture, Oriental pillows, fringed lamps, afghans, drawn draperies.

Then as a guestroom, with a washstand—a chaste white porcelain pitcher glittering on it. Finally, he saw it as an upstairs sitting room, bright with its large, unshuttered windows overlooking the sea. A shawled woman sat motionless in a chair, gazing out, waiting in vain for someone who had gone to sea many years before.

Nights, it took Alan a long time to go to sleep. He didn't tell Anne about it. She always slept soundly beside him.

He stayed away from the office for a week. At the beginning of May, he felt tough enough to go back again. He went up the walk toward the porch. A dogwood was full of snowy white-and-rust blossoms, and a Japanese maple had put forth delicate, serrated red leaves. The two little trees gave him hope. He went in quietly, stole up the padded stairs. In his office, with the door shut, he froze. He could hear people's muffled voices downstairs and telephones ringing.

I wish I were one of those lawyers, he thought. Or any-



one who can work with people and go off with them to lunch, and come in after that and casually go back to work.

AT HOME ONE EVENING, Anne sat in a rocking chair across from him, feeding the baby. The baby looked like a soft white bird with black down at the top.

Anne hesitantly asked how things were going in the new office.

He told her that he was having a bad time.

She said, "Don't try too hard."

He glanced at her face—her clear white skin, her vivid green eyes.

His voice rose. "You don't think I can work at all, do you? You think I'm a failure, and you're sorry you married me."

She looked stunned, continued feeding the baby. Then she said softly, "It's all this upheaval. You need time."

He looked at her. She meant it, she really was concerned. It made him angry and determined to work.

And yet when he went to the office, he felt nothing but dread. He paced the big room on the shag carpet, careful not to make the floorboards under it creak. He stood between the windows and stared at the bookcase. Its coarse, splintery wood seemed designed to inflict wounds. It was huge, dark, menacing. He heard laughter downstairs, a rumble of contented human voices, typewriters clattering.

When he got home, he and Anne hardly spoke. He felt tension; Anne at least released part of hers in hard physical work—taking care of Kate and the house.

One late afternoon in June, he told her that it seemed hopeless, that he still couldn't work.

She scowled and said, "Well, this isn't easy either, you know. I really loved my job. But we wanted this baby. Remember that. We just have to put up with things the way they are for a while." She paused, her voice eased. She said, "Why don't you go to the office evenings? Maybe quiet and the absence of other people would help."

He said he hadn't thought of it but it was worth trying. She said, "May I see the office?"

"Of course. Why not?"

After an early dinner, she got the baby ready, then fixed herself up—combed her hair, put on lipstick. She was wearing a fitted green dress—one he hadn't seen for a long time—and she looked startlingly beautiful.

They drove up to the village and parked. It was six o'clock, a peaceful evening.

Upstairs, in the silent, sun-filled room, Anne said, "This is really very nice." She put the baby on a little blanket on the carpet, walked about lightly—slim once more, elegant, her long legs white in the strong light. She looked out a window and said, "Doesn't this room make you *want* to work?"

He stood beside the big desk. He imagined her walking over to him and kissing him sweetly on the cheek, putting her arms around him and kissing him on the mouth, then gently biting his earlobe, pressing herself against him.

In his mind, he heard her whisper, "This nice thick rug."

"I hate this room," he said. He took a long step, bent over, scooped up the baby with care, and went out. "When you shut the door behind you, make sure it's locked."

He floated rapidly down the stairs with Kate close to his chest, his teeth clenched, his eyes stinging with a light glaze of tears.

IT WAS A HOT AFTERNOON. EVEN WITH THE WINDOWS open, the office was sweltering. Alan sat barefoot, trying to read an issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*.

The noise of a motor started outside. He got up and looked out a window. A tanned adolescent boy, naked from the waist up, was mowing the lawn. Teenagers rode by in cars, their radios turned up loud. Girls were laughing.

Alan wanted to be outside too—at the beach, swimming, sailing. He let his mind drift like a slow, dappled, secluded summer stream. He had taken girls out in a convertible and had danced and drunk beer every night when he was in college. He wished he could do it again. Then he told himself to snap out of it. He was thirty-two years old, married, with responsibilities. He must lock himself up in this room. He must try to earn some money.

He paid the rent dutifully the first day of each month. He never saw Joe Flaherty—didn't even know what he looked like. He mailed the rent checks. Anne was nervous. She talked about cooking economically, about inflation, even about taking a part-time job. The baby was teething, had a rash, screamed. Sometimes Anne would cry softly in bed at night. He would ask what was wrong and she'd say, "I don't know." Then he couldn't talk, he couldn't help, his tongue would become paralyzed.

Alan went back to his chair and started reading again, trying to concentrate.

An enormous thunderstorm moved in fast. Rain and hail

crashed on the dark, eerie, silvery-gray-green lawn. Cars with headlights turned on passed through tropical torrents on the glowing black road. Trees heaved and swayed like boats at sea. Alan saw himself on the office carpet, making love to Anne. She had a deep, uncharacteristic tan, and a pink hibiscus blossom in her long, fiery hair.

ONE OCTOBER EVENING, HE WAS SITTING AT HIS desk. He kept his door open—there was no one else in the building. The office was lit by a large fluorescent grid. Alan got up and stood at a window. It was chilly outside, and the village was still. The summer people had long since gone. A train passed rapidly in the darkness. Then awesome silence.

He went back to his desk and sat down and placed his hands lightly on the keyboard of the typewriter, like an accomplished pianist about to begin a mastered piece. He stared at the blank paper.

He heard something. It sounded like a light tapping. Then he heard it again. He went to the upstairs landing and, through the doorpane below, made out a human form on the porch. He went down and opened the door.

A girl said, "Is this Carlton Real Estate?"

"No. They're down the street a couple of houses." He pointed. The building was dark.

"Oh." She frowned. "I saw your light, and I thought maybe this was the place." She looked upset and irritated.

"That's okay," Alan said.

"Could I use your phone?"

"I don't have one, but you can use one in the next room."

"Thanks."

He followed her up the stairs. He sat at his desk while she talked on the phone in the other room to someone named Barry about an apartment. Her voice was nasal and reedy. Her language was casually obscene.

When she hung up, she came into Alan's office. She was very pale, blonde, thin—about nineteen or twenty, with a tight, mean little mouth. She wore a tan suede vest, a light-blue sweater, jeans, and brown cowboy boots. He asked her her name.

She said, "Donna. What's yours?"

"Alan."

"Hi, Alan."

He asked her where she lived. She said, "With my parents. We're from California. My father's in the Navy. So I ended up here in this crummy part of the country. I'm looking for an apartment." She looked around sullenly and asked him what he was doing in this place alone at this hour. He told her.

She said, "I have to go now. Are you up here much?"

"Almost every evening."

"Oh."

She left the office, started down the stairs. "Thanks for the use of the phone."

"Don't mention it."

"Can I come up and see you again if I'm passing by and see your light on?"

"Sure."

"Bye."

He looked out the window and watched her drive away in an old car.

About a week later, she returned. She walked around the room and looked at everything. "I like your pictures," she said. She paused before his shell collection. "These here are really beautiful."

He walked over to her and picked up a dazzling poached-egg cowrie that had come from the Indo-Pacific. It was pure white with a brilliant orange interior. He explained that it had once been used as an ornament, a charm, a fertility symbol. He showed her thin, fragile tellins in many hues, queen scallops, a sacred Indian chank, a marble cone, perfect sundials, a lovely strawberry top, an unbelievable wedding-cake Venus.

He stood next to her. She smelled like soap and new clothes.

"There are shells here from everywhere," he said. "Cape Cod, the Mediterranean, the Florida Gulf Coast, the Great Barrier Reef."

"Really," she said. She looked at him with strangely worn-out blue-gray eyes and smiled. She picked up a chambered nautilus and turned it callously in her hands. He saw that her hands were rough and red, and that she bit her nails right down to the quick.

He explained how this shell had many chambers and how the animal lived, as it grew bigger, in the outermost chamber; that in the sea it used the empty chambers to maintain its equilibrium at very great pressure and depth. She put it down. He showed her a dye murex, told her that the living animal in it had been used in ancient times to produce royal Tyrian purple.

She yawned violently without covering her mouth.

He took up a conch and put it near her ear. "Listen," he said.

"That's stupid," she said. "No one ever heard anything in any shell." She turned away.

A few evenings later, she came back. She looked at his typewriter. She said, "You make money doing this stuff?"

"Sometimes."

"Oh." She asked him if he was married. Then, "What's your wife like?"

"She's hardworking and considerate."

"Is she beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Do you love her?"

"Yes."

"Does she love you?"

"I think so."

"Do you have any kids?"

"A baby girl." He felt shy and looked away.

She smirked. "I like you," she said. "You're different."

The next time she visited him, she came up at nine o'clock. He was glad to see her. She stood very close to him. There was alcohol on her breath.

She invited him to a Howard Johnson's a few miles away on the highway for ice cream.

Her boldness, her awful rudeness, were so strange that they attracted him. But he hesitated.

She said, "You're not henpecked, are you? My poor father's henpecked. Are you?"

"No."

"So buy me a sundae."

"Okay."

He drove her to the place. While they were sitting in a booth, three truck drivers came in and sat in the next booth. As they ate, they joked about sex. Donna eavesdropped. She raised her eyebrows and made big, silly, voluptuous eyes at Alan and laughed. She fingered her hair, toyed with it like a baby. Listening to the men, she looked directly into Alan's eyes and spooned her ice cream slowly. She said, "You and I could spend a little time together. In this motel."

"Why not?" he said.

"Why not?" she said, and simpered.

Then Alan felt as if he had been hit on the head. "No," he said. "Let's go back."

When they got there, they went upstairs. He made love to her on the carpet, with the light turned off. The street-light shone in faintly. The carpet was an immense, flat plain.

She seemed indifferent. He looked at her face, which was as smooth as marble, and apologized.

She said, "Oh, no. It was okay. Really. That's just the way I am. You're strange, you know it?"

He thought of Anne. His throat tightened. He was going to cry. He swallowed hard and closed his eyes and he was all right.

Donna said, "I won't be seeing you again. In case this bothers you."

"Why not?"

"I never went out with a married man before. And now I have. So that's part of my life now, and it's over."

He realized how adolescent she was.

She came back to the office the next evening. She brought a blue beach blanket and spread it on the carpet. She struggled out of her jeans. He shivered. What was he doing? He didn't want this girl. He wanted his wife. The radiator clanked and hissed. Occasionally, cars went by below, whispering on the smooth asphalt.

After they made love, Donna started to cry softly. He held her and asked her what was wrong. In a while, she told him she couldn't stop thinking about her brother. A year ago, when he was twenty-two, they had found out he had a rare blood cancer, and this past July he had died. She spoke of painful breastbone marrow samples he had been subjected to, of many family blood transfusions.

"Things have never been right since then," Donna said.

"My father and mother—you should see them—they get drunk together every night and talk about everything but him, which is what they really want to talk about. My mother makes fun of my father. They're both getting fat, and they never were fat. And the way my mother yells at me. She tells me every day to get out. I think I have to. I feel like it's *my* fault he died."

"But it's not," Alan said.

"We were close growing up. He was wonderful—sweet and funny. He could play the electric guitar. He got me some of the best grass I ever smoked. But I don't do that anymore. I promised God I wouldn't."

"He was this big husky guy, you know? Never sick a day in his life. He had this full head of healthy black hair. And at the end, in the hospital, he weighed eighty pounds and he was completely bald. Imagine that? His wife had a screaming nervous breakdown right at the funeral. My mother's really crazy now. I don't understand why God does this to people."

Alan said nothing.

Donna laughed nervously and called him an obscene name. She said, "You never talk much. You're weird. I don't even know why I came up here again."

He hugged her protectively.

"Don't you have a guilty conscience?" she said.

"Of course. Don't you?"

"Hell, no."

Just before leaving, she said she desperately needed some money. He asked her if she worked. She said, "Yeah. In a drugstore. They don't pay much."

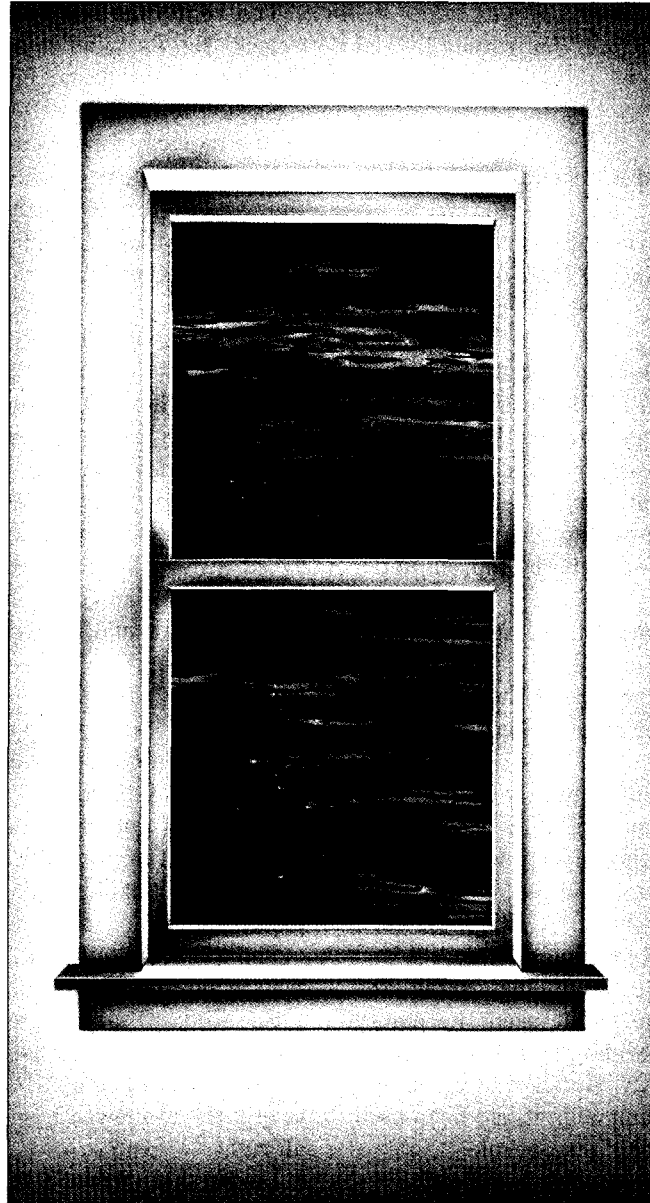
He gave her all that he had with him at the moment—eight dollars.

She said, "You know, you're cheap."

"No, I'm poor."

"You never take me anyplace. You cheapskate." She said it in an offhand, joking way, but she looked distraught, angry.

"Why are you saying this?" he said.



"Guilty conscience," she said. She smiled. "Creep," she said, and went out, hurried down the stairs.

He stood at the top landing and said, "You're sick."

She laughed and slammed the door on her way out.

He hoped he would never see her again.

The next night, she came back. She looked anemic.

"Sorry about last night," she said, and sneered. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

He said, "Maybe you'd better not come anymore."

"Why not?"

He didn't answer.

She said, "Oh, come on. You know I like you." Then she became tense and asked him for money again.

He said, "You just sleep around, don't you? And then ask for money."

She struck out at him, struggled and wrestled with him. He held her off.

"You'd better go," he said.

She called him a bastard. "Don't worry, I'm going," she said. "And I won't be back again."

"Good," he said.

When she had left, the silence in the office was unbearable. He was sorry he had been cruel to her.

She didn't come back the next day. He missed her. After several days, he thought he was free of her.

On a cold November night, she returned. She had a swollen black eye and purple bruises on her neck. She said the man she was living with had nearly killed her. She asked if she could sleep on the floor in the office, just for this one night. She said she was going away the next day on a bus to Florida to live with a sailor who had been transferred there and she would never come back or bother Alan again. She would leave the office very early in the morning, she said, before the lawyers came in. Holding her throat, she pleaded with him.

Alan looked at her swollen, discolored eye, her bruises. "Of course," he said, and held her quietly against his chest.

He went back to his office the next evening, half-expecting to find her there. He opened the door.

His prints were ripped from the walls and torn in pieces.

Books and papers and journals lay torn and scattered everywhere. His typewriter was overturned. Several of his seashells had been smashed by the heavy marble Moore sculpture, which lay among them.

Alan sank into his chair at his desk and sat there a long time before cleaning up. If she had *stolen* something—his typewriter, perhaps; his shells—he would have understood her motive; but this fury, this kind of rage, was beyond him. He wished she would come back so he could shake her, yell at her. Hold her. Soothe her.

After that night of destruction, when he thought about her he felt angry, then guilty. Then he stopped thinking about her.

ONE EVENING IN DECEMBER, ALAN WAS HOME IN the living room. Anne was sitting across from him with Kate in her arms, singing to her. Alan moved restlessly in his chair. He wished he had somewhere to go for a while. Anne seldom talked to him. She and Kate were absorbed, complete; they didn't need him.

He considered the office. He had been there twice at the beginning of the month and had accomplished nothing. Since then, he had stopped going altogether. Anne knew it—he had told her.

He looked at her and, without preface, said, "I think I'll give up the office." He paused. "It's outlived its usefulness."

She glanced at him, and, after a moment, a smile moved slowly over her face. She began to laugh. She was not bitter but truly amused. And then both of them were laughing together, uncontrollably, almost hysterically. She held the baby tight.

When they had calmed down and were quiet for some time, Alan said that really, he must give up the office, if it would be allowed. The lease had three months to go still.

The next morning, he made an appointment to see Joe Flaherty. He turned out to be middle-aged, plump, pink, dressed in a tight, dark, three-piece business suit. His voice booming, Flaherty sat behind his desk and said, "So you're the invisible man! As I was telling our mutual friend, Tom, the other day, I never even hear you, much less see you. What do you do there? I just keep getting this mysterious check in the mail every month, and I always have to stop and think what it's for."

With some difficulty, Alan explained about needing to give up the office, about being unable to accomplish anything in it.

Flaherty put him at his ease—said he understood perfectly, there was certainly no use keeping it. Anyway, he said, he'd been thinking about moving up there himself, because of the view.

Alan thanked him, shook hands with him, and left. Outside, under a heavy gray sky, the air was soft and sweet, but sharp with the promise of snow. Alan looked back at his office windows and smiled as if he had just been let

out of prison. He almost leaped in the air, and he ran to his car.

Later that week, Tom helped him move. Alan asked him if he could use the desk—there was really no room for it at home, he said. Tom said he'd be glad to have it.

In January, Alan had his office things set up throughout the house once more. He kept a small wooden table stored in the cellar and planned to bring it upstairs.

For several days, Kate hovered near him, said a few baby words, repeatedly brought him her toys and forced them into his hands.

One day he realized that she was trying to get acquainted with him. She wanted him to play with her. He looked at her. All these months he had been unmindful of her. He couldn't remember her as a tiny infant. He looked at her again, and, like a man coming out of a long coma, he *saw* her—her stubby arms and legs, her white turtleneck shirt and red corduroy overalls and high white shoes. Her round, pale face with pink, mottled cheeks, her tight, curly black hair, her clear, ice-blue eyes. Her wooden, choppy, precarious gait, the way her eyes opened wide when she laughed. He touched her skin and smelled it, and he was amazed at how soft and sweet it was. He lay down on the floor and let her climb on him and roll off, and they laughed and did it over and over.

In the days that followed, he filled up on her. Anne said nothing about it, but she looked pleased when he was with Kate. He read picture books to her. He cooked her a soft-boiled egg mornings and fed her. Sometimes he gave her a bath in the evening. He hugged and kissed her and constantly felt like weeping.

On an icy, windy evening—Kate's first birthday—when the house was softly lit with candles, at dinner Anne and Alan drank champagne to celebrate. Kate put her hands in her cake and covered her face with frosting. Anne took pictures, then washed her gently. They both kissed her, and Anne got her ready and put her in her crib to sleep.

They went back to the table and sat down.

Anne said, "All these months. I don't know what was wrong with me. I'm sorry."

"You? You didn't do anything. *I'm* the one," Alan said. He thought of Donna. He must tell her.

They drank the champagne until it was gone. Anne took Alan by the hand to their chilly, dark bedroom. They undressed quickly, slipped into bed under a thick quilt, and made love.

He began to cry. He couldn't stop.

Anne held him tight. She said, "It's all right." Her voice shook.

The next day, Alan took the wooden table out of storage and set it up in the corner of the living room where the steel desk had stood. He cleaned and oiled the table and placed a brass lamp and some of his working materials on it. He began to do research for an article on a recent vast oil spill off the coast of Rhode Island. The spill had ravaged many beaches, the delicate chain of life in the marshes.

Birds were destroyed, eggs, fish, seaweed—many species of flora and fauna.

Mornings, he fed and played with Kate and dressed her, to let Anne sleep. Afternoons, bundled against the cold, they all went out for a walk. When they returned, sometimes Anne and Alan made love while the baby took a nap. Then they prepared dinner together.

LATE ONE NIGHT IN FEBRUARY, THE HOUSE WAS SILENT. Anne and Kate were asleep. Alan sat on the sofa reading the *Times*. He turned to the book review: *Neon Roads*—a novel. He read about one of the main characters—a rough, promiscuous young woman who ended up murdered. The reviewer spoke of her as symptomatic of our times, when there were so many young people drifting, buffeted in a harsh, modern world until they perished.

Alan remembered Donna's thin body, her ancient eyes. He heard her talking about her brother. He didn't want to.

He went to his table and opened his books, charts, newspaper clippings, periodicals. He worked hard on his article most of the night. He worked on it for the next three cold, snowy days. He finished it and sent it to a journal. After that, he immediately began work on an article about the puzzling, sudden nearsightedness of men subjected to long duty under the sea in submarines.

One day in early spring, Anne asked him where he was keeping some of his best seashells. She was dusting and had noticed that they were missing from his collection.

After a moment, he said that they had been smashed at the office.

Anne said, "But how? I know how much they meant to you. What happened? Why didn't you tell me?"

He thought of Donna, of the wreckage she had left in the office. He saw her swollen black eye, the bruises on her neck, her ravaged fingernails.

"I couldn't," he said. "I couldn't talk about it to anyone. I still can't. Not yet. Someday I hope I can tell you what I did." □



GREEN FEATHERS

Five minutes till dawn
and a moist breath of pine resin comes to me
as from across a lake. It smells of wet lumber, naked and fragrant,
whose sap is another nostalgia.

In the early air
we keep trying to catch sight of something lost up ahead,
a moment when the light seems to have seen us
exactly as we wish we were.

Like a heap of green feathers poised on the rim of a cliff?
Like a sure thing that hasn't quite happened?
Like a marvelous idea that won't work?

Routinely amazing—
how moss tufts, half mud, keep supposing
almost nothing is hopeless. How even the bluest potato
grew eyes on faith the light would be there
and it was.

—Reg Saner

NOUVEAU

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COUSTEAU!

On a misunderstood collaboration

ASSISTING STRAVINSKY

BY ROBERT CRAFT

MIKHAIL DRUSKIN'S *IGOR STRAVINSKY: HIS LIFE, Works, and Views*, first published in the USSR in 1974 and now in England, with a translation by Martin Cooper (Cambridge University Press), has provoked me to write a long-overdue account of the part I played in the composer's life, especially during the crisis in his development in the early 1950s, after which, until the mid-1960s, my main function was to rehearse and co-conduct his concerts and recording sessions.

Druskin impresses the reader as a fair-minded critic who has thought deeply about Stravinsky and has original insights. This said, some of the book's premises are based on erroneous assumptions that must be corrected and that compel me to cite certain historical facts that Druskin strives conscientiously, but perforce blindly, to understand and explain. He writes:

In the composer's own hallowed phrase, quoted by Craft, "[*The Rake's Progress* was the end of a trend." After this there was an abrupt change in Stravinsky's [style]. He wrote first the *Cantata*. . . and then the *Septet*, in which he experimented for the first time with the use of a series. From now onwards his whole attitude to the New Viennese School was different. . .

What had in fact happened? Had Schoenberg's death had such a deep effect on him? Had he in fact wished to study dodecaphonic methods earlier and been embarrassed by the existence of a rival whose death alone could liberate him from this inhibition? There is no answer to a psychological question of this kind. . .

The questions that Druskin raises *do* have answers, some of them matters of record, to which he simply had no access. It is true that Schoenberg's death affected Stravinsky, but hardly to the degree suggested here. The composer of *Sacre* had such a powerful ego that he could soon put any death behind him, even that of his beloved daughter, after whose passing he almost immediately resumed work on his Symphony in C. In this regard, he brings to mind Conrad's line ". . . [life] will close upon a sorrow like the sea upon a dead body, no matter how much love has gone to the bottom."

It is true that Stravinsky and Schoenberg had been cast in opposition for four decades. Their so-called feud seems to have begun a year after their first meeting, in Berlin, in

November of 1912 (Stravinsky to Delage, December 15, 1913: ". . . I refuse to understand Schönberg who sees in Maler [sic] the greatest musician of our time"), but it was most publicized during the eleven years when they were neighbors in California. They had not met again, and had glimpsed each other only a few times. Although Stravinsky had always held his counterpart in the highest esteem, he could not have felt a deep personal loss when there had not been a personal association. Druskin's description of the reaction as "mourning" is inappropriate.

When I first entered Stravinsky's household, in 1948, he was curious about Schoenberg but hid this fact, and the name was never mentioned. Neither Sol Babitz nor Ingolf Dahl, who were among Stravinsky's closest musical associates at the time, told him of their connection with the father of twelve-tone music. Babitz had played Schoenberg's Violin Concerto in Hollywood in 1941, and managed to conceal this from Stravinsky, and Dahl was no less secretive about conducting *Pierrot Lunaire*. Why, I wondered, did these two friends of Stravinsky's, the first to whom he introduced me in California, whisper and tiptoe when I raised the subject of Schoenberg? It was not long before I discovered that the name had been *verboten* for years, something everyone else knew. This explained Samuel Dushkin's flustered and embarrassed manner when I ran into him in April of 1950 at a New York performance of *A Survivor from Warsaw*. Dushkin, the violinist, who had become a very close friend of Stravinsky's on tours they made together in the 1930s, knew that I would refer to the meeting when I talked to Stravinsky. What still seems incredible, however, is that Stravinsky never learned that Erich Itor Kahn, who had worked with him on the piano reduction of *Jeu de cartes*, and who was Dushkin's accompanist, belonged to the Schoenberg school.

Visitors to the Stravinsky home, including Darius Milhaud, a friend of many years, also refrained from mentioning Schoenberg to Stravinsky, though I knew from Mrs. Schoenberg that Milhaud regularly called at their house when he was in Los Angeles. Even the far-from-surreptitious Otto Klemperer never pronounced the name Schoenberg to Stravinsky. One day when the eminent conductor came to lunch, I greeted him with, underarm, a serial score I was to conduct in an Evenings-on-the-Roof concert. He grabbed the music, glanced at it, pointed to the first notes, counted aloud from one to twelve, and said to

Robert Craft's Recent Essays will be published by Knopf in April.



me in his stentorian voice: "Nowadays no one is doing anything else." Stravinsky overheard this but made no reference to the twelve-tone vogue. During the meal, he did not inquire about Schoenberg, probably assuming that Klemperer would be going to his house as well. When Klemperer had left, Stravinsky and I examined the score together, but its serial aspect did not interest him at all.

An incident told me by Dahl indicates that Schoenberg's followers were as cautious as Stravinsky's in mentioning the "enemy" name. One day when Dahl knocked at the Schoenberg door, Richard Hoffmann, from Vienna, a pupil and distant relative of Schoenberg's, opened it and exclaimed: "Zomeone from ze ozzer camp." I did not find the story unusual, having heard others like it. I did wonder, however, if the cold war was being fueled by disciples, especially when Schoenberg defended Stravinsky against the abuse of René Leibowitz—a Schoenberg disciple—and, knowing which "camp" I was in, received me so cordially. But then, Schoenberg realized that the motive for my visit was pure admiration, and some member of his family must have told him that Mrs. Stravinsky herself had driven me there and waited in the car.

Nonetheless, subordinates usually echo their masters, and in this case must have known that no love was lost between them. It is reasonable to assume that the rivals themselves were jealous of each other: Schoenberg of Stravinsky's popularity, Stravinsky of Schoenberg's mystique with the intellectual elite. I think that I alone was aware that neither composer knew anything about the other's music, having realized that each of them had been unwilling to examine his own prejudice—Schoenberg's being that Stravinsky depended on formulas and a bag of tricks, Stravinsky's that Schoenberg was a slave to a rigid, abstract system.

WHEN DID STRAVINSKY BEGIN TO EXPLORE Schoenberg's music and methods? The question is important, since Mikhail Druskin hypothesizes that Schoenberg's death was the crucial factor in freeing Stravinsky to do so. To me, the Freudian interpretation of Stravinsky's *volte-face* as a case of "creative mourning . . . the ego's identification with the lost object" is mistaken, another of Freud's theories being the one that applies: relief at the death of someone perceived as a threat.

Let me recall the events of the morning of July 14, 1951. When the secretary of the Evenings-on-the-Roof concerts telephoned me with the news of Schoenberg's death during the night, Mrs. Stravinsky went to her husband's studio to inform him and came back saying that he was deeply shocked. Within a few minutes, he sent a telegram of condolence to the widow. During lunch he hardly spoke, but he resumed his work in the afternoon. Later in the day, I heard indirectly that his message had been the first to be received, and that it was greatly appreciated. Later still, a

member of the Schoenberg household told me about the memorial service, hinting that Stravinsky's attendance would be a welcome gesture. Though I think he wanted to go, he did not, his sense of irony probably intervening: after the two men had avoided each other for so long, the survivor's attendance might seem insensitive.

A few nights later, when the Stravinskys and I were having dinner at the house of Mrs. Mahler-Werfel, her sculptress daughter, Anna, unexpectedly stopped by on an errand. She had Schoenberg's death mask with her, and offered to show it to Stravinsky. He expressed interest but when he saw the image was visibly upset, and must have been badly shaken. Here, a foot away, was the face of the man who had haunted his thoughts since 1912, but whom he had scarcely seen, and never at close range. Schoenberg, after all, was the one composer who challenged Stravinsky's supremacy in twentieth-century music. Furthermore, the sculptress, who had taken the impression, told Stravinsky that he was the first to see it. As a superstitious man and a believer in patterns of coincidence, he must have been struck with thoughts of his own mortality.

I have already said that Stravinsky could quickly turn his energies to new projects; he had just done so after the death of Kussevitzy, a friend since 1917—though it must be admitted that in this instance what most unsettled Stravinsky was the harassment of reporters requesting statements. He was not asked for any tribute to Schoenberg, however, for which reason I wrote one (for the *Saturday Review*). Schoenberg's death receded rapidly in Stravinsky's mind as he prepared to leave for Europe two weeks later.

In September, in Venice, *The Rake's Progress* was regarded by most critics as the work of a master but also a throwback, the last flowering of a genre. After the premiere, conducting concerts in Italy and Germany, Stravinsky found that he and Schoenberg were everywhere categorized as the reactionary and the progressive. What was worse, Stravinsky was acutely aware that the new generation was not interested in *The Rake*. While in Cologne, he heard tapes of Schoenberg's Violin Concerto (played by Tibor Varga) and of the Darmstadt performance of "The Golden Calf" (from *Moses and Aaron*); he listened attentively to both, expressing no reaction. (In an interview in Seattle not long after, Stravinsky said that "the endless quality of atonality" was "repulsive" to him.) In contrast, a few days later, in Baden-Baden, when a recording of Webern's orchestra Variations was played for him, he asked to hear it three times in succession and showed more enthusiasm than I had ever seen from him about any contemporary music. In Rome, Stravinsky learned that even his future biographer Roman Vlad wrote twelve-tone music, and that Luigi Dallapiccola, a Schoenberg follower, had become Italy's most esteemed composer.

Back in the United States, Stravinsky was preoccupied with the Metropolitan Opera's plans to produce *The Rake's*

Progress and with conducting the New York City Ballet. Schoenberg and Webern were momentarily set aside. Then, on February 24, 1952, at the University of Southern California, I conducted a performance of Schoenberg's Septet-Suite, with Stravinsky present at all the rehearsals as well as the concert. This event was the turning point in his later musical evolution.

A week later, he asked to go for a drive to Palmdale, at that time a small Mojave Desert town, where the Stravinskys liked to eat spareribs and drink Bordeaux from thermos bottles in a cowboy-style restaurant. On the way home, he startled us, saying that he was afraid that he could no longer compose and he did not know what to do. For a moment he broke down and actually wept, whereupon Mrs. Stravinsky convinced him that these feelings and the musical problems, whatever they were, would pass. He referred obliquely to the powerful impression that the Schoenberg piece had made on him, and when he said that he wanted to learn more, I knew that the crisis was over; so far from being defeated, Stravinsky would emerge a new composer.

To divert him, I suggested that he undertake an orchestration of one of his pieces, advice he would have given someone else in the same situation. I said that the Concertino for String Quartet was a work that the younger generation much admired, and perhaps he could re-instrumentate it, employing winds from the Octet and Cantata, which he had agreed to conduct in an autumn concert. The next day, he studied the Concertino with this idea in mind, but he had to shelve the project because he had a performance in Mexico on March 10 (an engagement that influenza forced him to postpone until the last week in the month). After returning to Los Angeles, he completed not only the Concertino for 12 Instruments but also the first ricercar of the Cantata, a manuscript page of which, with the setting of the words "and through the glass window shines the sun," he gave to me, inscribing it—I believe in reference to the crisis—"To Bob whom I love."

WHILE STRAVINSKY WAS IN MEXICO, I ARRANGED a meeting between Mrs. Stravinsky and Mrs. Schoenberg. This was made possible because of my acquaintance with Nuria, Schoenberg's attractive daughter, whom I had occasionally escorted to concerts, restaurants, and movies, and through whom I became a regular visitor to the Schoenberg house. While there, I learned a great deal from her mother, who knew her husband's music so well that in a matter of moments she could locate any passage in his sketchbooks; for example, when I showed her a sheet of manuscript for *Moses and Aaron* that I had acquired, she immediately found its place in the score.

On one of my first visits, she gave me a paper on which Schoenberg had written: "Do not discourage people, friends. They will 'break' the Schbg. clique—Encourage

Craft." (Schoenberg realized that the possessiveness of his "old guard" was against his best interests; the note was in response to a criticism of me in a letter from Fritz Stiedry.)

I asked Mrs. Stravinsky to invite Nuria and her mother to dinner. When we greeted them at the door, Mrs. Schoenberg said, very movingly: "This should have happened years ago." She asked to see Stravinsky's studio, and looked at everything very carefully. During dinner, at the Knickerbocker Hotel, the talk centered on the personal and character similarities—which proved to be more important than the differences—of the husbands. Mrs. Schoenberg had brought a gift for Stravinsky, a bottle of Schoenberg's favorite Knize toilet water, and was delighted to hear that it was also Stravinsky's brand.

In spite of the existence of some common ground between the two men, Mikhail Druskin's conclusion that Stravinsky was "attracted by Schoenberg's personality, his rock-like conviction, his inflexible will" is wrong. To Stravinsky, the personality, as expressed in the music and in what he had read about Schoenberg, was not sympathetic. The real reason for Stravinsky's avowals of admiration later on was his indignation at the neglect and ill-treatment Schoenberg had suffered. Returning from Mexico, Stravinsky was pleased to hear about the evening, and soon the three of us went to the Schoenbergs' for dinner.

In Paris, in May of 1952, Stravinsky watched the same audience that had cheered Berg's *Wozzeck* hiss and boo Cocteau narrating his *Oedipus Rex*—though the target was not only Cocteau but the piece itself and its aesthetics, as I think the composer understood. In the same month, in Brussels, Stravinsky heard discussions about Webern between me and Paul Collaer, as well as a tape of Webern's *Das Augenlicht*, which he borrowed. Back in Hollywood, Stravinsky completed his Cantata and began the Septet, in which, for the first time, he used a series, and, in the last movement, suspended functions of the tonal system.

In the autumn of 1952, I conducted four Schoenberg memorial concerts at Evenings-on-the-Roof; Stravinsky attended these as well as the rehearsals and subsequent recording sessions of the Septet-Suite. All of the music was new to him, and he was so taken with the Serenade that he used a mandolin in *Agon* and a guitar in a new instrumentation of his Four Russian Songs. Yet the Septet-Suite, with its serial language, had the more profound influence on him, its Gigue movement directly inspiring the one in his own Septet. Writing to me on August 24, 1982, one of the players in those concerts of thirty years ago, Dan Christlieb, remembers the musicians' "awareness of that miraculous transformation [in Stravinsky]. We noticed that he could not resist leafing thru . . . the scores you would lay on the table . . . We knew how involved he was becoming when we were rehearsing the Schoenberg Quintet . . . He sat on the couch with the score . . . Remember when he said, after the 2nd day, this has to be the finest work for this combination ever written."



JANE WAS WITH ME

Jane was with me
 the day the rain dropped a squirrel *like that*.
 An upside-down embrace,
 a conical explosion from the sky,
 a thick flowering of sudden water—
 whatever it was,
 the way it happened is
 that first the trees grew a little,
 and then they played music
 and breathed songs and applauded themselves,
 and that made the squirrel
 surrender to nothing but the beauty
 of a wet tree
 about to shake its upper body like the devil.
 And of course, of course,
 he went out on that tree just as far as he could
 when things were not so beautiful
 and that was it: hard onto the roof of our car
 before he could set his toes.

The flat whack of the body.
 He lay in the street breathing and bleeding
 until I could get back,
 and then he looked me in the eye exactly.
 Pasted to the concrete by his guts,
 he couldn't lift, or leave, or live.
 And so I brought the car and put its right tire
 across his head. If in between
 the life part and the death part,
 there is another part,
 a time of near-death,
 we have come to know its length and its look
 exactly—in this life always near death.
 But there's something else.
 Jane was with me.
 After the rain, the trees were prettier yet.
 And if I were a small animal with a wide tail,
 I would trust them too. Especially
 if Jane were with me.

—Marvin Bell

Coming to Los Angeles in the summer of 1953 for a season at the Greek Theatre, George Balanchine got in touch with Mrs. Schoenberg because he wanted to choreograph one of her husband's pieces. She invited Balanchine to dinner (which he barbecued himself). She also invited me, as a friend of his and because I could act as a bridge between the Russian and Austrian cultures and between the two arts—she being ignorant about ballet, he about Schoenberg's music. Stravinsky was not asked to come, not only because he was in the hospital after a minor operation; Schoenberg's music was the focus of the meeting, and the presence of Stravinsky would have inhibited Balanchine.

During the evening, I convinced both Balanchine and Mrs. Schoenberg that the best choice would be the *Begleitungsmusik*, opus 34. Balanchine avoided telling Stravinsky about the episode, and when I did so it was evident that he felt betrayed. Yet this latest proof of the increasing interest in Schoenberg's music motivated Stravinsky to study the serial technique in such books as Ernst Krenek's on twelve-tone counterpoint and Jelinek's analyses of chordal construction in the *Septet-Suite*.

When Stravinsky declined Mrs. Schoenberg's invitation to hear a tape of *Moses and Aaron* in company with other people, relations cooled. He sent her a courteous note, but she later refused his request for a copy of an early letter from him to her husband. Several years passed before they met again, this time at a dinner in the Stravinsky home, for which occasion she gave him a facsimile of the *Jacobs-leiter* score and a tape of the BBC performance. Perhaps Schoenberg's death *did* "liberate" Stravinsky, but not in Druskin's "psychological" sense. What really happened is that Schoenberg's music began to be performed only after his death—in those first few years, more of it by me, I am proud to say, than by anyone else.

After that, the story switches from private to public annals. Upon hearing the *Canticum Sacrum* and *Threni*, Eugenio Montale, the poet, wrote: "By adopting the twelve-tone system, Stravinsky took the most perilous step in his career."

Now to the remainder of Mikhail Druskin's thesis:

People sometimes talk as though Craft were a kind of "tempter" in Stravinsky's life, the man who "converted" him to the serialist faith. This is manifest nonsense. When Craft first met Stravinsky, who was already a world famous composer, he was twenty-four years old. He was gradually to become the composer's indispensable assistant, his travelling-companion, a not unbiased witness and correspondent of Stravinsky's last years, a kind of Eckermann to his Goethe, though a much more enterprising and masterful personality than Eckermann. We have no means of verifying anything that Craft has already written, or may in the future write, on the subject of Stravinsky. . . . But can anyone seriously suppose that a composer who all his conscious life had composed in accordance with an inner artistic law which he had delib-

erately imposed on himself, who was spontaneous and impulsive in his . . . aesthetic tastes—that such a man would be untrue to his own character and allow himself to be persuaded by a young man who had not as yet in any way proved himself as an artist? Assistance must not be confused with influence. Craft could help Stravinsky to become better acquainted with the works and the methods of the New Viennese School, *with which he was very familiar*, but he could not, of course, direct or control the spiritual interests of a composer of genius. [Italics added.]

In the first place, much of what I have written about Stravinsky *can* be verified, both in his correspondence and by such witnesses as Balanchine, Paul Horgan, Stephen Spender, Rolf Liebermann, Lawrence Morton, et al., who were present during scenes described in my *Chronicle of a Friendship*. In the second place, whether or not I was an artist at age twenty-four—or ever—is inconsequential. What matters is that Stravinsky valued my musicianship enough to write to Toscanini asking him to give me the opportunity to guest-conduct the Symphony in C with the NBC orchestra; that Schoenberg not only expressed his confidence in me in letters but encouraged me to direct his *Pierrot Lunaire* and Septet-Suite; that Schoenberg's pupil Eduard Steuermann, who had played the piano parts in the premieres of both works, would not have agreed to perform them under me if, during rehearsals, he had not found me capable of conducting them; and that Edgard Varèse chose me to record *Arcana*, in preference to Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, who had already performed the piece several times (whereas my recording had to be made in three hours with a sight-reading orchestra). But how would Druskin know anything about all of this?

Surely it is a quality of youth to be strong in convictions, partly because of limited knowledge and experience. Another quality of twenty-four-year-olds, at least one of them, is outspokenness; I always revealed openly to Stravinsky my preferences in any music we discussed, including his. Having tried to compose before I met him, I regarded music with a composer's, rather than a conductor's, eye. He understood that I had nothing to say *in* music, but he must also have sensed that I had something useful to say to him *about* it. During our first sessions together at the piano, I began to realize that he trusted my judgment when he asked my opinion about doubling a note in a chord, choosing between alternative courses in a modulation, or the advisability of repeating a figure. I was dumbfounded. Here was the man—indeed, the god—I had worshipped since my twelfth year, the man who *had* to know more about every aspect of music than I could ever learn. Was it possible that in the very crucible of his creation he was really seeking *my* confirmation? Until this began to happen regularly, I suspected that he was simply testing me.

In fact, Stravinsky was seeking my opinion precisely be-

cause of my age, my lack of position, and my non-alignment with any academic or other organization. I was slow to understand this, and that my elders had axes of their own to grind: careers as composers, conductors, and performers. If I had been his near contemporary, as was Arthur Loulié, his amanuensis in the 1920s, Stravinsky would probably not have exposed himself in this way. Moreover, since his coevals knew less than he did, had less imagination, and came from the same European culture, they had no new perspective to offer. He quickly saw that a member of a much younger generation, and a native American at that, could react in fresh and possibly stimulating ways. What must be admitted is that Stravinsky *wanted* to be influenced.

To some extent I “directed” and “controlled” Stravinsky—but who could want the responsibility of advising Stravinsky in any way related to his art? In the years immediately following his death, I was torn with doubts, wondering if I had been right, not about repeating a phrase of music but in urging him to compose one piece rather than another; for, in truth, every Stravinsky opus after and including the Septet and *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas* (1954) was undertaken as a result of discussions between us. The texts of *A Sermon*, *A Narrative*, and *A Prayer* were entirely my choice, and Stravinsky paid me for the work of selection.

Apart from subject matter, I sometimes went so far as to suggest forms that new pieces might take. A year or two after Stravinsky died, I looked through his manuscript sketchbook for *The Flood* and saw that in the center of it he had pasted several pages of my notes to him concerning the work, whereupon I impulsively tore them out. A few minutes later, I was distraught at what I had done, recognizing that he had wanted to give me credit for my contribution. My notes dealt with technical questions as well as musical symbolism, mentioning, for one example, the music in the film sequence of *Lulu* as a retrograde model for the biblical storm scene in *The Flood*. I did not want my part in this to be known, but *he* did—and it will be, since the manuscript had already been preserved on microfilm, a fact I had forgotten.

A FULL ACCOUNT OF WHAT MOST READERS WOULD call my “influence” on Stravinsky is too extensive for this article. I can only repeat to Druskin that without me Stravinsky would not have taken the path he did after *The Rake's Progress*. Those music-lovers preferring another opera (perhaps *Delia*, the libretto Auden wrote in the hope that Stravinsky would set it to music), more *pas de deux*, and some additional concerti will feel that they have been cheated; others, admirers of *Abraham and Isaac*, of the Variations and *Requiem Canticles*, will thank me for having challenged Stravinsky to give the best that was in him.

I understand the wish of Druskin to believe that his hero

always discovered, cogitated, and acted completely independently. But Druskin's assertion that Stravinsky was "very familiar" with "the works and the methods of the New Viennese School" is breathtaking in its ignorance, not only of Stravinsky but also of American musical life from 1948 to 1953. When I met Stravinsky, he did not know a single measure of music by Schoenberg, Berg, or Webern, had no copy in his library of any of their pieces, and did not understand the meaning of a tone-row. Just before my arrival, Benjamin Bok, an aspiring young musician, son of a close friend of both the Stravinskys and the Aldous Huxleys, had come for lessons in composition. As it happened, the young man was uniquely interested in twelve-tone technique, and after a single session did not return, telling his mother, who told me, that Stravinsky did not know the first thing about this music.

Not only Druskin but most people do not realize how little the "New Viennese School" was known before the past decade, and how infrequent were the opportunities to become acquainted with it. In Stravinsky's entire career of concert touring in Europe and the United States before 1951, he had heard performances of only *Pierrot Lunaire* and the Chamber Symphony by Schoenberg, possibly of the early string quartet and violin pieces by Webern (at any rate, these were on programs with his own works), and of nothing at all by Berg (*Der Wein* shared a program with the Capriccio in Venice in 1934, but Stravinsky was not in attendance). In Venice three years later, he happened to hear a rehearsal of Schoenberg's Septet-Suite, and told interviewers afterward that this was an experiment, not music.

In the recent survey "Stravinsky in Los Angeles" (Los Angeles Philharmonic Association, 1981), Lawrence Morton, a musicologist who in the mid-fifties and early sixties knew Stravinsky better than anyone else outside of the household, devotes several paragraphs to my position, calling me the last of a breed of associates cultivated by the composer since the early 1920s. I differed from the others, Morton says, in remaining very much longer than my predecessors, in being younger, and in having the status of an adopted child. But the Stravinskys and I were more like companions than parents and son. This was particularly evident in our almost constant travels. Although it was his as much as my avidity for new experience, without me Stravinsky probably would not have gone to African game parks, to Inca ruins, and on one of the first flights across the Pole.

Morton notes that one of the advantages of belonging to the Stravinsky ménage was the opportunity it gave me to mingle with the artistic and intellectual elite. But in truth, the Stravinskys were less interested in that society than I was, and the friendships with T. S. Eliot, Ortega y Gasset, Dylan Thomas, Alberto Giacometti, Christopher Isherwood, Gerald Heard, Isaiah Berlin, and many others began at my instigation, and were often continued by me. (I have twenty-two letters and cards from Sir Isaiah cover-

ing a short period in the late 1950s to 1962, whereas Stravinsky and Berlin had only a few exchanges of telegrams.) The Stravinskys had known the Huxleys before I appeared on the scene, but the period of their close friendship, during which they dined together two or three times a week, flourished thereafter.

Stravinsky never shed his Russian culture, of course, and in his exclusively refugee circle in Hollywood, 1940 to 1947, he was more French than American. It was my ignorance of his other languages that forced on Stravinsky the Anglo-American dimension, which eventually became more important to him than any except the Russian. When I entered the home, the library contained only a handful of books in English, whereas in a few years there were thousands, on every subject. In fact, the Stravinskys soon sold their eighteenth-century Voltaire *Oeuvres complètes* to make room for Henry James, Thoreau, and Melville, as well as many British authors. Stravinsky was a rapid learner, and English soon became the language of his professional and literary life, though he continued to count money and baggage, and to converse with his wife, in Russian. Was his English sufficiently fluent to write books of "Conversations" without me? The answer is no, for which reason I helped him, as must always have been obvious to those familiar with the idiosyncratic wording in his correspondence (viz.: "I would like to be through with the recording work that same day at lunch time, because I do not want to kill entirely myself"—letter to Columbia Records, December 1, 1953). Druskin quotes from these books as if my part in them were exclusively that of the interrogator, but, though I no longer remember my exact contributions, certainly there were *some*, and without both of us the books would not exist.

Did I influence Stravinsky's politics? Yes, but only in two instances, and I failed to convert this monarchist to democracy. The man who had hated and feared the Bolsheviks since 1917 required a great deal of encouragement before deciding to return to his native land in 1962, particularly when his White Russian friends were opposing the trip. Finally, is it plausible that without some very strong influence he would have outgrown his inherited Russian religious prejudices and composed a cantata in Hebrew, traveling to Israel for its performance?

I am indebted to Mikhail Druskin for inspiring me to "pull back the curtain" on my relationship with Stravinsky. Some readers will think I have pulled it back too far, and that I should not be my own advocate. I am well aware of the opinion that I "wormed" my way into Stravinsky's life, exploited him, put words into his mouth, and basked in his fame. But if such brickbats are the price of twenty-three years with Igor Stravinsky, I am willing to pay it. Not a day has passed since his death in which I have not sorely missed the exciting originality of his mind, the weight and concentration of his intelligence, the infectiousness of his buoyant spirit, and the guidance and the joy of making and listening to music with him. □

CHEZ SOPHIE

A SHORT STORY

BY HEIDI JON SCHMIDT

BAINBRIDGE, VERMONT, IN DECEMBER, IN THE deep lavender light of the first thick snowfall, is a dingy town whose storefronts still display the dusty merchandise and tinsel garlands unsold in past years. Postcard pictures showing steeples in floodlight are taken from above, so that the roller rink and the garage are just two more frosted roofs, part of a pleasant random pattern of civilization that subsides into fields until the valley slopes up into the surrounding mountains.

Sophie closed Buddy's Kitchen early because of the snow, feeling herself a part of the landscape, a slight figure whose hair blew and mixed with the storm. She wore the crimson scarf she had knitted for Michael, but which he hadn't taken to New York with him. He must have planned to be back before the cold, but when she had seen him last month he hadn't mentioned it: he had not once said how much longer he would be away, or even if he expected to return at all. Evidently fiddle players were much needed in New York; Sophie hadn't thought he would get enough work to keep him there for five months. Sophie's own work keeps her in Bainbridge. Buddy has said she's the only decent cook he's had, and at Buddy's she can do things according to her mood: she can serve veal piccata one night and meatball grinders the next, boil an egg for anyone who's picky or allergic. She has admirers, of her cooking and otherwise, but Michael is no longer among them, though her apartment is full of his less-important possessions.

So, let him stay in New York. Carson has a formula for it: if someone has lived away from you longer than they've lived with you (and if the distance is a hundred miles or more), you can't consider yourself in love. And Michael had been 90 percent pain in the ass anyway, schlepping home from some woman's apartment with a camellia for Sophie, his confessions so detailed that he seemed more nostalgic than penitent. His suggestion that she go to New York with him had been so halfhearted that she had felt he might change his mind while they were on the train.

The wreath on the door of the Shamrock, where Michael once played three nights a week, obscured most of the neon Schlitz

sign, and Sophie peered through the letters, thinking she might find Carson or someone else who'd want to walk with her, but she saw only a few kids playing Pac Man. They were aimless and forceful with the machines, unconcerned with the snow, which sifted through the pools of streetlight onto the little spruces set along the sidewalk for Christmas. Sophie knew she was absolutely lucky to be here, alone, in a red scarf. Carson would say she felt negative ions rather than joy, but the snow tumbled freely out of the pure blue above; science had nothing to do with it.

Carson was going bald. When he was eating lunch at Buddy's and Sophie stood at the counter, he knew she could see the spiral of missing hair at his crown, and he sorted through the rest of his hair, trying to push some wisps over the empty spots. "I'm still kind of a handsome guy, don't you think, Sophie?" he asked. She was yanking apart a lettuce for salad. "That Annie in the florist is kind of a snack cake, don't you think? And I think she sorta likes your friend Carson here."

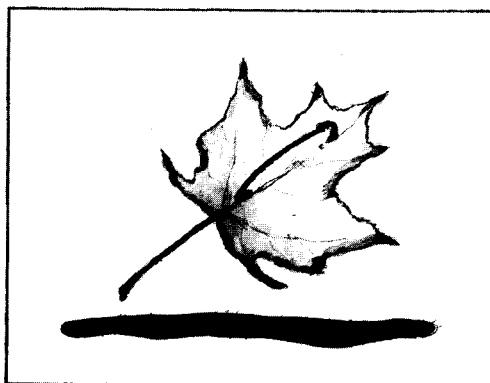
Carson wore more than one plaid at a time, and he was developing a beer belly despite heroic effort, but he was handsome, and when Sophie looked down at his pleading face she smiled at the thought that everyone thought he was her lover.

"You are unquestionably the handsomest regular customer at Buddy's," she told him, "and Annie's a real Twinkie."

"Wait," he said as she went back into the kitchen. "Sophie, wait. What do you mean regular? What kind of stranger's been coming in here behind my back?" While Sophie was trying on several possible enigmatic looks, he saw Terri Brinn, who worked with him at the hospital.

"Terri, is there anyone you know—and be honest, I mean really, you can be totally honest—but do you know anyone who can really be said to equal the Carson charm?"

Terri regarded her engagement ring with some distress, finally said, "Hi, Carson. Hi, Sophie," and went to sit down at the end of the counter, on the other side of the mailman. Terri lived in the apartment below Sophie's, but she had moved in after Michael left, so she,



like everyone else, had the wrong impression about Carson. She smiled apologetically when Sophie went to tell her the specials, and Sophie smiled sweetly back at her. Terri would just murder her Don if he seemed to care about some other woman's opinion of him.

"Who is it?" Carson was saying. "You can tell me, Sophie. I know you, Sophie, and it's probably some big dumb goof who hasn't got nearly the Carson savoir faire." Almost everyone was looking by now, and Sophie began to feel that she actually had betrayed him.

"It's nobody, Carson. It was a slip. You are by far the most gorgeous hunk of man who's ever slurped his soup at this counter, who's ever deigned to pick his teeth with one of Buddy's toothpicks here."

"I don't know, Sophie, you don't say that with conviction."

"Oh, Carson." Sophie leaned over the counter and spoke quietly to him, exasperated and laughing. "Why do you even care? You know I think you're wonderful."

"Listen, this other guy didn't go in the flower shop, did he?" It occurred to Sophie that Annie would be the one who suggested camellias would heal all wounds, and she stood up to go back to the kitchen.

"Carson, I'm not thinking of anyone specific."

"Oh, I get it," he said. "Michael, right?"

"Carson, shush. Please?"

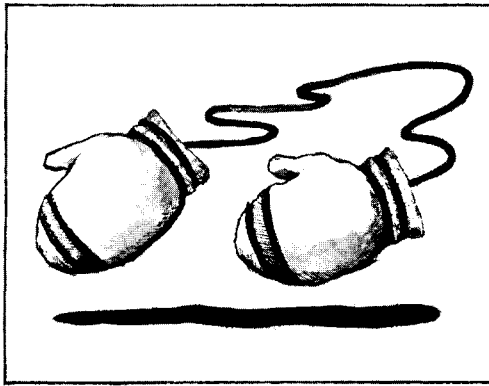
"I get it," he said. The mailman paid for his piece of quiche, taking a toothpick and looking as if he felt a little bad about not being the handsomest man at Buddy's. Sophie was careful to touch his hand as she took the money, but that didn't seem to help.

"You can't be in love with a dead horse, Sophie," Carson said. "Step over it and go on." This was a familiar argument, too sensible to work.

"So, what's the pathology report?" she asked.

"What? Oh, on the horse? I haven't read it yet." He took from his pocket a folded letter from Michael. She always let him read them. He was, after all, a researcher, and he studied the tortured sentences in which Sophie saw real love with the same calm rationality he used on white cells devouring each other in a drop of blood.

The snow was an inch thick on the telephone wires and Terri Brinn, soon to be Terri Brinn Reilly, Mrs. Don, stood on the landing, waiting to ask Sophie in for hot chocolate and wedding-dress discussion. Sophie had never seen her without makeup before, and this new vulnerability (her skin was pocked, her nose appeared to have very little



shape) seemed to become her. Don Reilly's picture dominated her coffee table, as his laugh often seemed to dominate the building when he was in her apartment. He was a truck driver, for a dairy company in Bainbridge, and he wore a blue uniform with DON stitched on it in red.

"My fiancé says I look best in empire waists," Terri said. "Empire" is a word Sophie has never dared to say, having been told it is pro-

nounced *ahmpeer*, and to hear Terri say "empire" was a relief that nearly made her giggle; wedding dresses were fascinating confections suddenly, and Sophie agreed that Terri would look right in empires, in cap sleeves, in panne velvet and inset lace.

Menus for wedding breakfasts were more difficult—no pictures—but here Sophie had experience. Chicken croquettes looked so stodgy, but lobster bisque was a wonderful color for a February morning.

"That's soup, isn't it?" Terri said. "Don likes something substantial. Wouldn't Carson want more than soup?"

"Carson eats what I tell him to eat," Sophie said, "but you're right. It should be beer and those sausages—bangers, right? Lobster bisque is too prim. A wedding ought to be vital."

"Didn't Princess Diana have chicken croquettes?" Terri asked her.

MICHAEL HAD BEEN IN A STATE OF SUAVITY WHEN Sophie was last in New York, in November. His apartment is directly over a sushi factory; possibly he meant to distract Sophie from the fish odor by pouring brandy into cut glass, putting flowers—not camellias—on the table in a saucepan. The quartz heater glowed as if it were a fireplace, and he even had presents for her, things he had been saving for weeks. She couldn't imagine him seeing a bunch of silk ribbons in a store window, thinking of her, turning back to buy them.

Hardly any subject was comfortable. "What's V.S.O.P.?" she asked him.

"Very Superior Old Panacea," he said. She smiled.

She stretched her legs toward the heater. "What's the difference between heating the air and heating the surface?" she asked.

"Physics," he said, annoyed. "It's just an advertising gimmick."

The moon, which had been hanging around over the Chock Full O'Nuts sign across the river, dropped into New Jersey. On his dresser was a collection of barrettes, expensive ones in the shapes of leaves, threaded with gold. Sophie said nothing. She felt suave too. He gave them to her when he saw her examine them.

The next days were better. They went walking, around the construction area that was destroying the view from his apartment, down to the fish market, and through all the accessible areas around the harbor. Boarded-up warehouses that seemed to have been abandoned in disarray turned out to be in use, full and quiet. In the grocery store, Michael told the manager about her job at Buddy's, saying that she made Bainbridge seem like a cosmopolitan area. The man had never heard of Bainbridge.

The last night the moon never came up, but a cruise ship came by so fully lit that it looked like a new borough. She stood at the window, watching it, feeling ready to put her hand through the glass, ready to do anything that would break the reserve between them, and when he came to stand behind her she wasn't sure whether anger, fear, or desire kept her from moving.

Asleep, he pulled her toward him, trapped one of her legs between his, held her head against his chest. The wind slammed a door somewhere over and over, and Michael spoke from sleep every time Sophie moved or even breathed deeply, saying "What? What?" as if she were keeping something from him. Awake, he never answered her questions. She thought of oil spreading out over water, wishing something in her could cover him that completely and flexibly. "What?" he said, and she stayed still, staring at the ceiling, smelling sushi, wanting to sit up and give him a long, full answer, to talk and talk, telling him what. But she was afraid to wake him, and she wasn't sure she knew.

FALLING ASLEEP, SOPHIE HAD THE SENSE THAT THE snow weighted everything down, solid and safe.

Don arrived downstairs, and the sound of his obnoxious laugh was comforting. He called to Terri from the bathroom. Beer and bangers for this wedding, Sophie thought, falling asleep. She woke again when he left, but before she knew for sure she was awake, or that it was near dawn, she was lost. Don slammed the front door, and her window was a wall of shooting, blaring light, deafening static; a ball of fire was outside, maybe moving in.

Terror is only the sudden absence of logical explanation. This had not the properties of a fire or an explosion or even a vision; it assaulted her senses and ignored her intellect. Sophie was out of the room and down the stairs in seconds, finding Terri and Don in the hall.

"It's a fire," she said. "I don't have any clothes on."

"God, she doesn't," Don said. Out of hysteria a reassuring fear of flabbiness emerged.

"It's the electrical cables again," Terri said. "I called the fire department." She took off her robe and

wrapped Sophie in it, so that she was the one undressed, wearing only black panties with pink elephants on them, and a bra to match. She pulled Sophie upstairs and rewrapped her in one of her bedsheets, taking the robe back. Flashes of electricity spilled through the doorway, illuminating their faces weirdly, and the sound of electrical static ripped through the air so that they had to shout over it.

"Those wires were all set to go, and the weight of the snow was just too much," Don said. "This is an old building." He was holding Terri, who shuddered with each new flash. Sophie stood against the wall, holding the sheet tighter. That she had stretched into these sheets last night naked, unprotected, seemed terribly, terribly foolish.

Carson came in at lunchtime and seemed not to notice anything, although Sophie had dressed in Michael's black corduroys and sweater, had left her hair hanging in tufts over her eyes.

"I've done it," he said. "I've discovered a cure for herpes and I'm going to win the Nobel Prize." He sat at the counter and twirled around on the stool.

"What about cancer?" Sophie wanted to smile, but the fire had made her angry and competent. Already she had fed huge breakfasts to the snowplow operators. She seemed to be gliding; each egg broke cleanly, and masses of them stared up at her from the grill.

"First things first," Carson said, handing her the twist tie from a bread bag. "I like the new-wave look usually," he said. "It's kinda sexy, those girls with all the hair on one side chopped off? But that's a little hairy for a cook."

She wanted sympathy, but she couldn't say the right things to get it.

"A fire, huh?" Carson said. "Is the place livable?"

"It's fine," she said, wishing to be able to hold out a charred hand as evidence of suffering. "It was like an apocalypse, Carson."

He laughed. "Maybe a minor apocalypse. I hope nothing really terrible ever happens to you."

She turned her back, threw a lump of margarine on the grill, and jumped when it sizzled.

"Sophie," he said. "Sophie?" She went into the kitchen and returned.

"What's your order, Carson?"

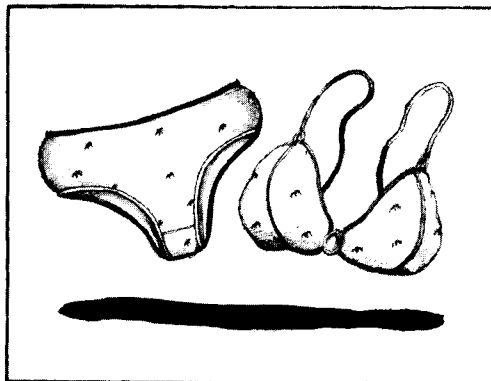
"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to be so offhand."

"It's okay," she said, shivering, glad to be wearing black. Sympathy had turned out to be the wrong response—it left no room for her to be fierce.

"What's the entrée today?" Carson asked.

"Peanut butter and jelly," she said, seeing he wouldn't dare to cross her now. "White or wheat?"

"Sophie, I hate peanut butter and



jelly. What is this, anyway, Buddy's Kitchen or Chez Sophie?"

"Plain peanut butter it is, then," she said, but he wouldn't argue, and she gave in. "So how's Annie?"

"She's okay, but I'm in guilt mode." Carson's answers to emotional questions often argued that tides of lust and of guilt alternate, and that all change results from this flow. His relationship with Annie was about a week old, often a crisis point for him.

"Why?" Sophie asked, putting turkey and lettuce together on an onion roll, his favorite.

"I'm not in love, I guess. I don't know." He smiled a hopeless little smile at her, and she returned it, touching his shoulder, which seemed to frighten him, but then the sandwich sat quite solidly between them.

"You'll feel better when you get some sleep," he told her.

SLEEP WAS JUST NOT A POSSIBILITY. SOPHIE WORE A flannel nightgown and socks and long underwear to bed, then got up and put on a sweater. She lay on her back, ready to jump at any noise; she could close her eyes, but her muscles stayed wary. Every electrical outlet was suspect now.

"Carson," she whispered into the phone. "Can you come over here and talk to me? I know this building is going to burn down tonight."

"Jesus, Sophie," he said. She had known he would be in bed, or almost in bed, with Annie. She could picture him lifting his hand out of her hair to answer the phone. "That building is brick, it can't burn down," he said.

Don and Terri left, slamming the door. The refrigerator was making a new sound, a slightly more metallic sound. Its cord was frayed at the plug, and Sophie thought how a flame would run up along the insulation and blow up the motor. She remembered seeing a phone melted on a hot-plate in college, and she wanted to drop the receiver.

"Don said the wiring's shot all over the building."

"Annie's over here," Carson said. "This is sort of an awkward moment."

"I've got a bottle of scotch," Sophie said. "You two can drink it all. You can bathe Annie in it if you want."

"Sophie. . ." he said.

"I know we're not close enough for me to ask, Carson," she said. "I'm sorry."

They arrived with a plastic bag of triangular pills, and sat at the bottom of the bed, stretching their legs up so their feet nearly reached Sophie's shoulders. Annie's fuzzy leg-warmers, Carson's argyle socks with his checked trousers, were comforting in themselves.

"The place smells of electricity," Sophie told them.

"It's boiled cabbage," Carson said.

"Carson, for heaven's sake, it smells of pine needles," Annie said. "It's Christmasy. Did you get the wreath at the Posey place? Maybe I made it." The wreath was drying and combustible, and Sophie wished she would volunteer to throw it out.

Carson went to get a glass of water. "These will make you so sleepy you won't care if the building burns down," he said, taking two pills out of the bag. "Take one right now and you'll be fine in twenty minutes." Sophie shook her head, wept pitifully into the quilt. She had to remain alert.

"Sophie," he said, sitting down again, examining the pill as if he might decide to take it himself. "I know how you feel. It's a physiological syndrome. Some insects act like this for weeks at a time. They don't eat or sleep, they just watch." He made an intense bug-eyed face as an example, and then he looked despairingly at Annie.

She was pretty, like a cat curled at the end of the bed, and tolerant, saying she knew just how Sophie felt, that she once fell two floors in an elevator and now always takes the stairs. Sophie cried at her kindness, sobbing into Carson's ankles. Looking up, she saw he was afraid that Annie would misconstrue this. At other times he had encouraged his girlfriends' suspicions of her, causing her to pine openly over Michael in hopes of reassuring them.

Carson gave her relaxation exercises: she should tense all her muscles and then go limp. She couldn't do it.

"Listen," he said, "at least you're not like that diplomat who suffocated under a pile of newspapers with his name in them."

"Carson," Annie said, "that's hardly helpful."

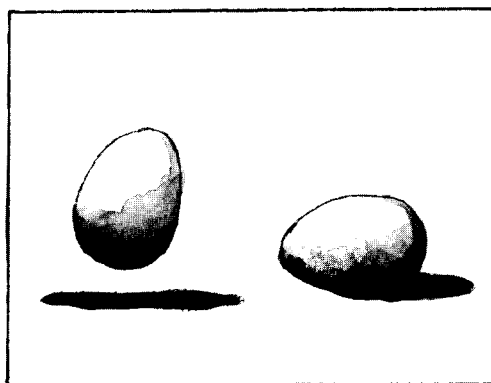
"At least you didn't fall into a vegetable slicer and come out in lots of little cans."

"Carson has an odd sense of what might help," Annie said.

"Sophie knows what I mean," he told her. "Sophie's my dearest friend."

"I'm sorry," Annie said. "I forgot Sophie was your dearest friend."

"Oh," Carson said. To make amends he said, "The governor's office always asks specially for Annie to do their bouquets."



Everyone was relieved when the phone rang. Carson jumped for it. "Carson's Sporting Goods, we love it when you play with our balls," he said. "Sophie? Sophie who?" He meant to annoy her, but Sophie couldn't play. She wanted stillness and quiet, and she was afraid to touch the phone. Even when she realized it was Michael, she reached for it only because she knew Carson bothered him, but Carson just kept talking, asking about New York and

music and anything else that came into his mind.

"Carson, let Sophie have the phone and we'll go home and give her some privacy," Annie said.

"No, it's okay. I don't need privacy, really."

Annie settled glumly back against the bed. Carson sipped from her scotch, talking to Michael.

"Listen, let me ask you something," he said into the phone.

"Suppose you were driving along and you ran over a little animal. A rabbit. And this rabbit is dragging itself along just trying to find a place to die. Do you get out and kill it or do you just drive on?"

"God, Carson, give me the phone," Sophie said.

"I don't know," Carson said to Michael. "You don't seem to me like the kind of guy who would bother to get out and kill it. You seem like you'd just let it limp along . . . think of it all soft and bedraggled. . ."

"Carson, you've got it *all* wrong. Give me the phone," Sophie said. He did.

"What's going on there?" Michael asked.

"Nothing. I had a fire."

"It's the middle of the night and Carson's there and he starts giving me a lecture on animal safety? I was just sitting here. I was starting to write you a letter."

Carson was yelling, "Sometimes it's harder to do the right thing. Some people would drive away and convince themselves they weren't responsible."

"What were you going to write in the letter?" Sophie asked.

"Nothing," Michael said. "That's my bed you're in, you know. I bought it." But the thought of the limp rabbit was pushing her to tears again.

"Then get the hell back here and sleep in it," she said.

"That's my Sophie," Carson said when she hung up. "He's probably got herpes anyway." He patted her foot. "I told Annie about him. I didn't think you'd mind."

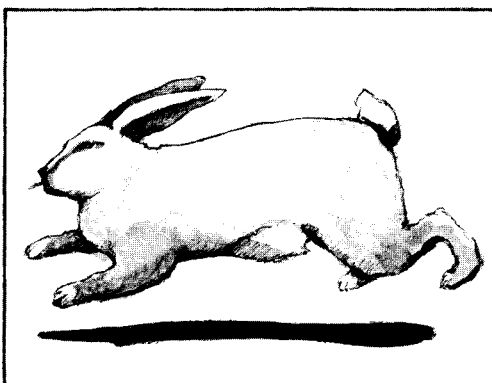
Sophie didn't mind, except that now she couldn't blow it all up sometime, talking to Annie, make it sound bigger than it was.

"He sounds kind of confused," Annie said. "I think you should watch out for him."

Don and Terri came in downstairs. "I need somebody with his name stitched on his pocket," Sophie said, "so I won't forget it."

In the absolute dark (Carson and Annie lay together on the floor, under Sophie's checked blanket; Sophie still stared upward, listening), Annie whispered to Carson, "We'll leave as soon as she falls asleep. She'll be okay."

Carson said aloud, "Terri will *really* be confounded now. It's a *ménage à trois*, Terri! *Kinky*. Oh, Annie, oh, Sophie, oh, Carson, you're too much even for both of us."



"Shush, Carson," Annie said. Sophie was waiting for the commotion to jar another wire loose. The new light in the room seemed without a source; her eyes were adjusting. The blanket over Carson and Annie had the calming pattern of fields on a hill; dishes stood in the kitchen drainer. Everyone was quiet, unsure whether to sleep or keep talking.

"Sophie, can I ask you a personal question?" Carson said.

"I thought you knew the answers to all my personal questions."

"Do you have orgasms? Do you have them easily?"

Sophie laughed. It was her first laugh of the day. "At the drop of a hat," she told him. This was bragging, but she had so few skills. "Why?"

"Well," Carson said, "some women have trouble. . ."

"Oh, I can't believe this," Annie said. "This is too much."

"Are you being helpful, Carson?"

"Of course I help," he said, hurt. "I'm really good at sex. I bet I'm better at sex than any other doctor at Bainbridge, except maybe Zimmerman, don't you think, Annie?"

"I haven't taken a survey, Carson," Annie said.

A car turned down the street. Light arced over the ceiling and Sophie held her breath. She couldn't be left alone. "You two hardly know each other," she said. "You just need more time."

"See?" Carson said. "We just need practice. Lots of practice. A heavy training schedule." Annie cuffed him, but she laughed, too.

"Do you think you can sleep, Sophie?" she asked.

"I think so." Slipping into sleep would be an unforgivable loss of control. It seemed foolish even to consider it.

"You're afraid of being afraid, really," Carson said. "Just do those exercises once more."

They all spoke in unison—Tense your feet; now relax them completely. Now your legs. Now your legs are completely relaxed. Sophie smiled to think that they actually expected her to follow these instructions. When they were quiet, falling asleep, she was relieved to concentrate only on the sounds, the possible dangers in the room. The refrigerator went on, something creaked, water ran somewhere in the building. Then she heard another sound, a kind of bubbling sound. She turned carefully to face its direction. Carson was kissing Annie.

"She's asleep, Carson, we can go," Annie said. Sophie couldn't hear his answer.

"Not here, Carson," Annie said, laughing, and Carson's pleading, reasonable tone replied. Then he moved to kiss her, to pull himself over her, and pulled the checked blanket over their heads. Their naked feet protruded from the covers, and Sophie thought of covering them, but lay still.

The white checks of the blanket caught the light in varying patterns as they moved beneath it, first slowly and randomly, then in repeated rhythm. It was like kinetic sculpture, empty and mesmerizing, and the detachment with which Sophie watched reminded her of the dull stare she had first turned on the fire, the night before. She could tell from the blanket when to expect Carson's little gasp.

Waking in this bed with Michael, Sophie would find him already awake and watching her, seemingly on the verge of discovering something, deciphering the curves of her face. Whatever he looked for he wouldn't ask her, but she was glad he at least wanted to know. Watching the blanket rise and fall, she was unable to imagine the spreading, the yielding, of sex—her toes felt as if they had talons, her limbs were clamped to her sides. She saw instead that Annie was being held safe, forced away from harm. But Annie was crying and she stood up, naked, pulling the blanket up with her so that Carson was left uncovered.

"I don't believe it," she said. "I don't believe it."

"She's asleep, Annie," he whispered back. "We're completely alone."

She softened. "All right, let's go then," she said.

"We can't, Annie, she'll wake up and be terrified."

"So what?" Annie said, out loud. "This is *Vermont*. There are no lions or tigers or bears here."

"I'm awake," Sophie said.

"And I'm leaving," Annie said.

"Annie, Annie!" Carson called her as she dressed, called down the hall after her, and opened the window to call after her car.

"Go," Sophie said. "Go ahead."

"Really?" He looked hopefully at her, but she shook her head no. "It's okay," he said. "Cute buns, huh?" he said, covering himself with one of the curtains.

"The cutest." She threw him his underwear and he dressed awkwardly, coming back to sit on the bed. She sat up and hugged him, holding him as tight as she could, her arms around his rib cage, her face in his neck, but his arms stayed at his sides, and when she looked up he was smiling his resigned smile, the one she always returned.

"What do you want for Christmas, Carson?" she said.

"You know I hate presents," he said. He moved, uncomfortable, and she had to let go.

"Just tell me what you want."

"Nothing," he said, "and especially nothing over five dollars, because I can't spend more than five dollars on you."

"Carson, *what do you want for Christmas?* What?" Carson always said that the only things he wanted besides a Nobel Prize were a little daughter to bounce on his knee, someone who would still love him when he was completely bald, and the knowledge that no woman could resist him. She wanted to give him these things at the very least.

"Please don't give me a Christmas present, Sophie," he said. "I'm already in guilt mode. I just want to go to sleep."

"I can move over."

"The floor's fine," he said. "It's good for my back."

LEAVING FOR WORK, DON SLAMMED THE DOOR again. Sophie heard it, and when no explosion followed it, the charge that had been in her released itself. A streetlight outside the window dimmed to lavender and flashed on again, but she knew it couldn't hurt her. She had been filling a category in her mind with Christmas presents for Carson: the scarf she knitted for Michael seemed most likely, although Delson's had kaleidoscopes in the window—pairs of them: one that broke the world into thousands of bursting patterns, and one full of its own fragments and designs. Seeing the thinning spiral at the back of Carson's head, she wished him a house with zinnias in the garden and a daughter in a party dress; also the power to dispel these things, to cure herpes or pitch for the Yankees if he'd rather.

She punched Michael's number on the phone and listened to the empty ring in the distance, unsurprised.

"Are you calling Michael?" Carson was sitting up, confused.

"Yes, but he's not there."

"Bastardo."

She nodded, smiling. "Do you want to call Annie?"

"No, I'll go by the flower shop before work. It'll be okay. So what did you think?"

"Of what? Of Annie? I don't think I caught her at the right moment. She's very pretty."

"I know," Carson said. "She's grouchy. She's always grouchy."

"Well, it was a tough situation."

"No, she's just a grouch. But what a Twinkie, huh? But not really Ms. Right. Just Ms. Okay for the Time Being, I think. You're right."

"I didn't say anything."

"Oh, but I always know what you're thinking, Sophie."

"I'm thinking of switching to a full menu," she said.

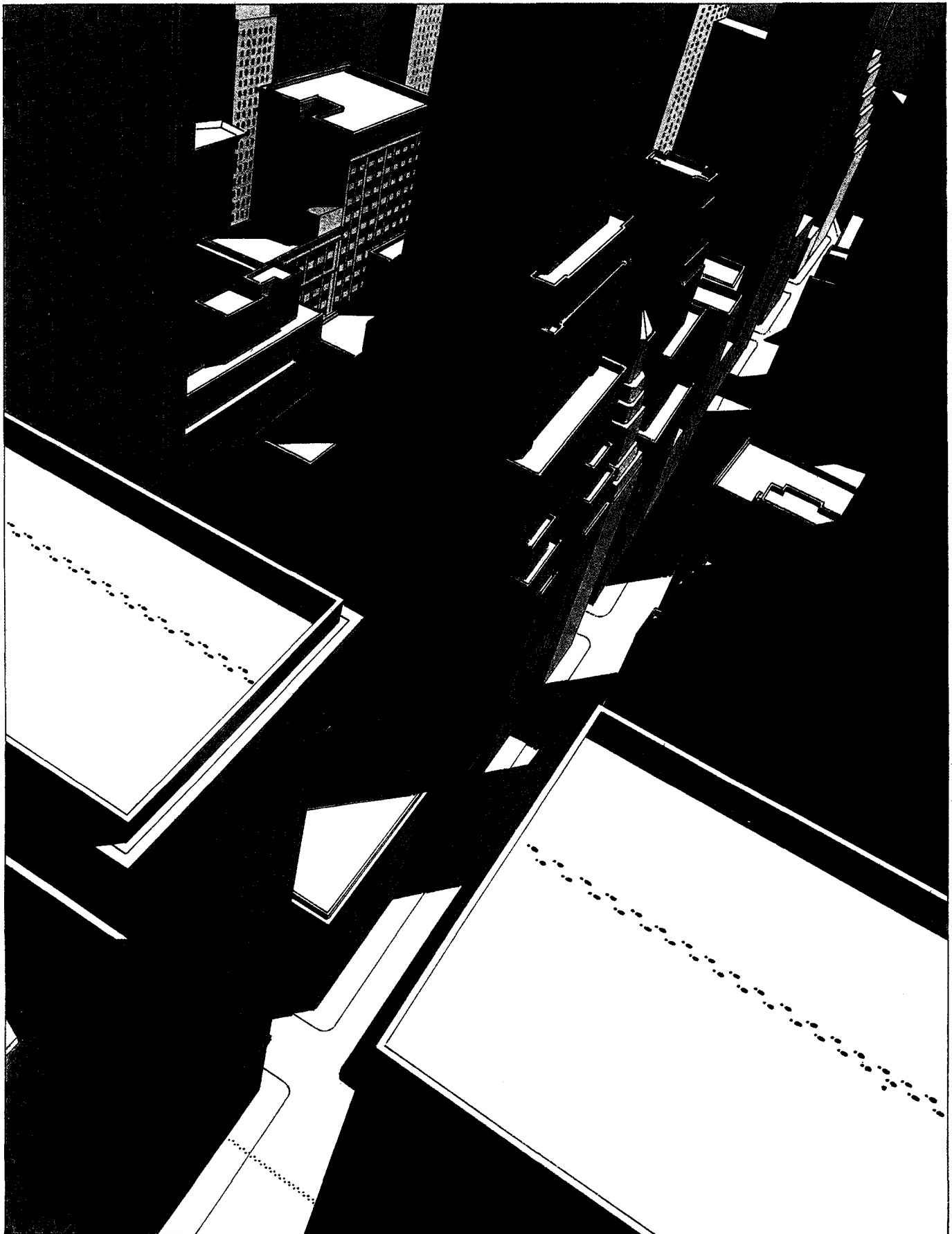
"Maybe I should stop forcing Bainbridge to eat according to my whims."

"Sophie, if it weren't for your whims, I'd never know what to eat," Carson said. "Let's hold hands when we go downstairs—keep Terri on her toes."

"Okay," Sophie said. The sun was up, spilling through the curtains Carson covered himself with last night, and she thought of Michael, and Carson, and Annie and Terri and Don, and the little town that lasted three more blocks beyond the building and then dissolved into fields, the church and the roller rink, Delson's, the Shamrock, and Buddy's Kitchen. The first time she met Carson, he had come bopping into Buddy's, sat down, and jokingly asked her advice about a woman, someone named Valerie or JoAnne. She had told him to be patient, that a relationship without difficulty was no relationship at all. She had told him about Michael, and he had said she should leave him. The things Michael saw as complex emotional matters Carson ascribed to biology. Sophie only saw them, spinning intricately before her. Lovely or terrifying, but electric. alive. □

SNOW

BY GUY BILLOUT



The drug has not yet lived up to its promise as a panacea

INTERFERON AND THE CURE OF CANCER

BY SANDRA PANEM AND JAN VILČEK

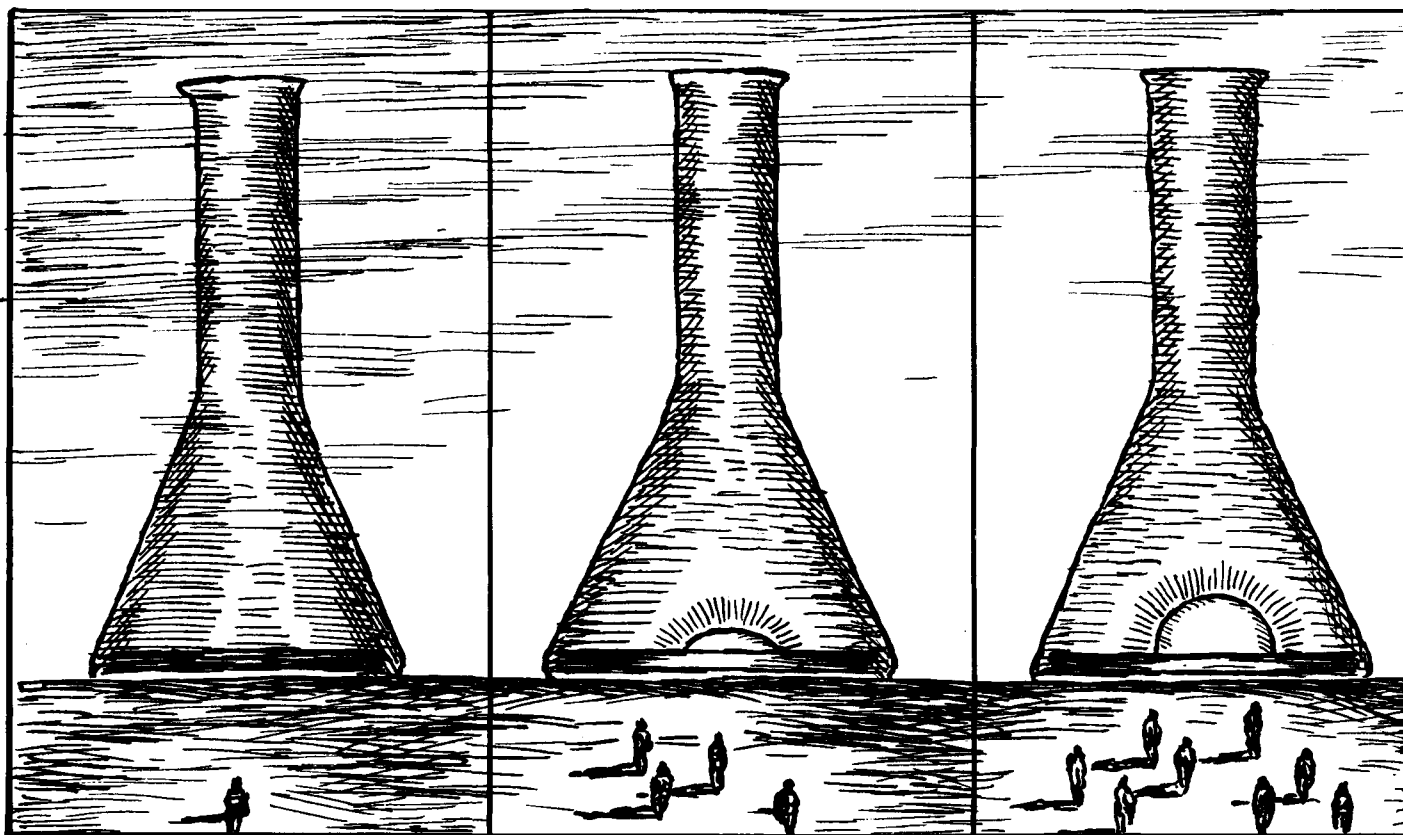
EACH YEAR, SCIENTISTS EVALUATE HUNDREDS OF potential anti-cancer drugs. Consideration of most never progresses beyond laboratory tests using experimental animals. Only a few drugs eventually make it into clinical trials involving cancer patients. Although various quack medicines, such as laetrile, are often publicized, less controversial drugs are seldom reported on by the press. How many laymen have heard of spirogermanium or protamine, two compounds that happen to be under evaluation for anti-tumor action? On the other hand, who has *not* heard of interferon?

Interferon is the first potential anti-cancer drug to have set off an economic boom for a new industry: dozens of young biotechnology companies have sought to develop it for market. On October 14, 1980, the value of the first issue of stock in Genentech—one of the best-known genetic engineering companies—climbed in less than half an hour

from \$35 to \$89, in part as a result of the company's promise to manufacture interferon. Many established pharmaceutical companies have rushed to buy up patent rights for genetically engineered interferon, investing millions of dollars in its development. Government agencies and private philanthropic organizations have also spent millions.

Between 1978 and 1980, on the basis of only limited information from early clinical trials involving cancer patients, interferon made headlines as a breakthrough in the cure of cancer. And then, on the basis of little more information, the interferon bubble suddenly burst. So altered is interferon's status that by April of this year, newspaper headlines were implying that interferon causes cancer. Does interferon cure cancer or cause it? Which, if either, is the truth? And why has the use of this substance been the subject of so much popular debate?

A natural protein elaborated by many kinds of cells in



the body, interferon was discovered twenty-five years ago by the late British virologist Alick Isaacs and his Swiss collaborator, Jean Lindenmann. The name "interferon" derives from Isaacs's observations in the laboratory that this protein "interferes" with virus infections. And, although some functions of interferon remain mysterious, the body's production of the protein is clearly an important protective mechanism against most disease-causing viruses, including influenza, common colds, and herpes. Since more than half of all infectious diseases an average person experiences are caused by viruses, this function alone is not trivial.

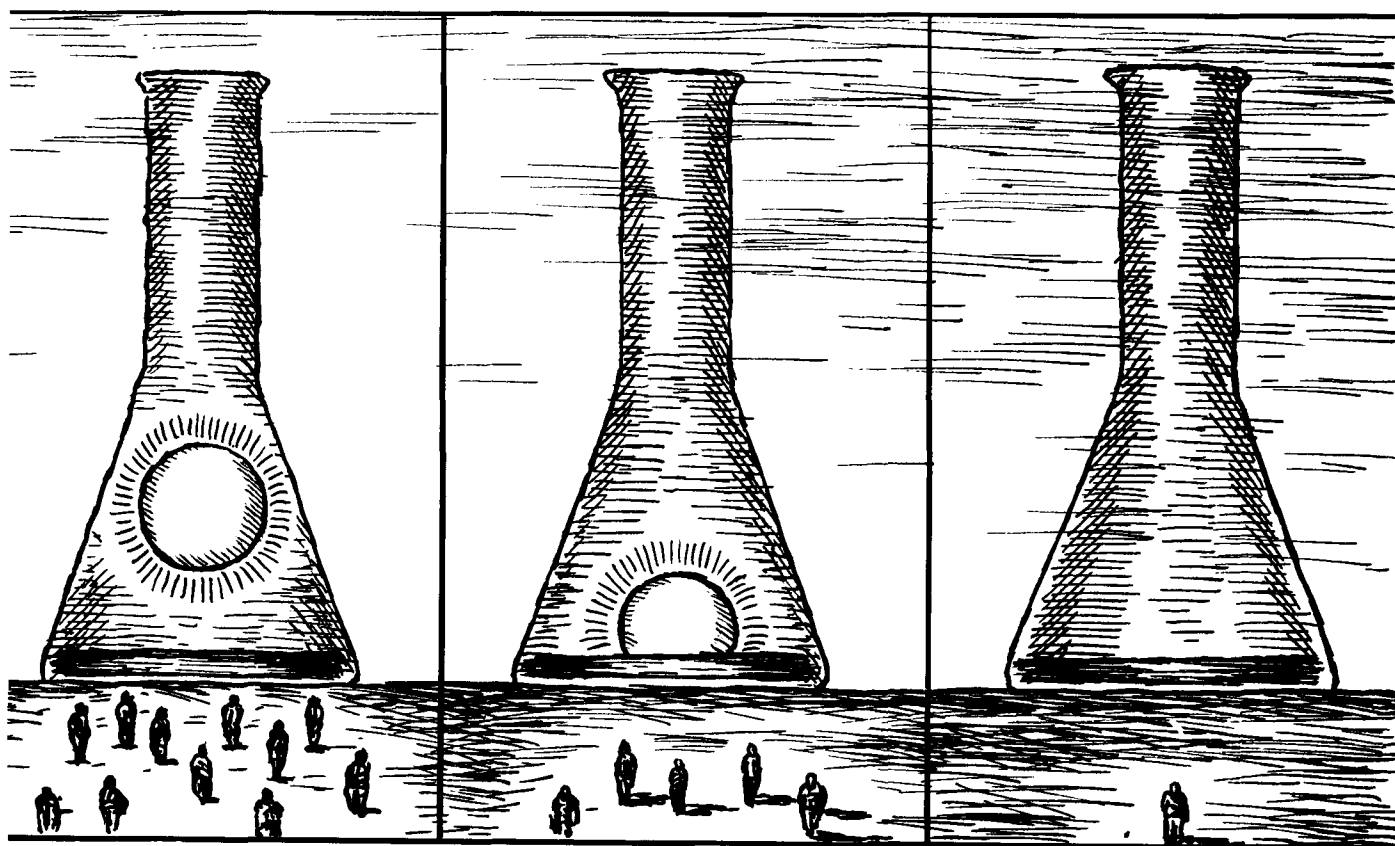
The idea that interferon might be useful in the treatment of cancer is not new. More than seventy years ago, it was shown that a cancer in chickens is caused by a virus. Although irrefutable proof that viruses can cause cancer in humans is still not at hand, in the early days of interferon research it did not seem too farfetched for scientists to reason that if viruses can cause cancer, then interferon might prevent or cure the disease, by means of its anti-viral activity.

In the 1960s, some researchers began experiments in which they treated cancers of laboratory animals with interferon. One of the leading investigators was Dr. Ion Gresser, an American physician and virologist who worked at the Institut de Recherches Scientifiques sur le Cancer in Villejuif, outside of Paris. Gresser chose to try to alter the course of virus-caused leukemias in mice by means of interferon therapy, and his experiments showed that the

cancers could indeed be delayed or prevented. Next, Gresser checked the ability of interferon to influence the growth of mouse tumors not likely to be caused by viruses. Instead of injecting mice with tumor-producing viruses, he injected them with tumor cells; to his surprise, the growth of these cancers was also delayed by large doses of interferon. Gresser tells a revealing story: "When the interferon-treated mice had no tumors, I advised the technician that there obviously was a mistake, because we did the experiment to show there would be no effect on the growth of a tumor which was not caused by a virus. I said, 'You forgot to inject the tumor into this group,' and she said, 'I injected it,' and I said, 'I don't believe it!' It stayed that way for a few months, until I realized that I hadn't answered the question because I wouldn't accept the results. Only then was it obvious that interferon had inhibited the growth of the tumor."

At first, it was not clear why interferon retarded the growth of the "transplantable" tumors. However, it has gradually become apparent that interferon not only thwarts viruses but also influences other functions. Gresser's experiments ushered in the now widely accepted belief that interferon is a hormone that influences many of the body's immune reactions, and these, in turn, control susceptibility to different infections and affect an organism's ability to resist the growth of cancer cells.

When Gresser's work was reported in scientific journals, it was received with interest but also with reservations about its possible usefulness in the treatment of human



cancer. First, interferon was not unique in causing an inhibition of some cancers in mice. Many other natural substances and artificially synthesized compounds were already known to cause a similar or greater inhibition of tumor growth in animals. And most treatments found effective in mice had proved disappointing, for one reason or another, when they were tested on human cancers. Still more important was the lack of sufficient quantities of human interferon. Since an average human weighs about 350 times more than a typical laboratory-bred mouse, it was assumed that the amounts of interferon to be used in humans would have to be increased accordingly. But interferon is produced by living cells in minute quantities. In the late 1960s, it was virtually impossible to gather enough interferon to treat even one patient with an adequate dose.

A FINNISH INVESTIGATOR, DR. KARI CANTELL, WAS acutely aware of the shortage of interferon for human clinical studies. In the late 1960s, Cantell, together with Dr. Hans Strander, a Swedish physician who later pioneered the treatment of human cancers with interferon, started developing a facility for the production of human interferon at the government-run Central Public Health Laboratory in Helsinki. Cantell decided to use white blood cells isolated from fresh human blood collected in the local blood banks. The cells were brought to the laboratory and infected with a virus in order to elicit interferon production in them. The interferon elaborated by the cells then had to be painstakingly isolated, by means of a complex purification process. Initially, progress was slow, but by the early 1970s, the technology was sufficiently developed to produce enough interferon for a few clinical experiments.

Among the first patients to be treated with Cantell's interferon were children and young adults suffering from osteogenic sarcoma—a rare but extremely malignant bone cancer. The trials were done at the Karolinska Hospital, in Stockholm, under the direction of Strander. Clearly, Gresser's work with interferon in mouse tumors influenced Strander and Cantell's decision to examine the effect of interferon on a human cancer rather than on virus infections. Once this decision was made, osteogenic sarcoma seemed the logical candidate. Ten years ago, when the Cantell and Strander studies began, radical surgery involving removal of the bone tumor (usually, in fact, amputation of the affected limb) was the only generally accepted treatment for this cancer. Despite the surgery, about eight out of ten patients

developed invariably fatal metastatic tumors in the lungs within a year. It was hoped that the rapid spread of this tumor and the high mortality rate of the victims would make possible a humane and rapid test of the efficacy of interferon. The strategy that Strander adopted was simple: all patients diagnosed to have osteogenic sarcoma underwent surgery and some also received radiation treatment; in addition, all the patients were treated with interferon, given initially by daily injections and then three times a week for periods of one to two years. Success was to be gauged according to the appearance of lung metastases. Patients treated with interferon would be compared with "historical controls"—the patients whose medical histories were recorded before the advent of interferon therapy. If the incidence of lung metastases in patients who received interferon dropped below 80 percent (the incidence expected without interferon), then the therapy could be considered effective.

By 1974, fifteen osteogenic sarcoma patients had been treated with interferon for a year or longer, and preliminary indications were that the treatment was highly effective. Most patients receiving interferon remained free of metastases, at least within the first year after surgery. Although some patients given interferon did develop lung metastases, the incidence remained significantly below 80 percent. However, the evaluation of this trial soon became entangled in unexpected complications. The main problem is that over the past decade the incidence of metastases in osteogenic sarcoma patients *not* treated with interferon has also fallen much below 80 percent. This change in the course of the disease and the resulting improvement in life expectancy could have occurred because the types of osteogenic sarcoma seen during the period of Strander's experiments were not the same as those of the historical controls. But as a result, the improved life expectancy in treated patients cannot be unequivocally attributed to interferon.

To this day, it is impossible to pass a final judgment on the worth of interferon in treating osteogenic sarcoma. Hans Strander is cautious about predicting the future of interferon therapy in cancer. "I think that the treatment in the future will be very complicated," he said recently. "We might be using interferons, but I don't know how we are going to give them. Maybe we will use something else first and then give interferon alone or in combination with other treatments. It's going to be very complex."

THE EVENT THAT EVENTUALLY CATALYZED PUBLIC interest in interferon was a conference billed as an "International Workshop on Interferon in the Treatment of Cancer," held at Rockefeller University, in Manhattan, in the spring of 1975. The by-invitation-only gathering, attended by nearly 200 scientists and clinicians, was sponsored by the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center (a private, non-profit institution) and the National Can-

Sandra Panem, Ph.D., is a virologist at the University of Chicago and a Science Policy Fellow this year at the Brookings Institution. The interviews with interferon specialists on which she drew for this report were funded by the W. K. Kellogg Foundation. Jan Vilček, M.D., is a virologist and immunologist at the New York University School of Medicine. He has done research on interferon for the past twenty-five years.

cer Institute (a giant federal organization whose annual budget of hundreds of millions of dollars gives it vast influence on all cancer-related research). However, the real propelling spirit of the workshop was Dr. Mathilde Krim, a Swiss-born, Israeli-trained biologist at Sloan-Kettering. From 1970 to 1971, Krim was a member of a panel established to advise the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. In the course of preparing a report on basic cancer research for the panel, Krim became interested in interferon as a potential cancer therapeutic.

Before she wrote the report, Krim was not directly involved in interferon research. However, as a result of her conversations with scientists who were, she gradually became convinced that interferon would turn out to be of major importance in the treatment of cancer. What was needed, in Krim's opinion, was pressure to obtain the funds necessary to explore interferon's full potential—that is, to secure the production of sufficient quantities of interferon and to organize clinical trials.

In the fall of 1974, Krim started contacting interferon specialists around the world, describing her idea to organize a conference. She conceived the meeting as an exercise in consciousness-raising for those members of the scientific community who fund and regulate science and for those who report on it. Her ultimate objective, as stated in a document she submitted to the National Institutes of Health (NIH), was to develop "... a broad based, international program addressing itself to a definitive evaluation of the potential of human interferon as a prophylactic and therapeutic anti-tumor and anti-viral agent in man." The proposal also advocated an ambitious program of basic research into the nature of interferon.

Krim learned about the politics of financing science in the United States from her close friend Mary Lasker—a philanthropist whose efforts in the support of medical research have been pivotal. Although basic biomedical research is the key to understanding cancer and other diseases, the unit within the NIH that is solely devoted to basic research and training—the National Institute of General Medical Sciences—has never had a budget even approaching that of the National Cancer Institute (NCI), largely because no one has ever died of "general medical sciences." Therefore, Krim lobbied the NCI, the Congress, private foundations, and individual donors for money for fundamental research as part of the total interferon effort.

As she planned the conference, Krim had to overcome strong opposition. Some scientists were concerned that she was neither knowledgeable enough nor sufficiently critical to take charge. Administrators at the NIH feared that she would gain too much control over the future of interferon research. Another group complained that Krim's meeting would upstage an interferon conference planned for later the same year at Stanford University by Dr. Thomas C. Merigan, a pioneer in clinical research in interferon. A detailed description of the attempts to stop

Krim from holding the conference could (and one day probably will) make a book. In the end, however, Krim's personal charm, political finesse, and determination prevailed. One by one, the invited participants turned in their acceptances. At most scientific conferences, the participants are put up in dormitories and must pay all expenses, including, usually, a large registration fee. For this conference, each participant was given a free trip to New York City, plush accommodations at the Westbury Hotel, and even a small honorarium. On the eve of the conference, more than a hundred participants showed up for a dinner at Krim's townhouse on the Upper East Side of Manhattan.

After all the excitement that had preceded it, the three-day meeting proved anticlimactic. Virtually nothing new was learned about interferon's effectiveness in treating cancer, and much of the discussion centered on Strander's results with osteogenic sarcoma. A summary of the meeting, prepared by a group of experts, was much less optimistic than the text, written by Krim, that it replaced. The summary stated that lung metastases in osteogenic sarcoma "did appear reduced following interferon administration," but that "it is not yet clear how the Scandinavian results will compare to those obtainable with recent effective chemotherapy."

Since no new evidence was presented, the meeting did not appear to have lived up to Krim's expectations. Representatives of government and private funding agencies were not ready to spend vast amounts on interferon. Experts from the pharmaceutical industry who attended the meeting also seemed unimpressed. To make matters worse, the press all but ignored the event. And yet, the consciousness-raising that Krim had strived to provoke was starting to happen.

SHORTLY AFTER THE NEW YORK MEETING, DR. FRANK Rauscher, Jr., then director of the NCI, sent a blue-ribbon panel of experts to the Karolinska Institute to examine at first hand Strander's data on the osteogenic sarcoma patients. The panel decided that the lack of a group of control patients chosen at random and concurrent with the group of interferon recipients was a crucial flaw, and that the Karolinska experiments as performed provided no evidence either to prove or to disprove interferon's usefulness in osteogenic sarcoma. When Dr. Arthur Levine, an oncologist at the NCI and the panel's chairman, delivered this report to the NCI, he was congratulated for his potentially money-saving investigative efforts on behalf of the tax-paying public.

Then, despite the NCI panel's essentially negative report, Rauscher reluctantly decided, in the spring of 1976, to give interferon a chance in cancer therapy. Krim had asked for \$5 million; the NCI allocated \$1 million. Even in 1976, a million dollars did not go very far; in those days, according to Rauscher, enough interferon to treat a single

patient for a limited period cost up to \$30,000. Still, given the doubts among scientists about interferon's effectiveness, the fact that even \$1 million was budgeted is proof of the drug's unprecedented allure among potential cancer therapies. Like penicillin, interferon is a natural substance, and thus was thought, until recently, to be quite devoid of the side-effects associated with most other anti-cancer drugs. And like the polio vaccine, interferon has an impeccable pedigree, in that it emerged from the mainstream of biomedical research. Perhaps the best way to put it is that interferon has charisma for scientists and laymen alike.

In addition to interferon's intrinsic attractiveness, there



WASHING A YOUNG RHINOCEROS

Inside its horse-high, bull-strong, hog-tight fence
It will stand beside you in a concrete garden,
Leaning your way
All thousand pounds of its half-grown body
To meet the water pouring out of your hose
The temperature of September.

And as slowly its patina (a gray compounded
Of peanut shells and marshmallows, straw and mud)
Begins to vanish
From the solid ribcage and the underbelly
Under your scrub-brush, you see, wrinkled and creased
As if in thought, its skin

From long underlip to fly-whisk gleam in the sun,
Erect ears turning backwards to learn how
You hum your pleasure,
And eyelashes above the jawbone hinges
Fluttering wetly as it waits transfixed
(The folds at the four leg-pits

Glistening pink now) for you never to finish
What feels more wonderful than opening
And closing its empty mouth
Around lettuce and grapes and fresh bouquets of carrots
And cabbage leaves, what feels as good to desire
As its fabulous horn.

—David Wagoner

were extra-scientific sources of pressure for more research on the drug. First, a number of influential laymen became actively interested in interferon, among them Mary Lasker, Laurance Rockefeller, and Congressman Claude Pepper. Then, too, the increasing costs of doing research and the government's decreasing financial support forced scientists to give priority to problems for which funds were more readily available. In the late 1970s, the large cancer budget, both federal and private, encouraged many scientists to choose cancer-related projects, including research on interferon. Still another incentive was the publicity given the diagnosis of osteogenic sarcoma and chondrosarcoma—a tumor of the cartilage—in Senator Edward Kennedy's son. This put interferon in the headlines, because osteogenic sarcoma was the kind of tumor on which Strander had experimented. The Kennedys, offered interferon for the treatment of their son, declined, and the Senator was reported to say that he would not procure for his son a therapy denied other Americans. This comment focused attention on the major obstacle to clinical trials—the difficulty and cost of manufacturing the protein in large quantities.

One person determined to obtain enough interferon for his cancer patients, no matter what the difficulty and cost, was Dr. Jordan Gutterman, a young oncologist at the M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute, in Houston. Introduced to interferon at Krim's conference, in 1975, Gutterman has advocated its clinical study ever since. He realized that something dramatic would have to be done to obtain sufficient funds for the purchase of interferon. Although some interferon—produced in Cantell's laboratory in Helsinki—had been purchased with NCI's \$1 million, this supply was already being spread too thin among several research centers. In a recent interview, Gutterman recalled, "There weren't any solid data to justify what was required—a large capital investment. Now, how do you get someone, the government, to put 5 or 10 million dollars into interferon clinical research if no data exists? We were in a Catch-22 situation. How do you get out of it? You get out of it, I guess, the way we did. Mary Lasker said, 'We've got to do something; I'm tired of waiting.'" Without much further delay, the Lasker Foundation provided financial support for the purchase of additional interferon for Gutterman's clinical program. One factor in Lasker's decision to provide the funds is said to be the illness of a close friend who suffered from breast cancer and was not doing well on chemotherapy. Lasker began to realize the limitations of conventional tumor therapy, and was eager to support a new approach to cancer treatment.

In 1976, about the time Mary Lasker was losing patience with the cancer establishment, Rauscher resigned as director of the NCI and became the senior vice president for research at the American Cancer Society's national headquarters, in New York City. Under Rauscher's aegis, the ACS became a major supporter of the experimental use of interferon in cancer.

Rauscher recently explained the reasons for the ACS's decision. "Jordan [Gutterman] was very important at that time, because he had enough guts to write up a proposal for \$2 million," he said. "He and I talked on the phone and I encouraged him to do this. I said, 'Why don't you send it in and let me at least take a look at your summary data?' I was sitting here one Friday afternoon with all of this sort of brewing, and I thought, 'We've got to do something about this. There are no controlled trials anywhere in the world. If there is enough material to be made available by Finland, let's buy some, and convene a group that will advise the Society.' That afternoon I went upstairs and told my boss, Lane Adams, 'We'd better bite this bullet,' and in about five weeks, our board—a subcommittee of our board, really—agreed to an initial investment of \$2 million, at \$50 per million interferon units. I was in a very good spot to sell it. I was probably known as the most negative interferon person in the country because previously I didn't recommend, and I could have, that the NCI commit \$5 million." When Rauscher was asked why he changed his position on interferon, he mentioned that new information from cancer specialists in the U.S. had come to his attention, and it suggested that interferon might indeed have shown an effect on some forms of cancer "in maybe eight or ten patients."

The \$2 million that the Society allocated in 1978 for the purchase of interferon was publicized as the largest sum ever committed by the ACS to a single project. Reporters inferred that if the most important national society devoted to the conquest of cancer had invested so much money in interferon's clinical trials, then perhaps the elusive cure for cancer was finally at hand. This unrealistic hope was corroborated, perhaps inadvertently, in public statements made by some well-meaning but overly enthusiastic professionals. The impression almost universally conveyed by the press was that thousands of lives could be saved if only enough interferon were made available. Practicing physicians and interferon specialists were overwhelmed by desperate pleas for the drug from cancer victims and their relatives.

Some three years later, by December of 1981, the ACS had spent a total of \$6 million on interferon, and Rauscher announced that the program was essentially completed and that its original objectives had been achieved. According to Rauscher, the ACS program had three goals: to determine whether or not interferon shows any anti-cancer activity when put to an objective test by American cancer specialists; to find out how much and when it should be given, how it works, whether it might work better in combination with other drugs, and so forth; to see whether the government and American industry would follow through by investing their own resources in the drug.

The value of what was learned in meeting the first two goals is still controversial and will be discussed later. The third goal, however, has been achieved with brilliant success.

GENETIC ENGINEERING—RECOMBINANT-DNA TECHNOLOGY—is based on some fundamental discoveries of the early 1970s that allow scientists to select portions of genetic material that function as instructions for the production of particular proteins. These portions can then be transferred into bacteria, inducing the bacteria to produce the desired proteins in virtually unlimited quantities, which can then be extracted in pure form. The appeal of this new technology is that a scarce human or animal protein, such as interferon, can be made cheaply.

By 1978, several private biotechnology companies had been formed with the active participation of leading university-based scientists. The companies, including Genentech and Cetus, in California, and the Swiss-based Biogen, were ready to prove the worth of their newly developed technologies. The cloning of interferon was a project ideally suited to this purpose. Coupled with advances in purification, the recombinant-DNA technology promised that the obstacles that had inhibited interferon research since its inception—scarce supply, poor quality, and high cost—would vanish. Spurred by the hope that the first company to clone the gene would receive patent protection and corner the interferon market, a race developed, the likes of which had not previously been seen in biology. Soon several established pharmaceutical companies, foremost among them Hoffmann-La Roche, Schering-Plough, and G.D. Searle, joined the new biotechnology firms in the interferon-cloning competition.

How much did the publicity generated by the "interferon lobby"—Krim, Lasker, Gutterman, and the ACS—encourage these companies to enter the race? Gutterman has said that he agrees with Rauscher that the publicity following the American Cancer Society's initial allocation whetted industry's appetite for interferon. "I think one positive thing the publicity did was that it got the image of interferon to industry in a big way," he says. "I'm not sure we'd have all the progress if it hadn't been for recombinant DNA. What gene do you clone? Why interferon rather than some other genes? I remember going to Hoffmann-La Roche before the publicity in 1978 with Mary Lasker, presenting them with the data on a few patients. They had a program. I don't know what resources were going into it, but I can guarantee they doubled or tripled after Hoffmann-La Roche saw what was happening." In 1978, Genentech and Hoffmann-La Roche joined forces to develop interferon cloning. In 1979, a somewhat similar collaboration was established between Biogen and Schering-Plough.

In fact, the first successful cloning of interferon was reported in the fall of 1979 by Tadatsugu Taniguchi, a talented young Japanese investigator working with only one technician at a non-profit cancer-research institute in Tokyo. However, his accomplishment was soon overshadowed by the first successful genetically engineered production of biologically active human interferon by Charles Weissmann and others at the University of Zurich. Weiss-

mann's association with Biogen and his somewhat unorthodox use of a university laboratory for a commercial project have drawn fire. Nevertheless, this practice has since been emulated, though perhaps on a somewhat smaller scale, by many other researchers. On January 16, 1980, Biogen and Schering-Plough organized a press conference at the Park Plaza Hotel in Boston. The invitations sent to the press promised that news of major importance would be disclosed. Reporters showed up in force and were told about Weissmann's successful cloning of one type of human interferon. Walter Gilbert, the chairman of Biogen's scientific board and the Harvard professor of microbiology who won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1980 for his discovery of a way to determine the sequences of DNA molecules, made the announcement, even though it is unusual in the scientific community for one researcher to report the results of another's work. (Gilbert has since resigned from Harvard to work full-time as the chairman of Biogen.) The press conference elicited the largest international wave of interferon publicity ever: Weissmann's achievement was generally described as the solution to the problem of manufacturing a "priceless miracle drug." *Science* magazine reported that the press conference coincided with Biogen's reassessment of its value from \$50 million to \$100 million; Schering-Plough's stock rose temporarily by \$8.

By the summer of 1981, a handful of cancer patients were being injected with synthetic interferon produced in bacteria, and Gutterman was the first physician to administer the drug. However, the interferon injected by Gutterman was not manufactured by Biogen/Schering-Plough. Instead, the material was derived from the Genentech/Hoffmann-La Roche effort. These companies have remained locked in a close and expensive contest to bring genetically engineered interferon on the market. Schering-Plough is said already to have spent between \$20 million and \$30 million on the development of a single recombinant interferon product. So far, the competitors primarily have conducted so-called Phase I clinical trials: experiments designed not to demonstrate interferon's therapeutic potential but to determine its possible side-effects and pharmacological properties (its distribution in the body, and so forth).

AS OF 1982, HUNDREDS OF CANCER PATIENTS HAVE been treated with interferon produced either by conventional methods (such as the Cantell procedure, using white blood cells) or by recombinant-DNA technology. In the ACS trials using Cantell interferon, the tumors of some patients with myeloma, lymphoma, breast cancer, and malignant melanoma showed some shrinking. However, the results were inconsistent: the majority of patients did not respond at all, and the tumors of others showed only transient or minor reductions in size.

Since the Cantell-style preparations contain a mixture of several interferon subtypes and many "impurities," the

much more pure and homogeneous preparations produced by recombinant-DNA technology were expected to give better and more consistent results. However, reports on the first extensive group of patients to receive recombinant interferon, announced at the annual meeting of the American Society of Clinical Oncology, in Saint Louis, this past April, were generally disappointing. Only a small percentage of cancer patients showed a partial decrease in tumor size. Still, it must be stressed that Phase I trials are of limited duration, and it is still unclear how long therapy needs to be continued before results can be declared negative. Dr. Stephen Sherwin, who was the principal investigator in trials with recombinant interferon that were sponsored by the NCI, said recently: "Because a large variety of cancers were treated at very different doses, no definite statements can yet be made with regard to how effective this interferon might be for a specific type of cancer."

The ACS trials with Cantell interferon and the more recent studies with recombinant interferon yielded another unpleasant surprise. Although one of the principal virtues of interferon was thought to be its lack of toxicity, it is now clear that all interferon preparations tested in patients so far do produce side-effects. Most patients treated with interferon develop fever, chills, fatigue, loss of appetite, a decrease in white-blood-cell counts, and—after prolonged administration—some hair loss. These side-effects are generally reversible and less severe than those arising from most other forms of cancer chemotherapy, but it is evident that interferon is not as benign as some of its advocates had thought.

The realization that interferon is not harmless coincided with findings that interferon might, in fact, be responsible for some disease symptoms in virus infections and in disorders of the immune system. For example, patients who suffer from systemic lupus have been shown to produce increased levels of interferon. Lupus is a disorder of the connective tissue whose principal victims are young women; the disease is characterized by a malfunctioning immune system. Perhaps increased interferon production in lupus patients aggravates the disease, by causing further disturbances of immune functions. Recently, hyperproduction of interferon was also found to occur in some homosexual men suffering from "acquired immunodeficiency syndrome," which leads to various infections, as well as one form of cancer—Kaposi's sarcoma. This mysterious group of diseases may be related to drug abuse, repeated exposure to various infectious agents as a result of sexual promiscuity, and some genetic predisposition. Much more attention is likely to be paid in the future to the role of interferon in disease. For now, the new findings suggest that in some cancer patients, interferon may be not only ineffective but harmful: while interferon is not likely to cause cancer, it may weaken a patient's ability to resist cancer if it is administered indiscriminately.

Will interferon ever cure cancer? The consensus among scientists is that interferon, by itself, is not likely to re-



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place or even to match other, already available forms of treatment. Even so, hope persists that some forms of interferon might be more powerful than those already tested, or that some varieties of cancer that respond more readily to interferon may be identified. Furthermore, given the discovery that many forms of interferon exist, it is possible that specific interferons should be tailored to specific tumors. Interferon may also prove a useful treatment of some tumors if it is applied in combination with other anti-cancer drugs. More research and clinical trials will be needed to test these possibilities. The successes are likely to be a good deal more modest than the miraculous cures prophesied in 1980, but virtually no one is yet willing to dismiss altogether the potential worth of interferon as one weapon in the growing armory of anti-cancer drugs.

Although cancer seems to have yet eluded interferon's reach, other disorders do appear to respond. One of these is the common wart, which is a form of tumor. Most warts are not malignant or life-threatening, but some types of warts are disfiguring, and relief brought about by interferon is not trivial. Strander has shown that interferon can bring under control laryngeal papilloma, a rare and more severe form of wart affecting the vocal cords, which occurs in children and young adults. Laryngeal papilloma can be life-threatening, because growth of the tumor can obstruct breathing. Several dozen patients with this form of wart have already been helped by interferon therapy.

The producers of recombinant interferon may find that their products, originally intended for the cure of cancer, will be used instead against virus infections—the infections that the drug was first observed to control, long before cancer took precedence as the object of interferon therapy. Dr. Merigan, at Stanford, and other investigators have shown interferon to be effective in some conventional virus diseases such as severe infections by varicella-zoster and cytomegalovirus. Both of these viruses—close relatives of the herpes viruses that produce blisters and genital infections—frequently cause complications in immunosuppressed patients which can be relieved by the administration of interferon. Recently, recombinant interferon administered in the form of a nasal spray was shown to have a protective effect in people artificially infected with a common-cold virus. Since treatment of virus infections is usually much shorter than cancer therapy, the side-effects of interferon in such cases are less worrisome. Other therapeutic uses of interferon are being explored—for instance, in multiple sclerosis; these trials are still at an early stage and no definitive conclusions can be drawn.

Clearly, there is a price to be paid for the unrealistic claims made for interferon as an anti-cancer agent. The biggest price should be reckoned not so much in the millions of dollars that may have been wasted on premature clinical trials but, rather, in the emotional toll paid by the millions of cancer victims and their families who were encouraged in false hopes.

A prominent Boston clinician and interferon researcher, who prefers not to be identified, was asked why scientists did not protest the inflated claims for interferon. He said, "It's easier for an individual to respond when whatever he's doing is attacked than it is to respond when what he's doing is praised without due basis. A lot of people knew these claims about interferon were exaggerated, but exaggeration succeeded in bringing in money to allow the advances that subsequently have been made in production, purification, and all that. True, this was at the expense of other areas that may have been just as profitable or more profitable to study. But it's awfully hard, I think, for someone to complain that he's getting too much money."

Mathilde Krim has been criticized, because interferon has proved not to be the panacea she hoped it would be. Yet the interferon crusade, which was largely inspired by the conference Krim organized, has yielded important scientific discoveries with significance beyond the interferon field itself. In less than two years, more information about the fundamental properties of interferon was generated than in the first twenty-odd years following the protein's discovery, in 1957. And the information provided real surprises. It was known that interferon could be divided into three general classes, and so it was expected that genetic engineers would isolate three different interferon genes. Instead, about twenty different interferon genes had been isolated from human cells by the fall of 1981. This is a surprise that has profound implications. On the one hand, the variety of human interferons complicates their study and clinical application. Do all interferons have the same or different functions? Which interferon(s) should be tested clinically, and in what diseases? On the other hand, the variety of interferons discovered by the genetic engineers reveals that they make up a complicated system that has many functions not recognized earlier. Interferons are involved not only in the regulation of immunity but also, possibly, in embryonic development, growth regulation, and nerve function. Much of this would not be known without the all-out effort of the gene cloners. Five or ten years from now, this information is likely to have a real impact on the practice of medicine. □

TIZZY WORLD

BY ROBERT M. STROZIER



HELLO. WELCOME TO Tizzy World. I'm Dr. Boyd. I'll be your guide today. You can call me Guy. How are you? Tizzy World is a vast recreational-rehabilitative complex, themed to all the therapies of the day and the problems you could have. It is a fun place, a painful place. You will emerge a different person. The tour lasts two days. You are invited to visit all the attractions and sessions later. No smoking or drinking or eating or leaving to go anywhere. At the wheel of the Am-Tram today is Cindi. All aboard. Whistle while you work on yourself.

Don't cast your cares away. Okay, here we are at the kingdom of things that could put you into a dither. I don't know where to start. Wait a minute, look who's coming our way. Everybody, it is the Worry Wart. I think we're in luck, he's worrying about something. Cute, he is wound up tight as a drum. One like him is in all of us. As an exercise, establish eye contact with him and negotiate an uneasy truce. While you do, a word about me. A person has to be very open to anything, and my approach, which is eclectic, derives something from almost all the scenes. Oh, skip it. I was going to say something, but I decided not to. All right, do a quick slow burn, and that'll be it for a while. I am correcting now for interviewer bias.

I tell you, let's cut through Frown Town and visit the Palace of Malice, where we can unload some dumping on someone. Excuse me, I've got a call on the Help Line. Hello. Yes. I see. Ma'am, I think you'd better call your pastor, I'm not very good with double binds. It was nice talking to you, too, good-bye. I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU, THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER. Where did he come from? He gives me the willies, what about you? Let's see, dum de dum de dum, come here, sir, I want you to portray the knot in my stomach. I'll tell you why later. Incidentally, copies of a paper I wrote on Stuck Positions are available at the back.

Group, from there, the top of the Glower Tower, you can glare down at

everybody on the grounds through the pair of huge, rotating eyeballs, which magnify your actual eyes. The purpose of it and everything in the seething place is to rattle you to pieces, so that we can know where to start dipping into you. As we do it, we will be there if you need us, except some times. You could also go to the Smoothing Booth, the Huggy-Buggy, or the Grouch Couch, which is manned by an Audio-Animatronics person who thinks you're special. No thank you, I don't want to leg wrestle.

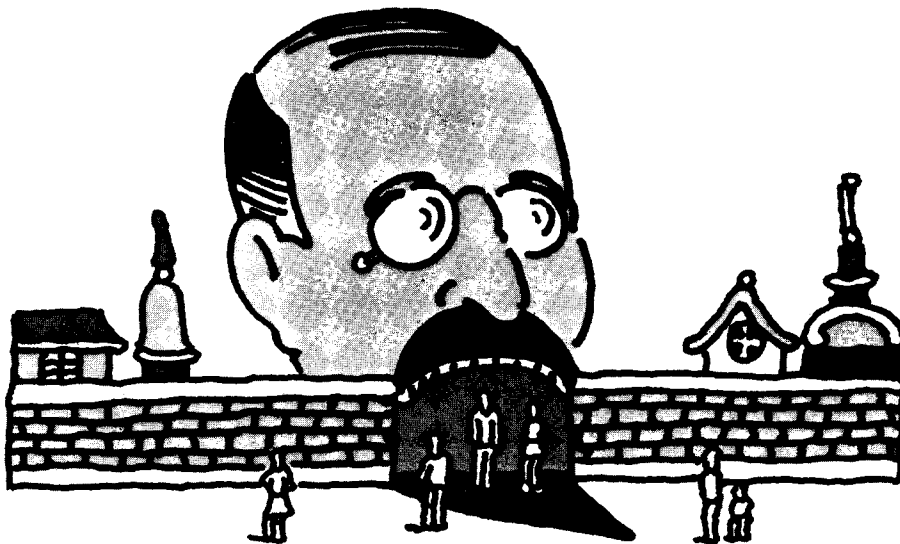
I think it's time to stage a fight between two passengers, so that we can see where we go with considerable mutual hurting. For that, we're going to take Bicker & Dicker Drive along the coast of Ache Lake to reach the spot, giving me a chance to tell you more about me.

By the way, what happened to the man who was doing the knot? Oh? I didn't see him roll off, that's too bad. He seemed like a really nice person. Anyway, I graduated from the Center for Centering with a Degree of Training, which was notarized, but it is the experiential experiences I could be having that I am really coming from. I hope you will drop by sometime, and then maybe later we can go out for some prosciutto and melon. No fatties though, please, I don't like to work with them.

All of you, here we are, at Miff & Tiff Cliff. Incidentally, as so often happens in treatment, you may be feeling some stirrings for me by now, so you should individuate them. Now, we're going to enact a heated squabble between two of you. By actually pushing one another into Grudge Harbor, you won't want to do it so much in real life, or maybe you'll want to do it more, but you'll be closer to how it would be to do it. Come here, you two. An argument is just over, but Mother slips in an angry postmortem. Take it home. Follow me, the rest of you. From here, you can enjoy a view of Sorrow Land and Heartbreak Hotel and the Isle of Guile and . . . psssssst, most people don't want to push each other in, so I will need some help. Come on, we're going to

rush them. READY OR NOT, HERE WE COME. All at once now! YOU ASKED FOR IT, YOU TWO. SEE YOU LAAAAATER, VENTILAAAAAATORS! Whew. Thanks.

HALLOOOOOO! DID YOU LAND OKAY? NOW THAT YOU'RE DOWN THERE, I WANT YOU TO SWIM OVER TO WET-'N-WEIRD AND GET INTO THAT. CREATURES WHO REPRESENT THINGS WE REPRESS CAVORT THERE, PLAYFULLY NIPPING YOU ANYWHERE. THEN, GET IN AN UGH BOAT, CROSS DIRE STRAITS, AND GO UP SHRIEK CREEK. HANKY-PANKY, COY BOY, AND FAT BRAT MAY STEAL YOUR PAD-DLES. A PARA-PIST IS ON DUTY. WE'RE NOT KIDS ANYMORE, YOU KNOW. SAME DAY READMISSION WITH WET DUDS. TALK TO YOU.



Orifices, Mommy, Daddy, Bwubba Duck, I wanted to see where the flow of saying whatever came to mind would take me. All right, reside in the upper lip area of your breath for a while, and let's go somewhere else. Emotions are starting to bubble over. Damn, this always happens, the Tikki-Tikki-Sicko Birds have spotted us. They are suspended from therapy wires. With them are some Hoot Owls and Screech Owls and Dingbats. Here they come! If I know them, they'll try to make us a little crazy and roost on our heads. Everybody, back to your seats! Otherwise, we'll tip over. Cindi, let's run the light here at Wormwood & Gall and coast down. Step on it. Blow, smoke! WHEEEEEEE! THE IMPRIMATUR OF MY OWN PERSONAL SELF!

Quiet down, please. We're going to do some shopping now. When we passed through the Scum Slum that was Miss

Piteous and the Crumb Bums and the Sob Sisters who rose from the sidewalks singing "Kaw Liga" and trying to beg change. But they won't follow us. What's the matter with you? Yes, I'll hold you for a minute. I feel very close to you, too. But your pen is jabbing me. That's enough of that. Now we're going to browse in the Confrontational-Technique Boutique, which has healing crafts for sale. You can buy tools which we use to hasten everything and chasten, such as some crying towels, stumbling blocks, panic buttons, finger-of-scorn gloves, knock-out drops, self-actualizers, hood-winkers, flak-sacks, zippity doo-dahs, plastic sour grapes, knuckle-rappers, and conniption kits.

We've got to hurry, I'm supposed to MC the big blowout today. I can provide some moderate closure now, if you're ripe for it, but I guess we don't have time. By the way, Kretch and Kramer agree with everything I've been saying. Here we are, at the Boiler Factory. The curtain must have just gone down on a lineup of "The Varieties-of-Anxieties Review," "Chin-Chin and the Seven Emotional Dwarves," and a ten-minute film on Sigmund Freud, starring Marjoe. Everybody out. File into your seats. I've really taken you for a ride, haven't I? I forgot to do my flip chart, but I expect to see you later. I have some unfinished business with this group.

Enie, meenie, minie, moe, catch a migraine by the toe. Is this mike working? Fine. Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Today, we are going to form you into an encounter group and then have

an encounter with another encounter group. But first, an announcement. The man many of us owe much to will be in town next week, to throw a barbecue and conduct an awareness-awareness workshop at a retreat, to which no one is invited. I'm talking of course about Bippety Baba, a great person and a giant in our business. BB has drawn from many influences, such as Confucius, Simon, Orson Bean, and the Playboy Advisor, but it's how he is, in the final finality of himself, that is so incredible. Some years ago Bippety achieved Weeblos. Then he revealed himself. He's been playing himself far from the vest ever since. His likes will not be seen again in this half-century.

Now. As I talk, someone else is forming up another group at the base of Pique's Peak. When I say go, the two groups should rush forward and have an encounter with each other all over the place. Let all your wanting to be hot or shove people or turn to them for financial support hang out. Those who want to go starkers can do it. Some of the regulars are out today with the weeps, so different of the troubling characters will sit with me on the analysis panel. Follow me outside.

READY, SET, GO! Look at them rush forward, and here comes another vanguard of those with pent-up feelings. Kaaaa—boom! Boy, I've never seen so many people encountering each other. The anchoring level must be . . . what's that? That noise coming from the Rage Cage? You don't think . . . they weren't supposed to release another group for a mélange until six. Oh, my God, look! An army of them, advancing down Snivel & Drivel Drive! What are we going to do? Tattle Tail, quick, round up the Spoiled Sports. See if you can head off the electrified assemblage at Gulp Gulch. Herkimer-Jerkimer, you go with him. EVERYBODY, ATTENTION. WE'RE GOING TO STOP DOING EVERYTHING NOW. No one's paying the slightest bit of attention to me. What, Elf of the Self? A phalanx of other ones is heading here from the Tut-Tut Hut? Good grief, we must have gotten our signals crossed! ALL OF YOU, REPORT BACK TO TOADY HALL IN FIVE MINUTES, WE'RE GOING TO SHARE WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO DO WHAT WE JUST DID. Nuttin'!

Ooooooh, I can't look. It's four encoun-

Robert Strozier has been a frequent contributor to The Atlantic.

ter groups converging on one spot. The People Mover is moving some more people here too. Everybody wants to get into this emotional fracas and fray that discharges things you feel. Fiddle-Faddle, am I ever glad to see you. Are you in contact with Namby-Pamby on the walkie-talkie? Tell him to interrupt the staff meeting. Apprise them of the situation. Instruct them to stage an unscheduled underwater ballet at the Shrink Tank. That might draw off some of the roiling many. FRIENDS, I'M GOING TO HYPNOTIZE YOU NOW. THIS IS THE CHURCH, THIS IS THE STEEPLE, THIS IS THE DOOR, THESE ARE THE PEOPLE. Damn, didn't take. HEY, ONE AT A TIME ON THE LOONY BIN, IT CAN'T SUPPORT ALL THAT WEIGHT. Lord, that's all we need, somebody must have called for the I'm Okay-You're Okay Ambulance, and I know the Folly Trolley is due through here any minute. WHAT IS LEFT OUT IS AS IMPORTANT AS WHAT IS SAID! Mealy-Mouth, did you . . . Ma'am, let go of my belt! I don't want to take them off! Ow, that hurt! HELLO. HI-HO, HI-HO, IT'S OFF TO THE PARKING LOT WE GO. ANALYSANDS! PLEASE. JUICE IS BEING SERVED. DOES ANYBODY WANT TO BUY AN I'M-HIGH-ON-GUY T-SHIRT? Pip Squeak, watch out! Some of them are leaping out of the Fret Jet, to be part of the churning and burning and yearning. This stark park where you can have a lark is going bananas. The hell with it, I'm getting out of here. YOUR FATHER'S MOUSTACHE!

Aaaaaaah, peace at last. Why didn't I think of this before, all of you? For cover, the Slough of Despond beats the Blue Funk ride or anything. I drive better than Cindi, don't I? Anyway. Hi. I'm really glad you're here. What a potpourri of passion and pandemonium that was. It stretched me to my limit. Listen, this is out of left field, but I want to try something out on you. Does anybody want to start a cult, with me being at the center of it? Just a crazy idea. But I don't know, it might just jell. I can't make you out too clearly in the darkness, but what do you think, the Grim Reaper, the Boogey Man, the Boogey Woman, the Lounge Lizard, Doubting Thomas, Peek-a-Bo Peep, Trauma Momma, Cuckold Duck, Fraidy Cat, the Naughty Lady of Shady Lane, Peter Pansy, Wishy-Washy, Fuddy-Duddy, Hugger-Mugger, Heebie-Jeebie, Shilly-Shally, Dilly-Dally, Willy-Nilly, and Silly-Billy?

OH! The yesses have it. Thank you, thank you. I know we have to wrap this



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up now, but let's get cracking on having me be the certain one first thing tomorrow. What, Mousy Mick? No, I don't want you to use the Den of Iniquity bathroom. Gimme a WHAT'S, gimme an UP, gimme a WHAT'S UP, DOC? Your guy-chiatrist today has been me. Everything you've always wanted in a therapist. And less. Twenty-six miles across the sea, Santa Catalina is waiting for me. Tell me, what do you think about Guy Sky as a name? I could shave my pate and everything. That's all for now, folks. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL FOR NOW! □

MUSIC

A GENTLE COSTELLO

BY LANGDON WINNER



LATE AT NIGHT in an English household, a young man and his wife are locked in a bitter quarrel. Having stumbled home drunk after a mysterious absence, he hurls one brutal insult after another. She responds in kind, reciting his worst faults and some ugly secrets. He slaps her. Through the tears, they exchange confused apologies. She forgives him but cannot conceal her fears. Exhausted from the fight, they fall asleep knowing that with the sunrise their struggle begins anew.

This is a recurring predicament in *Imperial Bedroom*, the brilliant and unsettling recent album by British rocker Elvis Costello. Autobiographical in ways its lyrics do not hide, the record portrays domestic life as an unstable balance of power in which conflict both threatens love and restores it. Coming after a period in which Costello's career was troubled and disoriented, *Imperial Bedroom* shows that he's again found his stride.

Elvis Costello, now twenty-seven, rose to stardom in the excitement of British punk and new-wave rock of the mid-1970s. To distinguish himself from the rest of the pack, the young singer abandoned his real name, Declan McManus, and took up the brash sobriquet "Elvis," a move that helped gain him initial attention in England and America. The new

Elvis, totally unlike today's dime-store Presley imitators, delivered an array of well-crafted, fiercely original tunes rooted in an encyclopedic command of both rock and pop traditions. His angry lyrics described the fantasies and frustrations of urban life, offering caustic insights with every turn of phrase. Within three years of his flashy debut, Costello's albums, *My Aim Is True*, *This Year's Model*, and *Armed Forces*, established him as the most capable rock performer of his generation, and perhaps the equal of any musician rock-and-roll has ever known.

At the decade's end, however, Costello's career faltered. His album sales never achieved the levels expected of top-rung stars. The widespread acclaim that had greeted his early work was diminished by some sour reviews of his albums *Get Happy!!* and *Trust*. On tour, he began to alienate audiences by playing extremely short sets and refusing encores. Worst of all, his reputation was stained by an unfortunate incident that occurred in 1979, after a concert in Columbus, Ohio. At a drinking bout with a number of faded, 1960s-vintage American rockers, a musician ridiculed British pop, saying it could never reach the soulful depth of black American performers such as Ray Charles. Costello, obviously in his cups, shouted back that Ray Charles was "a blind, ignorant nigger." The remark hit the music press and caused a storm of ill will.

The low point in Costello's artistic slide came in late 1981, with the release of *Almost Blue*, a collection of country-western songs that were lackadaisical to the point of torpor. He had long idolized country singers such as George Jones and Patsy Cline, and incorporated their styles in some of his work. *Almost Blue* was meant to be a tribute to Nashville, but the album's slapdash production showed self-indulgence, and suggested that Costello's music had lost any clear sense of direction.

Imperial Bedroom has quickly dispelled any such doubt. The album takes the enormous promise of his earlier songwriting and develops it in ingenious new dimensions. His themes are now self-consciously adult in ways largely foreign to rock-and-roll. The posture of angry young man he had proudly cultivated has evolved into a stance more sympathetic to human failings. When he focuses on marriage on the rocks, he no longer jests at scars, but tries to communicate the pain. He sings of the tension

between public and private life, noticing how the bottle becomes a refuge from hollow success. The album is haunted by the suspicion that a quality Costello previously valued most, ruthless honesty, may well be incompatible with two things he now desperately wants—love and family. He sings, "To murder my love is a crime / But will you still love a man out of time?"

A languid ballad, "The Long Honeymoon," finds him in a mood of compassion, taking the viewpoint of a woman who's being cheated on. She waits at home, gradually losing confidence that her husband will return. News stories of murders of lonely women run through her mind. Whom can she turn to? Her friends are gone; the baby's too young to talk. "There's been a long honeymoon / She thought too late and spoke too soon / There's no money-back guarantee on future happiness." But the lyrics go beyond recognitions of loneliness and betrayal. At the song's climax, Costello identifies the sad truth of the woman's plight: "She never thought her love could ever be as strong as this," he moans over and over. Her affection and devotion have at last become a curse.

Up to this point, Costello has been notoriously unforgiving of just about everybody, especially Elvis Costello. Triumphant in his quest for fame, perhaps chastened by recent setbacks, he seems inclined to ease up a bit, find some perspective on it all. Now, in such songs as "Man Out of Time" and "Town Cryer," he's able to acknowledge his own needs and weaknesses and find humor in them: "Isn't it a pity that you're going to get hurt / Just a little boy lost in a big man's shirt." He seems to have realized that before you can have sympathy for other people, you've got to find ways to be gentle to yourself.

None of this means that Costello has softened his language or relinquished his fascination with power. All of his records bombard the listener with images of crime, detectives, guns, murder, spying, military and paramilitary organizations, and the like. A number of cuts on *Armed Forces* make explicit observations on recent social struggles in Britain, but to hear a concern for national or international politics in Costello's words is to misunderstand their meaning. His vivid portraits of espionage, domination, and war are almost always metaphors to illuminate strife at the most intimate personal level. What *Imperial Bedroom*

Langdon Winner is the author of *Autonomous Technology* and teaches at the University of California at Santa Cruz.

adds to his vision is a realization that when people fire their heavy artillery at one another, bloody casualties result. Salvos of naked truth must be followed by cease-fire and first aid; we have to show others that we care. Thus the words "P.S. I love you" recur throughout the album. Just as the original working title of *Armed Forces* was, appropriately, "Emotional Fascism," so the subtitle of *Imperial Bedroom* might well be "Dé-tente."

The record repays many listenings. Its lyrics, clever rhyming couplets for the most part, generate elliptical puzzles one after another. What a tune seems to say on first hearing can be completely different from what it suggests twenty times later. Unlike Bob Dylan, many of whose rhymes turned out to be false-bottomed swindles (despite his fans' heroic efforts to endow them with meaning), Costello never plays with words simply for play's sake. There's always a particular effect that he wants to produce. Thus, the album's opening song tantalizes us with a brief fantasy of alcoholism: "This battle with the bottle is nothing so novel / So in this almost empty gin palace / Through a two-way looking glass you see your Alice."

The melodies and arrangements here are far more ambitious than anything Costello has previously attempted. His own rock trio, the Attractions, provides most of the backing, augmented by a symphony orchestra on certain cuts. The sound produced is intense, opaque, unrelenting. There are no breathing spaces, not even instrumental breaks between verses. Every section of music is tightly engineered to complement the lyrics. As if to emphasize the record's density, the words to the songs are packed together in strings of typewritten capital letters on the album's dust jacket, with no indication of where one tune ends and the next begins. To meet *Imperial Bedroom*—an extraordinarily long record by today's standards (almost fifty minutes on one LP)—on its own ground requires both commitment and stamina.

NOTICING THE SOPHISTICATION of the compositions, some reviewers suggested that Costello might become the Cole Porter of the 1980s. It is true that the album owes a great deal to the last half-century of pop-song writing, not just rock-and-roll. Costello gladly admits his esteem for Rogers and Hart, Cole Porter, and Jerome Kern. "When

people ask me to name a great song," he told one interviewer recently, "I mention something like 'Love for Sale' or 'Someone to Watch Over Me.' In the last twenty years or so, very few people have been up to that standard of lyric writing."

But that earlier generation of great songwriters assumed a world of urbane manners, refined sentiments, and polite sociability. Costello's lyrics point to double-dealing, raw sexuality, and danger at every turn: "I'm just the oily slick on the windup world of the nervous tick / In a very fashionable hovel I hang around dying to be tortured." In the temper of his tunes, Costello is no Cole Porter.

An unfortunate fact about Costello's

offer profuse, convincing apologies for the Ray Charles remark. His ease with himself and with those around him seemed almost too good to be true.

On stage, Costello obliged audiences by playing long sets filled with plenty of his older, hard-rocking numbers. Then, at carefully chosen moments, he introduced selections from *Imperial Bedroom*, songs that tend to alternate softer, slower passages with more standard rock flourishes. Using hand gestures to emphasize the lyrics, he tried to educate listeners to the texture of his recent compositions.

How far will Costello be able to take this new music and new persona before his audience gets restless? The new



recent compositions is that he lacks a voice strong enough to do them justice. He makes good use of what he has, but his vocals are somewhat thin and raspy, even a little flat at times. The melodies he's writing now contain the kinds of elaborate twists and turns that normally would ideally require a singer with great range and power. But in a curious way the songs are tailored to his physical limitations and quirks of personality. The very strain in his voice expresses the agony of his message.

During his American concert tour last summer, Costello appeared every bit as generous and mature as the warmer moments on *Imperial Bedroom* indicate he can be. After several years during which he had refused to give interviews, he talked at length with reporters, revealing aspects of his life he had formerly kept hidden. He went out of his way to

songs are already far more complicated and emotionally taxing than most rock fans are willing to abide. He risks losing the comfortable sinecure rock-and-roll has carved out for itself over the years—the continual repackaging of adolescent ideas, passions, and traumas. Rock performance is often an emblem of conservatism, a reluctance to explore new territory. Mick Jagger still prances and blusters around the stage like a twenty-year-old. The Grateful Dead seem willing to re-create the 1967 Haight-Ashbury Summer of Love until their fans keel over in nursing homes. If Costello continues to challenge rock-and-roll's unwritten code—"Thou shalt not grow up"—he may find himself making better and better music for fewer and fewer people. □

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BOOKS

KENNAN'S PASSIONATE REALISM

BY STANLEY HOFFMANN

THE NUCLEAR DELUSION:

Soviet-American Relations in the Atomic Age

by George F. Kennan. Pantheon, \$13.95.



FOR LOVERS OF PARADOX, the life and works of George Kennan offer innumerable rewards. Undoubtedly, of all the American professional diplomats of the post-World War II era, he is the most distinguished intellectually; but his direct influence on the shaping of American foreign policy was limited to a very small number of years—essentially, 1946 to 1949. He is the father of the policy of containment, which has been the core of American foreign policy and the main part of Washington's policy toward Moscow since 1947; but he quickly became one of the main critics of the way in which this policy has been carried out, and he has protested steadfastly against what he considers to be official misinterpretations of his two fundamental statements on the subject—the “long telegram” he addressed to the State Department from Moscow in February, 1946, and the famous article signed X in *Foreign Affairs* in 1947. He has a very dim view of American politics, of the way in which demagoguery often prevails over common sense, and of the destructive effects pressure groups, parties, and the whims of members of Congress have on the foreign-policy process. And he is anything but a populist, having observed the frequent mindlessness, brutality, chauvinism, or aggressiveness of crowds; and yet, he has sympathized with some American radical groups or “surge movements,” when their concerns were the defense of the environment and the threat of nuclear destruction. He is considered, rightly, as one of the leaders of the “realist” school of foreign-policy analysis, critical of Wilsonian idealism, contemptuous of attempts to resolve international conflicts by legalistic or moralistic formulas, concerned about replacing such illusions

with a firm understanding of power and a proper regard for the national interest. And yet there is a fierce Christian moralism in George Kennan—it comes out forcefully whenever he deals with either the evils of Stalinism (one candid remark about it, when he was ambassador in Moscow, comparing the treatment of foreign diplomats in Moscow with the treatment he received as an internee in Nazi Germany, made him *persona non grata* there) or the horrors of nuclear war.

Another paradox can be found in the contrast between his grim view of Soviet power and ideology in 1946–1947 and his apparently much more benign judgment of the late 1970s and early 1980s: now he sees the Soviet Union as a country led by “a group of troubled men—elderly men, for the most part—whose choices and possibilities are severely constrained,” “prisoners of many circumstances”; and he protests against “this systematic dehumanization of the leadership of another great country,” which he feels prevails in America today. And yet, he is not inconsistent. He remains what he has always been: a pessimistic, compassionate humanist, worried about mankind's inclination to foul and even to destroy its own nest, devoid of illusions but not of modest hopes, convinced that moderation offers the best, perhaps the only, way of waging the inevitable contest of nations, and that the biggest threats America faces come from within: from “the problems of crime, drugs, deteriorating educational standards, urban decay, pornography, and decadence of one sort or another,” and also from those military planners and “nonmilitary people who . . . lose themselves in the fantastic reaches of . . . military mathematics.” The Kennan of 1946–1947 wanted to wake up an American establishment and public that had been lulled, by wartime propaganda and by Franklin D. Roosevelt's “manipulation of opinion,” into expecting harmony in Soviet-American relations after the war (in Kennan's dislike of Roosevelt's government by charisma,

the disdain of the professional diplomat for the political antics and amateurishness of the presidential system comes to the fore). The Kennan of today wants to move the American establishment and public away from what he considers an equally mistaken view of the Soviet Union—as a monster “not greatly different from the image of the Nazi regime as it existed shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War.” The images of the Soviet Union have turned from rosy to black; what has not changed—and what Kennan both deplores and fights—is the “congenital subjectivity of the American perception of the outside world.” Throughout his career, as a diplomat and later as a professional historian and respected public figure, Kennan has been challenging passing orthodoxies: first, the Rooseveltian orthodoxy of easy collaboration (on American terms), then the Cold War orthodoxy based on the militarization of the policy Kennan himself had recommended, now the new orthodoxy of the Committee on the Present Danger and the Reagan administration, geared to confrontation, committed to a nuclear buildup, and eager to change the Soviet system by a combination of ideological, military, and economic pressures.

THE NUCLEAR DELUSION is a collection of pieces—articles, interviews, speeches—almost all of which were written in the past six or seven years (the outstanding exception is a 1950 memo to Secretary of State Dean Acheson about the atomic bomb). A long, introspective, and retrospective introduction ties these pieces together and reviews the author's intellectual evolution. Like all collections of essays written for different audiences, this one gets a bit repetitious at times. But it provides the reader with what might be called the quintessential Kennan: everything he has thought and cared about in his long career is presented here in distilled and crystal-clear form. The two themes of the book are the Soviet-American relation and the nuclear problem—the links between the two being his conviction that nuclear calculations and the concern for the strategic balance of military power have needlessly complicated and poisoned the contest between Washington and Moscow and his belief that “there is no issue at stake in our political relations with the Soviet Union . . . which would conceivably be worth a nuclear war.”

Stanley Hoffmann is chairman of the Center for European Studies and C. Douglas Dillon Professor of the Civilization of France at Harvard University. His most recent book is *Duties Beyond Borders*.

In recent years, as—after the brief hopes of the détente era—the Soviet Union came again to be seen by much of the enlightened public as a dangerously expansionist and imperial power, many people thought of Kennan, if not as an apologist for Moscow, at least as a renegade who had come to view the Soviet Union as a conservative and harmless power. These essays show that such a view is quite false. I know of no better recapitulation of the Soviet-American relationship, from the Russian Revolution to the present, than the second chapter of this book. It lists lucidly all the contributions that the Soviet Union, and particularly Stalin, made to the Cold War: the passion for secrecy (an old Russian tradition), Soviet behavior in Eastern Europe, the lies and distortions of the propaganda machine.

Those who see Kennan as a kind of convert to Soviet-American collaboration will be in for a shock: he makes it clear that he believes détente to have been oversold and opportunities for collaboration to be limited, given the incompatibilities between the two regimes, between their external goals, and between the two national styles. What he argues against is the belief that the Soviet Union is above all a military threat, a country that would engage in world conquest were it not for nuclear deterrence. To him, the militarization of the Cold War was essentially America's responsibility: the Soviet military probes—such as in Korea and in Afghanistan—have been limited, yet they have been misread in the West as preludes to general aggression. He does not deny "the traditional predilection for piecemeal border expansion through relatively small and low-risk steps," but he finds that there are definite limits to it, imposed both by conditions within the Soviet Union and by external realities. To Kennan, in other words, the Soviet Union is neither the military monster nor the bankrupt and brittle regime that the Reaganites see: it is a resilient adversary with limited usable means and circumscribed objectives.

What emerges from these essays is the view of a competitive yet manageable relationship. Kennan is not worried by Soviet opportunities in the Third World; he is convinced that the quest for nuclear superiority on either side cannot yield political results; he is eager to see Washington replace at last its obsession with Soviet capabilities with a sober look

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at Soviet intentions. He condemns attempts at changing the Soviet system, not because it is an attractive one but because "we would not know what to put in [its] place." He is critical of the Jackson-Vanik Amendment, tying trade and credits to Jewish emigration, and he cites an equally futile 1911 precedent. He doubts that the use of trade as a political instrument can succeed. He sees some long-term benefits in trade and in cultural and scientific exchanges. But he is, wisely, critical of agreements about principles of behavior, such as the famous one signed by Nixon and Brezhnev at the Moscow summit in 1972, which promised a renunciation of unilateral advantages, or the Helsinki agreements of 1975. With Moscow, specific agreements make sense; vague ones breed trouble. He is skeptical of the SALT process: "... the pace of technological innovation ... far outstripped the pace of the SALT-type negotiations, so that their results tended regularly to be outdated before they were even arrived at."

AND YET, IT IS the nuclear arms race that worries him most. His 1950 memo argued against giving too prominent a place to nuclear weapons in America's strategy and foreign policy. He would have liked them to be deemed "something superfluous to our basic military posture ... something which we are compelled to hold against the possibility that they might be used by our opponents"—and therefore only as many bombs as were necessary to deter a nuclear attack on the U.S. and its allies should have been built. Even then, he argued against the notion of extended deterrence—against trying to protect the allies in Western Europe, who faced superior Soviet conventional forces, by threatening the Soviets with the first use of nuclear weapons in case of conventional aggression. As his recent contribution to a critique of the "first use" notion in *Foreign Affairs* has shown, he has remained faithful to his view that NATO should rely on conventional defense, not on nuclear deterrence. He believes that throughout the postwar arms race, "it has been we Americans who, at almost every step of the road, have taken the lead in the development" of nuclear weaponry. (This is questionable: in the case of the H bomb, the ICBM, and the ABM, the Soviets' efforts came first.) He pleads for a denuclearization of Central and Northern Europe, for a com-

plete ban on nuclear testing, and for an American initiative proposing to the Soviets an across-the-board reduction of the nuclear arsenals by 50 percent.

When he writes about nuclear weapons, Kennan's tone is one of passion and indignation. He has always been haunted by the scandal of 1914—a catastrophic war that could have been avoided by wiser statesmen. Hence his warnings against the "intellectual primitivism and naivety" entailed by our "demonizing" Soviet leaders, against the "subconscious need ... for an external enemy ... in whose allegedly inhuman wickedness one could see the reflection of one's own exceptional virtue." His anguish has been magnified by his fear of a nuclear



war, which, he believes, could not be controlled. He sees in the nuclear weapon "the most useless weapon ever invented. It can be employed to no rational purpose. ... It is only something with which, in a moment of petulance or panic, you commit such fearful acts of destruction as no sane person would ever wish to have upon his conscience."

Kennan's horror of the nuclear bomb comes not only from his Christian conscience (it is a bomb that destroys all the restraints mankind has laboriously tried to impose on the savagery of war) but also from his view that the bomb is both the culmination of and a diversion from the solution to the material and moral evils of industrial society—a society that Kennan, nostalgic for a more pastoral, frugal, and simple world, has always loathed, and whose problems, as he sees it, "confront the Russians and ourselves

alike." Modern society demoralized mankind; nuclear weaponry, a strategy based on it, and a policy geared to such a strategy *immoralize* mankind. Not only extended deterrence but all nuclear deterrence is evil, since it rests on the assumption that "the Russians are such monsters that unless they are deterred they would assuredly launch upon us a nuclear attack." Indeed, "this entire preoccupation with nuclear war is a form of illness." It is Kennan's nostalgia for a rational and humane world view in which even force could serve national goals that makes him believe that the nuclear weapon is necessarily useless. Not everybody would agree: to a Western European, giving up the nuclear threat and increasing conventional forces might well make a war seem *more* likely. Mankind has been caught in a dilemma: nuclear war—the resort to nuclear weapons—would most certainly be an unprecedented disaster, and would most probably be uncontrollable. And the evolution of technology makes for the proliferation of war-fighting scenarios, and of nuclear weapons as well. However, the *threat* of nuclear war has apparently contributed to preventing any conventional conflict between the superpowers. Wouldn't the abolition of nuclear weapons make the world safe for hideous conventional wars? In his introduction, Kennan comes to grips with this problem—and concludes that, indeed, "war itself, as a means of settling differences at least between the great industrial powers, will have to be in some way ruled out," along with the "greater part of the vast military establishments."

It is a startling conclusion for a champion of realism and of modesty in goals and expectations, for a critic of past "demands for the outlawing of war." But it is one to which he is led quite logically by his very concern for a sane world. Even those who are not ready for so sweeping a challenge, or do not agree with every point he makes, will, I hope, be sensitive to the two greatest virtues of this admirable book: the elegant, graceful, supple, and eloquent style (reading Kennan gives the same pleasure as listening to Alfred Brendel playing Mozart), and the moving, intelligent, passionate, yet controlled and reasoned humanity of one of America's greatest public servants. He is always courteous, even in his polemics; he is never shrill, even in his indignations. Let us hope that he will continue to speak out for many years. □

EIGHT LESSONS FOR AMERICAN CORPORATIONS

BY JAMES FALLOWS

IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE:
Lessons From America's Best-Run
Companies

by Thomas J. Peters and
Robert H. Waterman, Jr.
Harper & Row, \$19.95.



THIS IS ONE of the most useful books to appear in a long while. It is a study of contemporary American business that, surprisingly enough, is fundamentally optimistic.

The authors are management consultants, and like other students of the international economy, they observed that many American firms had lost their competitive edge. They wanted to find out why. The effort to answer that question has led many writers to an inspection of the Nippon Electric Company or of Mitsubishi. Peters and Waterman looked instead to American firms. From industries as diverse as hamburger franchising and heavy-equipment manufacture, they selected a list of companies that had risen above the norm; whether measured by market share or by technical reputation, they had demonstrated sustained "excellence," of the sort other firms were grasping for. *In Search of Excellence* is intended to explain what makes these companies different from the rest.

Why has Delta Airlines prospered, in the same regulatory environment that has driven Braniff into the grave? Why is Procter & Gamble so impregnable in the markets for soap, toothpaste, and shampoo? How can Maytag command a price for its washing machines that is 15 percent higher than the competition's? What might IBM, Bechtel, Boeing, and the McDonald's hamburger chain have in common as specimens of business success? (The fifteen "excellent" companies Peters and Waterman studied most closely are Bechtel, Boeing, Caterpillar, Dana, Delta Airlines, Digital Equipment, Emerson Electric, Fluor, Hewlett-Packard, IBM, Johnson & Johnson,

McDonald's, Procter & Gamble, Texas Instruments, and 3M. They also draw their illustrations from a score of other firms, such as Schlumberger, and Mars, Inc., and General Motors, which they say has proven the most resilient of the imperiled auto companies. The authors do not claim that these companies' past successes will be indefinitely repeated, nor that they are immune to disaster. But they do contend that these companies have proven so successful through the past few decades that their records would deserve study even if they went bankrupt next year.)

At one level, corporate success has mundane sources. Delta has done better than other airlines because it has a more efficient route structure. IBM sells so many machines because the hundreds of thousands it has sold in the past create a built-in market. But to suggest such answers is only to raise new questions: Why did these companies make the right choices in the first place? Many economists might emphasize technical or financial advantages. Peters and Waterman insist that the difference is the distinct internal culture that typifies an "excellent" company. The ingredients of this culture may be as hard to define as the ingredients of a stable marriage or a superb classroom, but, according to the authors, they are nonetheless real. In their years of surveying varied industries, Peters and Waterman found that certain patterns of behavior recurred among the strong companies but were notably missing from the weak. Specifically, they identified eight traits shared by excellent companies. In the authors' nomenclature, they are:

A bias for action: a preference for doing something—anything—rather than sending a question through endless cycles of analysis and committee reports. In the oil-wildcatting business, according to the authors, the probability of hitting oil in an established field, with the benefit of the best geological advice and the most advanced technical support, is about 15 percent for each well drilled. "Without all these pluses, the success ratio dips to around 13 per cent. That finding suggests that the denominator—the number of tries—counts for a great deal."

Staying close to the customer: an obsession (a word the authors frequently use in describing the excellent firms) with understanding the customer's preference and learning from his response.

James Fallows, Washington editor of *The Atlantic*, is the author of *National Defense*.

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Johnson & Johnson's credo is that the customers come first, the shareholders last. The authors cite a study that inquired into the sources of eleven fundamental innovations in the modern scientific-instrument business; they were all the result of customers' suggestions.

Autonomy and entrepreneurship: breaking the company into "inefficiently" small units and then encouraging them to compete with each other, offering extraordinary latitude and rewards to "champions" who will scheme and bend the rules to get their ideas accepted. "Most of the big new business breakthroughs . . . have come from small bands of zealots operating outside the mainstream . . . no major IBM product introduction in the last quarter century has come from the formal system."

Productivity through people: a determination to give all employees in the firm, not just the executives in the profit pool, a reason to believe that their best efforts are essential and that they will share in the company's success.

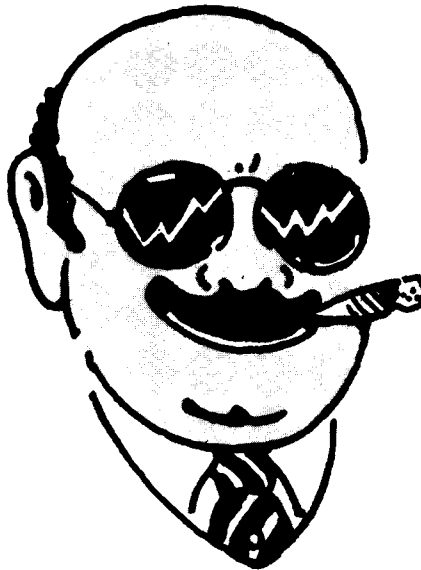
Hands-on, value driven: another obsession, in this case with keeping executives in touch with the firm's essential business. Excellent companies are often led by people who started in the operating divisions, rarely by imported lawyers or accountants. The companies demand ferocious loyalty to the two or three values judged essential to their success—cleanliness and consistency for McDonald's, high-quality products for Procter & Gamble, infallible delivery schedules for Frito-Lay.

Stick to the knitting: staying with the business the company knows. The successful companies have no ambitions to become conglomerates. When they expand, they do so by adding logical offshoots of their original products. 3M, for example, continually explores new applications for adhesives and abrasives. They do not dissipate their capital in efforts to take over department stores or oil firms. They fear acquiring a business they do not know how to run.

Simple form, lean staff: few administrative layers, few people at the upper levels. The best companies resist establishing permanent "task forces" or "staff advisers"; they move people around for temporary assignments. According to the authors, the companies follow a "rule of 100" and rarely have more than 100 people in corporate headquarters, even though their total work force may number in the tens of thousands.

Simultaneous loose-tight properties: a climate dominated by a fierce dedication to the central values of the company, yet infused with tolerance for all employees who accept those values. Thus do Procter & Gamble and Digital Equipment resemble the U.S. Marine Corps.

Stated in this form, with the little touches of management-ese ("hands-on," etc.), the principles may seem platitudinous and, above all, "soft." There is no way to express in numbers the degree of closeness to the customer that a company should have, or to specify on an organization chart the proper balance between "loose" and "tight." Yet the authors contend that when you start



with the "hardest" of possible indicators—things such as compound asset growth, or average return on total capital—you are ultimately led back to the soft realm of culture and values. They say that this is frustrating to the less-successful companies, because they are often looking for one-time changes of course. But the "obsession" of the excellent companies is very different from getting a shove in the right direction and then being allowed to roll. What is special about these companies, Peters and Waterman say, is that they have created climates in which employees feel they are engaged in a daily struggle to defend the company's values.

As prescriptions for business excellence, these principles are very different from what is taught in most management schools—an implication on which the authors dwell. They point out that

the Japanese industrial miracle occurred in a country that has no management schools at all. The American companies that compete most successfully, against the Japanese and against anyone else, routinely violate the basic rules of rational modern management.

They do not believe in "economies of scale." They break a company into small, independent units; they build a new factory, in a different city, rather than expanding an existing site. "When a plant starts to edge toward fifteen hundred people, somehow, like magic, things start to go wrong," the president of Motorola said. They typically rely for their most innovative research on freewheeling groups of ten or twelve.

The excellent companies give only modest emphasis to traditional division of labor. Instead, they encourage deliberate overlap, internal competition, interchangeability among management tasks. They rely less than the unsuccessful firms on careful, before-the-fact economic analysis in deciding which new products they should try to sell. They rely more on Darwinian contests inside the firm. "You invariably have to kill a program at least once before it succeeds," a 3M executive said. "That's how you get down to the fanatics, those who are really emotionally committed to finding a way—any way—to make it work."

These same companies invest "irrational" amounts of money in the qualities that reflect their central values: "Ten years' trouble-free operation" for Maytag; "Forty-eight-hour parts service anywhere in the world—or Cat pays" for Caterpillar. According to the conventional wisdom, they should cut costs by reducing these "overcommitments." These companies concentrate instead on increasing their revenues.

BUT THESE DEPARTURES from the norm are less fundamental than another difference Peters and Waterman found among the excellent companies. That was their concept of how human effort should be motivated and rewarded.

Most companies in the authors' survey bear the imprint of the few titanic figures who stayed in command for a period of decades and created the kind of atmosphere that inspired achievement. These are men such as Thomas Watson, Sr., of IBM, Ray Kroc, of McDonald's, William Hewlett and David Packard, of Hewlett-Packard. What made these men unusual was not their own level of effort; execu-

tives of mediocre companies may have worked just as hard. Their achievement was to inspire the *average* employee to give his best. In their treatment of the average salesman or production worker, they somehow conveyed the message that the well-being of the company depended on how well each employee did his job.

Behind this accomplishment, according to the authors, was an appreciation of human motives that embraced many factors besides the (important) one of material reward. The managers described in this book reveal, through their actions, an understanding that people like to be held to certain standards—but that they also like to succeed. Thus IBM sets its quotas at such a level that 70 to 80 percent of the sales force meets them. Other, less successful, firms set quotas that leave most of their employees feeling they have failed.

The excellent companies distribute their financial rewards more broadly than most other firms do. But they also recognize that nearly all human beings seek meaning in their work and a measure of control over their daily activities.

Profit-and-loss statements cannot provide that meaning for most employees, but the “values” of the firm can. Driving a potato-chip delivery truck is uninspiring and cannot command dedication if it is thought of as nothing more than that. But if it is an enactment of the tradition that Frito-Lay people *always* get through, despite storm, breakdown, or flood, it can be done with pride.

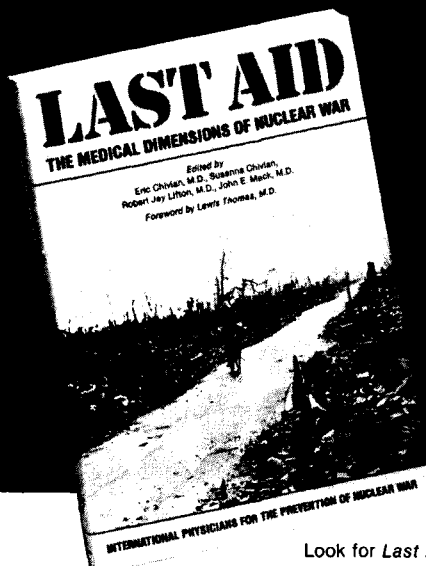
It can be done with pride, that is, if one other condition has been met. Of all the intangible qualities that distinguish the culture of the excellent companies, Peters and Waterman place most emphasis on respect, not simply for the jobs performed at each level of the enterprise but also for the people who do them. Many companies issue high-minded statements about the dignity of labor; the unusual companies foster dignity through their actions.

At a number of the firms described in this book, workers are called something other than “workers.” They are “associates” at J.C. Penney, “hosts” in the Disney empire. At nearly all of the successful companies, leaders spend inordinate shares of their time and ingenuity hack-

ing down the barriers of status and hierarchy that seem to spring up automatically in large organizations. Delta’s executives traditionally pitch in as baggage handlers at Christmastime. Hewlett-Packard and United Airlines apply a philosophy known as “management by wandering around.” McDonald’s and several others like to promote their managers from within, opening up opportunities to those who start without credentials. One company switched from small lunchroom tables to large ones so that people are more likely to encounter others they do not already know. (Compare all this with the practice of the U.S. government, which specifies the size and type of desk each worker may have, depending on his or her GS rank.)

In short, by attempting to remove unnecessary distinctions—those that have nothing to do with the firm’s real task—they hope to concentrate attention on the standards of performance on which the company’s survival depends. This might sound like a preachment from the *Whole Earth Catalog* were it not derived from the experience of the champions of American capitalism.

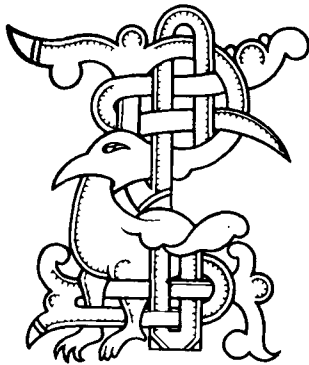
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December report on
**ATLANTIC MONTHLY
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LITTLE, BROWN

"We felt different ourselves, walking around an HP or 3M facility watching groups at work and play, from the way we had in most of the more bureaucratic institutions we have had experience with," Peters and Waterman say. "It was seeing an HP division manager's office (\$100 million unit), tiny, wall-less, on the factory floor, shared with a secretary It was very far removed from the silent board rooms marked by dim lights, somber presentations, rows of staffers lined up along the walls with calculators glowing, and the endless click of the slide projector as analysis after analysis lit up the screen."

In view of the widespread assumption that American managers must either imitate the Japanese or succumb to them, this gallery of home-grown business heroes presents a hopeful message. The examples for industrial renewal are close at hand. Whether they will be followed the authors cannot say. □

A MODERN EXISTENTIAL HERO

BY JAMES ATLAS

FOUR FILMS OF WOODY ALLEN
 by Woody Allen.
Random House, \$19.95; \$9.95 paper.



THERE IS A PERSISTENT pressure on artists in America, where such a high value is placed upon novelty, to satisfy an impatient public. In order to maintain their reputations—or is it just their celebrity?—they have to be innovative; the people demand it. But once they have made it new, then what? They're faulted for having forsaken the very qualities that made them famous. "He's not funny anymore," complains a producer in Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*, dismissing the celebrated director's new film. His fans declare their passion for his movies, but always single out "the early funny ones."

It's not only the audience that hungers for the new. The artist, too, eventually tires of what he has perfected, feels con-

finer by his style and eager for new challenges. Why should he go on doing what he already knows how to do? This is Woody Allen's predicament. Having established himself as one of the comic geniuses in the history of film, he made a serious film—*Interiors*—only to have critics dismiss it as pretentious, wooden, a poor imitation of Bergman (which it was). "You're a comedian," a creature from outer space reminds him in *Stardust Memories*. "You want to do mankind a real service? Tell funnier jokes"—the same advice Pauline Kael dispensed in *The New Yorker*. Since then, in *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, Allen has more or less obeyed his bullying critics, retreating to a whimsical, ironic style that is far from the pure comedy of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* and those studies of contemporary New York manners, *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*. But it's clear that he hasn't resolved in his own mind whether what he does is art or entertainment—a distinction that matters more to him than to anyone else.

Allen is such a vivid comic presence that he often vitiates his own serious intent simply by showing up on the screen with his glasses and his Brooklyn accent. He is funny whether he wants to be or not. Reading the four screenplays *Random House* has just issued (*Annie Hall*, *Interiors*, *Manhattan*, and *Stardust Memories*) without the distracting spectacle of Allen himself cavorting before the camera, one comes away with a clearer sense of how serious a writer he is. Like many great humorists, Allen has made self-doubt a comic theme, but the perpetual dissatisfaction of his familiar screen persona acquires in his written work a poignance it doesn't have in his movies, where Allen is just, well, Allen—an actor whose bewilderment and anguish, however brilliantly depicted, are simply a sophisticated routine, a *shtick*. (It's notable that he doesn't appear in *Interiors*, his only "serious" film, as if he sensed that being on camera would spoil the mood.)

The screenplays *Random House* has published are shooting scripts—that is, exact transcripts of the films, with the action supplied in italics by the publisher. They reproduce every stammered syllable (and, given the willfully tentative poses of Allen and Diane Keaton, that's a lot of stammering), every ad-libbed "yeah" and "oh." Even so, they reveal a faultless mastery of our contempo-

James Atlas is an associate editor of The Atlantic.

rary idiom in all its equivocation and defensive irony—the style of the seventies. “Photography’s interesting, ‘cause, you know, it’s—it’s a new art form, and a, uh, a set of aesthetic criteria have not emerged yet,” Allen babbles in *Annie Hall*, trying to impress the girl he has just picked up. “You don’t know what love means. I don’t know what it means,” he says, berating Tracy, his seventeen-year-old girlfriend in *Manhattan*. “Nobody out there knows what the hell’s going on.” The jargon, the blurry grammar, the groping declarations of uncertainty: this is the language of our time, the way people actually talk, and it’s a good deal harder to write than it looks. Ann Beattie has mastered it in her stories, and John Updike in *Rabbit Is Rich*, but Allen has made this nervous, bantering vernacular a dominant motif; his movies are about people’s failure to express themselves, to say what it is they really want. The scene in *Annie Hall* where Allen and Keaton trade clichés while subtitles supply their inner thoughts is a perfect illustration of his theme.

Of course, Allen’s cinematic version of himself is more than just another inarticulate New Yorker bumbling through life; his wit is inexhaustible, his gift for the one-liner an innate ability, like perfect pitch. When Annie haphazardly parks her car, he says: “We can walk to the curb from here.” When his friend Rob suggests they move to Los Angeles, he protests: “I don’t wanna live in a city where the only cultural advantage is that you can make a right turn on a red light.” And so on, scene after scene, film after film. So natural is this impulse that it’s as if Allen can’t avoid making jokes, even when he wants to be serious; in *Interiors*, the Jewish housewife who marries into a proper WASP household boasts that her son runs an art gallery “in the lobby in Caesars Palace in Las Vegas”—and invariably breaks up the audience. It’s the only authentic line in the film.

That Allen is less than gratified by this gift is painfully evident in *Stardust Memories*, where he protests vehemently against the comic role to which he’s been condemned. When an envious childhood classmate, now a cabdriver, complains about his lot, the director says, “We live in a—in a society that puts a big value on jokes, you know?” It’s no big deal. What Allen really wants is to be considered a director in the tradi-

tion of Bergman and Fellini—whom he emulates with self-conscious embarrassment, forgetting that imitation is a crucial component of art. He is tormented by the distance between their art and his, between what he considers the serious and the frivolous.

Yet this incessant self-deprecation masks a resentment of the very seriousness to which he aspires. Like every disciple, Allen isn’t content simply to admire his masters; he wants to conquer them. The ambition to be serious contends in him with a hostility toward such contemporary embodiments of seriousness as academics and intellectuals. “What have you got against intellectuals?” an aggressive young woman de-



mands in *Stardust Memories*. “You really feel threatened by them.” Eager to display his familiarity with the lexicon of cultural allusions that show one to be “up” on the important subjects, he refers glancingly to Kafka and Kierkegaard, Strindberg and Thomas Mann, yet disparages those who specialize in such matters. There is an edge of malice to his jokes about *Dysentery* (the merger of *Commentary* and *Dissent*), the professors with chairs in history and philosophy (“two more chairs and they got a dining-room set”), Annie’s “incredible crap course, ‘Contemporary Crisis in Western Man.’” “It’s all mental masturbation,” Allen snarls.

What’s strange about this attitude is that his own characters are right out of the personals column of *The New York Review of Books*. In *Manhattan*, Ike—played by Allen—gives up a lucrative

job in television to write a book about “decaying values,” his lesbian ex-wife is a novelist, Diane Keaton plays a literary critic, and Ike’s friend Yale (there must be some significance in that name) is at work on a biography of Eugene O’Neill. And in *Interiors*, Keaton plays a well-known poet married to a failed novelist. Somehow, though, these characters never come through as writers, especially the poet, who complains to her psychiatrist, “Do I really care if a handful of my poems are read after I’m gone forever?” and comforts her blocked husband with “Who cares what the critics think?” When her sister compliments her on a poem she read in *The New Yorker*—“A poem called ‘Wondering.’ It was very beautiful”—Keaton dismisses it as “much too ambiguous.” The scene where she sits moodily at her desk writing a poem is about as convincing a portrayal of the act of composition as the one in *Julia* where Jane Fonda pecked feverishly away at a typewriter. These writers are so earnest that they’re unreal; does Woody Allen think that poets and novelists are different from everyone else? The writers I know are intensely interested in gossip and money; they read Page Six of *The New York Post* more avidly than *Partisan Review*. You don’t hear them dropping Jorge Luis Borges and Isak Dinesen into their conversation.

And it’s not only his characters who display a penchant for easy literary references; Allen himself is unfailingly facile about the writers and terms he employs. In *Manhattan*, both Allen and Keaton refer to “negative capability”—Keats’s phrase for the state of being “in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason”—clearly without the faintest sense of what it means. Maybe this is the point, but even if it is, such jokes seem superficial and easy. And there is something disheartening about his jocular references in *Annie Hall* to Sylvia Plath—an “interesting poetess whose tragic suicide was misinterpreted as romantic, by the college-girl mentality.” (This is supposed to be funny?)

WELL, NO ONE expects Woody Allen to be Lionel Trilling (except maybe Woody Allen), and he has clearly read enough to exploit his talent for mimicry. His stories (collected in *Side Effects*, *Getting Even*, and *Without Feathers*) are masterly satires of Ibsen, Beckett, Ca-

mus, the Bible, philosophy, detective fiction, mysteries, literary memoirs, and the letters columns of highbrow journals. "Why go through with this hollow charade called life?" asks a brooding character in one of Allen's existential spoofs. "Why, except that somewhere within us a voice says, 'Live.' Always, from some inner region, we hear the command, 'Keep living!' Cloquet recognized the voice; it was his insurance salesman. Naturally, he thought—Fishbein doesn't want to pay off." "Gertrude Stein and I used to go antique hunting in the local shops, and I remember once asking her if she thought I should become a writer," recalls the author of "A Twenties Memory." "In the typically cryptic way we were all so enchanted with, she said, 'No.' " "I keep wondering if there is an afterlife," confesses Allen in a Dostoevskian mood, "and if there is will they be able to break a twenty?" He has an exact ear for the styles he parodies: the terse, solemn parables of Kafka ("A man approaches a palace. Its only entrance is guarded by some fierce Huns who will only let men named Julius enter"); the compulsive skepticism of philosophy ("Can we actually 'know' the universe? My God, it's hard enough finding your way around in Chinatown"); the enigmatic notations found in writers' notebooks ("Should I marry W.? Not if she won't tell me the other letters in her name").

The common element here is the juxtaposition of the portentous, or "literary," phrase and the ordinary one ("Not only is there no God, but try getting a plumber on weekends"), which suddenly deflates it. And for Allen, nothing is more deflating than his own New York Jewish milieu. It is enough to invoke a name ("Nat Zipsky," "Moses Goldworm") or to imagine Van Gogh as a dentist, to mention corned beef, sour cream, or herring, for the joke to work. As the book reviewers say, I laughed out loud. But there is something empty about this sort of humor, a manic, repetitive note that recalls the insistent, self-deprecating patter of a stand-up comic. After a while, the ironic turn becomes monotonous, predictable; is there anything that *can't* be made fun of? one wonders, reading "The Schmeed Memoirs," a Nazi barber's recollections of Hitler and the Third Reich.

Allen has written one flawless story in a different voice: "The Shallowest Man," in which one of his typical New York

characters visits a dying acquaintance every day in order to seduce a nurse who works on the floor. Debating the morality of his conduct, his cardplaying cronies offer their various interpretations—that he was an opportunist; a man whom love had taught to overcome his fears of mortality; a source of comfort to the dying man despite his selfish motive—until one of them puts in: "Who cares what the point of the story is? If it even has a point. It was an entertaining anecdote. Let's order." Even the most obvious behavior is unfailingly complicated, in both its motivations and its consequences. "Iskowitz experienced a closeness," says one of the cardplayers. "He died comforted. That it was motivated by Men-



del's lust for the nurse—so?" No interpretation is certain to be the right one; good and evil are ambiguous: simple truths, to be sure, yet Allen's parable illustrates them in a plain, direct style reminiscent of Chekhov or Isaac Bashevis Singer.

But Allen is essentially a dramatist, a writer of dialogue, and it is in his plays that he achieves his best literary effects. There is little of the stammering, inarticulate dialogue characteristic of his films in *Play It Again, Sam* and *The Floating Light Bulb*; they have a fluent clarity necessary for the stage. *The Floating Light Bulb*, about an awkward, gifted boy intent on practicing his magic tricks amid the squalor of his family's Brooklyn flat (a situation treated in several of Allen's films), owes a great deal to Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, but the predicament of this forlorn boy is

pure Allen. The sardonic mother, afflicted with dreams of a great career for her son and memories of her own illusory promise; the ineffectual father, a petty gambler who tries to salvage his dignity by pretending that his number is about to come up: these parents are more plausible, more realized as characters, than any of the neurotic New Yorkers in Allen's films.

Pathos is a mood Allen generally confines to the stage; his films have become increasingly bitter and abrasive. The famous director in *Stardust Memories* is full of contempt both for his audience, depicted as a gallery of grotesques right out of Fellini, and for himself. "Hey, did anybody read on the front page of the *Times* that matter is decaying?" he says, hectoring his coterie. "There's not gonna be anything left . . . I'm not talking about my stupid little films here. I'm—Uh, eventually there's not gonna be any, any Beethoven or Shakespeare, or . . ." One is tempted to answer the way Alvy Singer's mother does in *Annie Hall* when he refuses to do his homework because the universe is expanding: "What has the universe got to do with it? You're here in Brooklyn! Brooklyn is not expanding!"

Like the universe, Allen's ego seems to be expanding. An unpleasant arrogance has crept into his films. The motif of being besieged by fans becomes relentless in *Stardust Memories*, where he is forever signing autographs, fighting off women, and playing to a wildly appreciative audience. But this disturbing megalomania is just another symptom of self-doubt and insecurity. Terrified that he is only a frivolous entertainer, Allen dwells on others' misery ("Why is there so much human suffering?"; "I-I look around the world, and all I see is human suffering"), assuming that to mention it is enough to establish his credentials as a serious artist.

But what really troubles Allen, I suspect, is his success, which he can atone for only by insisting that he's not just a consummate entertainer, a director of great social comedies—as if that weren't enough—but a modern existential hero haunted by the prospect of nothingness. What Allen wants—or what he professes to want—is intellectual respectability. The author's notes to *The Floating Light Bulb* and Allen's three collections of stories all end: "His one regret in life is that he is not someone else." I believe it. □

SHORT REVIEWS



KATHERINE ANNE PORTER by Joan Givner. Simon & Schuster, \$19.95. Long before her death in 1980, Porter had earned the reputation of being a fine, though maddeningly slow, writer and the greatest female liar of the century. One exasperated old friend complained that she could not trust a word Katherine Anne said about anything. Ms. Givner's admirable biography weaves together the facts of Porter's deliberately extravagant, sometimes sordid life; the romanticized distortion of those facts, which she reported to anyone who cared to listen; and the modified, depersonalized versions that ultimately and usefully appeared in her fiction. Now, what is fiction but a worthwhile lie told well? How is an author to construct it except by reshaping what Porter described as "the sprawling mess of . . . existence in this bloody world . . ."? Most authors do the inelegant work of patching and shimming reality in private, using their heads and wastebaskets. Porter did it in public—evidently had to do it in public, convincing a live audience of the truth of an invention before refining that invention into literary art. If the process made her look like Baroness Münchhausen, the results were worth that minor inconvenience.

THE WORLD OF HENRI ROUSSEAU by Yann le Pichon. Viking, \$75.00. As a young man, the author took music lessons from Rousseau's granddaughter, who showed her pupil a book of animal pictures that had belonged to the painter. M. le Pichon recognized the originals of Rousseau's fantastic beasts and set about hunting down other mundane sources for the artist's dream-world images. These facts are presented in the introduction to this book, and the reader can safely quit right there, for M. le Pichon is the kind of writer whose answer to any textual problem is a quotation from Baudelaire. The viewer, however, can forge delightfully ahead, for the visual evidence in this essentially visual case is well organized, well annotated, and fascinating in its revelation of the tacky collection of picture postcards, magazine

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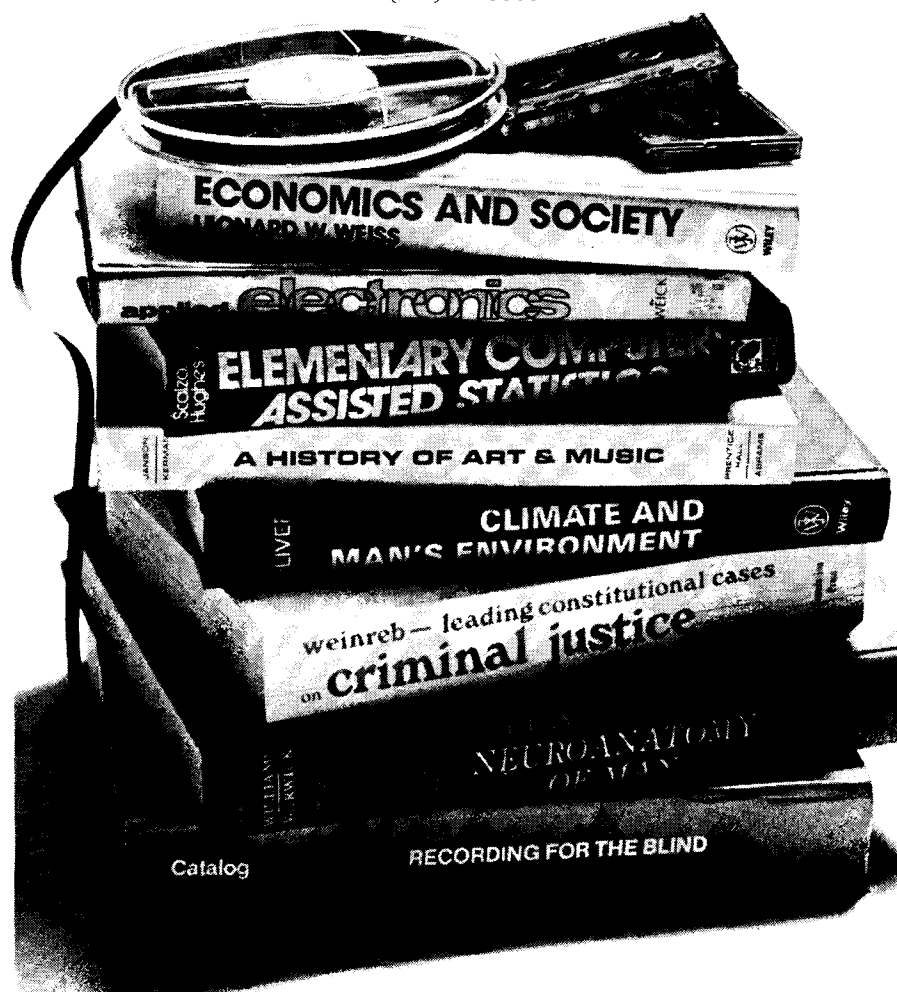
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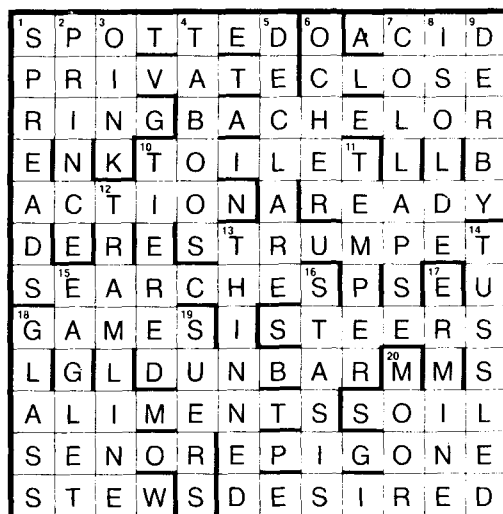
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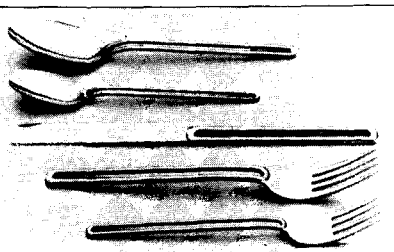
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LAST STANDS by Hilary Masters. *Godine*, \$14.95. The author spent his childhood school years with his maternal grandparents in Kansas City, and vacations with his parents in and about New York, and considered the arrangement both normal and satisfactory. It was certainly interesting. His parents were the aging poet Edgar Lee Masters and his much younger second wife, an intelligent, scholarly, bullying beauty whose hard work supported her increasingly insolvent husband. The grandmother was an effective cog in the Pendergast machine; she was married to an Irish adventurer who had served in the U.S. cavalry during the tag end of the Indian wars, made a fortune in Latin American railroad construction, lost most of it, and finally developed into a cross-grained but stimulating eccentric. Mr. Masters recalls these people with affection and respect. He makes a serious attempt to understand their sometimes baffling rows and reconciliations, and appreciates their comic misadventures and his own juvenile blunderings. He also writes very well indeed. This is an exceptionally fine memoir.

WHEN SISTERHOOD WAS IN FLOWER by Florence King. *Viking*, \$13.95. Ms. King has assembled a hard-drinking hack writer in languid flight from her Old South upbringing, an utterly humorless Boston do-gooder out to raise everybody's consciousness, and a medieval scholar who has, for good reason, been found unemployable by any academic institution. She turns the trio loose in California on the wilder fringes of the feminist movement, and by the time she finishes the tale, women's rights lie in chaos and the reader lies half dead with laughter. Ms. King is just plain shamelessly, roaringly, outrageously funny.

VOYAGE THROUGH THE ANTARCTIC by Richard Adams and Ronald Lockley. *Knopf*, \$13.95. The authors took a tourist cruise to Antarctica, accompanied by the photographer Peter Hirst-Smith,

and this book is the result. Mr. Adams provides general description, Mr. Lockley provides a naturalist's detail on birds and animals, and Mr. Hirst-Smith provides illustrations. Their efforts will do nobody any actual harm and may even do some good to readers who have contrived, so far, to remain completely ignorant of the cold South.

GILBERT by Judith Martin. Atheneum, \$14.95. Ms. Martin presents, with wit and malice, the story of a man whose career is built entirely on the manipulation of surface effects. Gilbert's con-man adroitness takes him from Harvard to the upper echelons of government, where he will undoubtedly survive. The novel is clever, amusing, and finally alarming. Ms. Martin clearly knows Washington, D.C., and if she chooses to entrench her empty-eggshell hero there, one is obliged to believe that his like does indeed infest the place.

RUNNING IN THE FAMILY by Michael Ondaatje. Norton, \$12.95. The author was born in Ceylon, into a society of such mixed ancestry that a British governor asking about nationality was told, "God alone knows, your excellency." After years in Canada, Mr. Ondaatje returned to what is now Sri Lanka to sort out his family history, and discovered a tangle of kinships, adventures, anecdotes, and oddities as exotic as their scenic setting. His account of his relatives—rich or poor, mad or sane, real or imagined—is altogether engaging.

GOODBYE, MICKEY MOUSE by Len Deighton. Knopf, \$14.95. Since Mr. Deighton is expert at describing anything to do with airplanes, his novel is exciting as long as he sticks to the troubles of an American World War II fighter base beset by a meddlesome ex-civilian

general. The associated love story is not implausible or badly written, but by comparison with the tension of aerial combat it seems—well—earthbound.

SKIN TO SKIN by Prudence Glynn. Oxford, \$19.95. Ms. Glynn's ideas on "eroticism in dress" are shrewd, gracefully expounded, and cheerfully disrespectful of church, state, and fashion. The illustrations, which range from ancient Egyptian carving to modern futuristic fantasy, evoke a mixture of incredulity and mirth.

THE SUNNE IN SPLENDOR by Sharon Kay Penman. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$19.95. Ms. Penman's novel about Richard III, whom she considers an admirable fellow (who would compete with Shakespeare?), covers thirty-three years. Since those years were occupied by the Wars of the Roses, with their attendant brawls, plots, counterplots, and intrigues, the author cannot be accused of undue verbosity in devoting 931 pages to her chronicle. She needed every one of them, and the reader, once hooked, will keep on turning them. To describe the affair as soap opera in fancy dress is no insult to Ms. Penman, whose fictional additions are sober common sense compared with the historical melodrama she had to deal with.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN ART by Peter T. Furst and Jill L. Furst. Rizzoli, \$35.00; \$45.00 after December 31. The authors explain the meaning of symbols and materials, the purpose of individual objects, the origin of certain techniques, and the varying but basically consistent religious beliefs that underlie the creations of all American Indian groups. The text is well written as well as highly informative, while the illustrations, largely in color, show superb pieces collected from Alaska to the Rio Grande.

THE ARTISTS OF MY LIFE by Brassai. Viking, \$45.00. The artists photographed over many years by Brassai—and they make a dazzling list, from Bonnard to Vollard—spoke as well as posed. They talked of their work, their struggles, and their projects. They gossiped and reminisced and cracked jokes. Brassai recalls all this conversation in a delightful memoir, adding his own acute observations and opinions to those of his subjects and reinforcing the text with his masterly film portraits.

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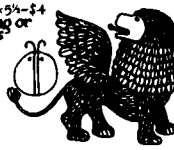
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THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

TREE-TRIMMING

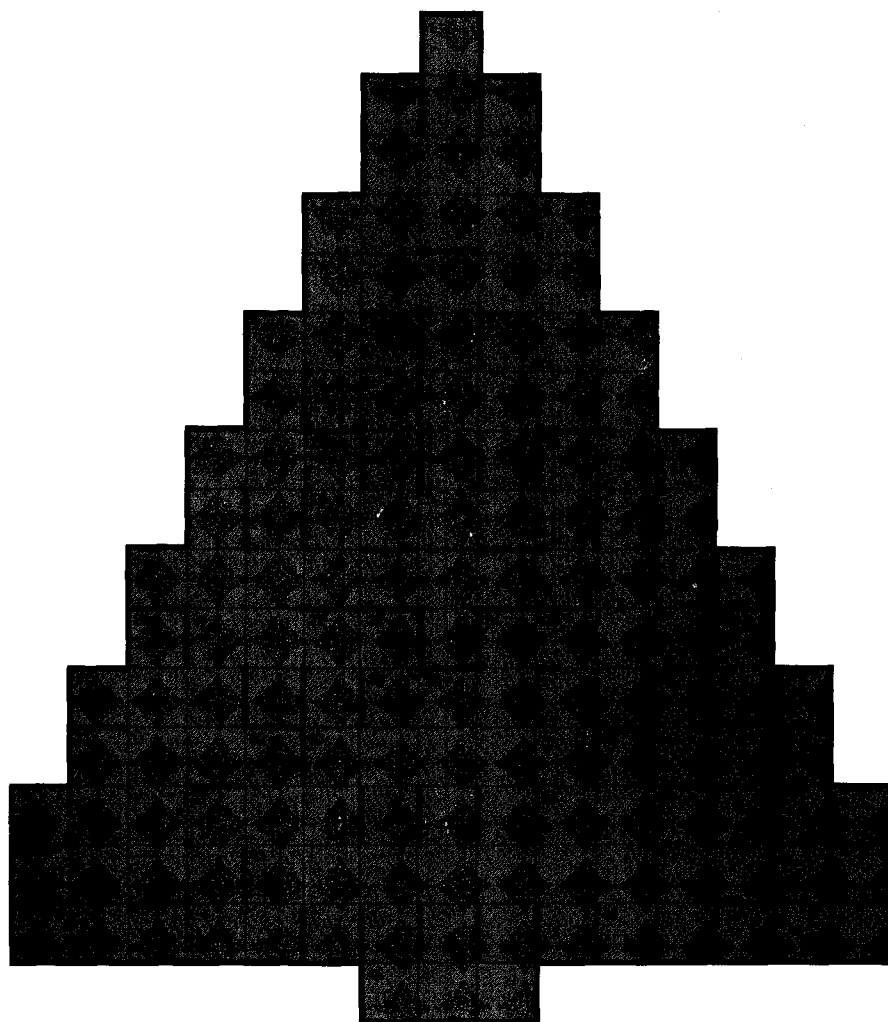
The unclued entry 19 Across describes the contents of certain squares in the diagram, which solvers are invited to fill with their own handiwork. Answers include six proper nouns; 14 Across is an abbreviation.

ACROSS

4. Old judge shows up in delicatessen (3)
5. Sound relieved about Latin exam being of minimal importance (9)
7. Extract energy from Easter flower (5)
9. Prison parts are secret (6)
11. Inventor and company backed writer (6)
13. Metal ring accepted by friend (5)
14. A turnip's skin yields fuel for the body (3)
16. Eat long, exotic fruit (7)
18. South America's foremost new soy authority (5) (*hyphenated*)
19. *See instructions*
21. Losing face is a feeling that hurts (4)
24. Fad about hoarding silver (4)
27. Promises pickles (7)
28. Nothing you and I have to pay (3)
30. Like going around carefree lands (7)
31. Gambles, hosting any dance companies (7)
33. Overturning bias, jazz singer is seen as queen (8)
34. Leader of Gay Liberation is polished as a speaker (4)
36. Big blow for raunchier dancing (9)
38. Local bear maimed horseman (9)
40. Primate holds beginning of service in part of the cathedral (4)
41. Developed loftier clover (7)
42. Vamp comes back in *The Sheik*, e.g. (4)
43. Helper keeps bit of something in reserve (5)
44. Saw *Advertising Age* (5)
45. Old English articles, indeed (3)

DOWN

1. Shake rattles violently (7)
2. Gilds the wrong entrances (8)
3. Voiced questions for sage (4)
5. Woman with nearly transparent wrap (4)



6. Attempt capturing part of old legendary city (4)
8. Count some laughter as hunter's cry (7) (*hyphenated*)
9. Before the fighting, discharge a bullet, men (10)
10. Clean out Los Angeles' source for spice (7)
11. Part of an accordion makes a loud sound (7)
12. Movie sleuth on set in *Big Bill's Mixed-up Kids* (11)
14. Not quite giving alms to poor (6)
15. Letter is quietly returned (3)
16. Audibly drag part of the foot (3)
17. Take after Zero, being bony (6)
20. *Bounty's* captain treated rest as curs (9)
22. Smart one ordered rye, for a trick (9)
23. Indiana resident drops round with yellow socks (7)
24. Spreading libel, rouse insurgent (10)
25. Plant a group of spies around California (6)
26. Girl thief, oddly, is more capricious (9)
29. Bugs flew around Air Force food (6)
31. Sum involved in second-rate delivery service snafus (7)
32. Quote aloud from "Spot" (4)
34. A delay held up party (4)
35. Return dress and trumpet (4)
37. Interpreted orally for Soviet (3)
39. Everyone absorbed by lousy song (6)

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 106.

**"Allison,
you've taken all the bah and humbug
out of my Christmas."**

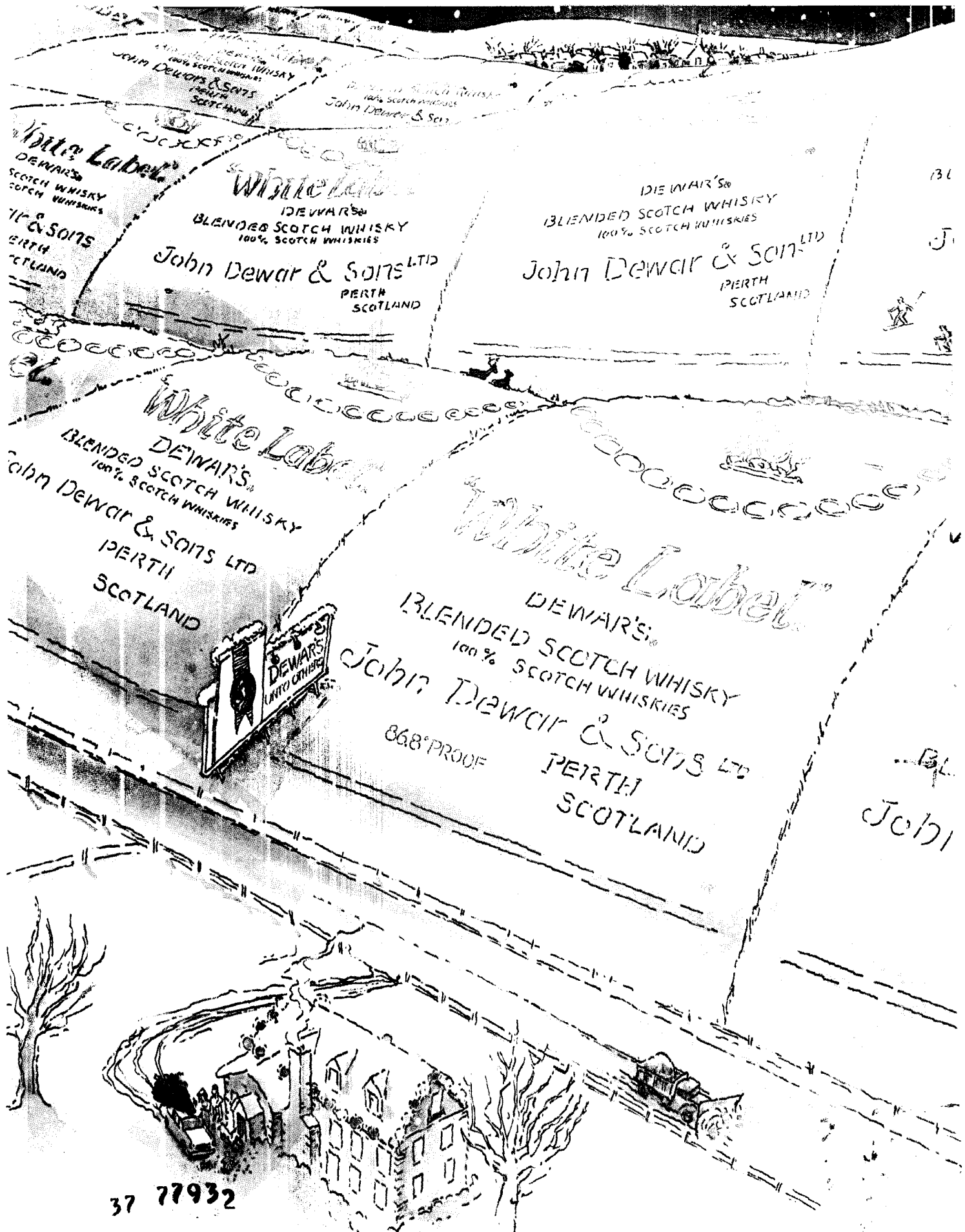


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